

# THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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LARGER CIRCULATION THAN ANY OTHER WEEKLY NEWSPAPER IN AUSTRALIA

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Wattle's wealth of golden blossoms,  
Holding slender sunbeams prisoned,  
Riot of the early Springtime—  
Fragrant gold of youth envisioned.

## Wattle

Gather armfuls, golden armfuls,  
With laughter in the bushland air—  
And Springtime reawaking cries:  
"Wattle music everywhere!" —P.D.B.



# STUDENT Failures Treat SICK POOR!

## Latest Indictment of N. S. W. Hospital System

Medical students, who failed in their final examination, are treating the sick in our public hospitals.

This disquieting fact was revealed this week as a result of the death of a man at Balmain hospital.

"These unqualified men have had just as much experience as those qualified," runs an official explanation of this system. "They are unfortunate in not having a handle to their name because they have failed—perhaps in one subject—in their final exam."

How do the hospitals know but what some of these students will fail again, and perhaps never qualify?

TRULY the hospitals of New South Wales are drifting alarmingly.

Every week brings some fresh disclosure in city or country. Last week there was the scandalous revelation that young nurses, girls in their first year of training, had been attending T.B. patients at the Auxiliary Coast Hospital, and that a number had contracted the disease.

Mr. Weaver, Minister for Health, complains that the original allegations about these unfortunate girls were "a gross exaggeration."

Nevertheless, Mr. Weaver has suggested to the Coast Hospital administration that, in future, probationer nurses should not be sent to attend to T.B. cases till their third year.

Apart from this case, it is notorious that the nurses' quarters in some hospitals are a disgrace, and a menace to the health of the nurses.

### Unqualified Doctors

THE public will be made very anxious by the disclosure that unqualified medical men are referred to as "Doctors" at public hospitals.

It has always been known, of course, that medical students obtained part of their training in public hospitals. But

it was not known that these students were looked upon as doctors. What is more alarming, and what the public certainly did not know, is that some of these unqualified "Doctors" were students who had failed in their examinations!

It is idle to say that these students do not carry responsibility. But their employment is officially excused by the statement that qualified men are not available.

### An Indictment

NOTHING has given more point to the tragic force of our health administration than the exposure, also during the past week, of a shocking condition of affairs in the headquarters of the Board of Health.

Mr. Spencer Watts, president of the Chamber of Commerce, declared that the kitchen accommodation and the provision for refuse distribution would preclude such premises from obtaining a knacker's licence from the Health Department.

"For two years," he said, "I have represented you on the Board of Health, but have not yet discovered what value is in the Health Department or the taxpayers who provide the fees. The Health Department itself is housed in an antiquated building with utterly inadequate accommodation for the equipment and staff; bookcases with corners used for ladies' wardrobes, men's hats and coats hanging among test tubes, and some of the staff working without natural light or air, under conditions which would be promptly condemned in a privately-owned factory or workshop. Patients are treated in odd corners through lack of accommodation for the purpose."

"Meanwhile, we hear no protest against the proposal to erect a costly building to house the resurrected Rural Bank, immediately opposite the monument of incapacity of the defunct State Savings Bank."

In reply to this denunciation Mr.

Weaver admitted the inadequacy of the accommodation. He said the Government had "discussed" the transfer of portion of the health administration to a new building "proposed" to be erected.

### Unlucky Poor

FAILURE in hospital and health administration is not like failure in any other department. Human lives are at stake, and particularly the lives

### OUR BIG FILM QUEST

Closes next Monday. Here is your chance to win film fame and fortune. Screen types of every kind are wanted, and valuable prizes are to be won. Full details of the contest and photographs of some of the entrants appear on page 18.

and health of the poor sections of the community.

Recently The Australian Women's Weekly revealed how the shortage of beds in hospitals was resulting in grave delay in the treatment of sick persons.

Not only are unfortunate men and women condemned to an aggravation of their complaints by the lack of hospital accommodation, but the eventual burden on the public is increased.

The failure of the Government to



realise the gravity of the hospitals' position is tragic.

If the only source of the necessary finance is the State lottery, then a heavy burden of responsibility lies on those who have prevented the expansion of this medium.

### B.M.A. Attitude

HOSPITAL administration has been moving in recent years in the direction of more Government control. Opposition to this tendency has come from two quarters—the B.M.A., and those who think that the element of charity and voluntary support should be encouraged.

Those who hold the latter viewpoint are largely represented on the boards

and committees of hospitals. Very often they are in conflict with the medical men, and this is the cause of much hospital inefficiency.

The medical attitude, however, is not entirely disinterested, because the B.M.A. is constantly on the alert to prevent private practices being destroyed by hospitals and out-patient departments.

Apparently most doctors would prefer even a precarious private practice to a salaried hospital post. On this point, however, it must be admitted that the hospitals are not in a position to offer decent salaries.

Complete nationalisation of hospitals and health, although a tendency, does not seem an early probability. But falling this the Government seems quite unable to reconcile the present conflicting interests, and the result is chaotic.

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## JOAN HARTIGAN'S Big Moment at WIMBLEDON!

### Almost Forfeited...Pluckily Carried On

Interesting details and sidelights on the tennis at Wimbledon, and on her own play, are given by Miss Joan Hartigan, the tennis champion of Australia, in this exclusive interview with The Australian Women's Weekly representative in Europe, Muriel Segal.

These details, which arrived by the last air mail, supplement the cabled accounts of the tennis at Wimbledon, which have already appeared in The Australian Women's Weekly.

Joan Hartigan, at the week-end, added another victory to her many triumphs by winning the finals of the Sheffield tennis tournament, defeating Mrs. Hopman 1-6, 6-0, 6-2.

From MURIEL SEGAL, Our Special Representative in Europe

THE courts at Wimbledon are simply marvellous, and are more like the courts in Australia than any I have played upon since my arrival in England," said Miss Hartigan.

It is not generally known that Joan Hartigan was severely handicapped by a heavy cold for several days prior to the opening day at Wimbledon, and so ill did she become, that she was on the point of scratching from her first match against Miss Wright.

By sheer grit and determination she won this round, in two straight sets. Miss Wright was leading 5-3 in the second set, when Joan, with a super-human effort won the next four games and the match.

"In this round," said Joan, "Mrs. Molesworth met, and was defeated by, the Dutch champion, Miss Couquerque. I thought Mrs. Molesworth's form very disappointing, as she failed to produce the same form we have seen on many occasions in Australia."

"Neil Hopman had an easy victory over Miss Dickin, whom she defeated 6-3, 6-1. In the second round Neil

produced her best strokes and played splendidly. She won the first set 6-3, and looked as if she might down the French champion Madame Mathieu, but unfortunately Neil dropped the next two sets.

"Prior to this Neil had beaten the Wightman Cup player from America, Miss Rice, in two straight sets, winning 6-4, 10-8.

"In this round Sarah Palfrey easily defeated Miss Dearman, who is one of the British players selected to visit Australia.

"My next opponent was Miss Baumgarten, of Hungary, whom I was able to defeat in two straight sets.

### Joan's Victory

PRIOR to my match against Peggy Scriven, my cold left me. I was as fit as a fiddle, and playing much better; in fact, I felt I was right on my form and back to my own style.

"Our opening sets began with long rallies from the baseline. Peggy Scriven peppered my back hand, and led 5-2

and eventually won 6-3. The first and second game of the next set went against the server. I then won my service, and went on to lead 5-3, when Peggy, with well-placed drives, drew level, but I eventually won the set.

"In the beginning of the third set, Peggy struck a bad patch, and I had a three-love lead. Peggy won the fourth game, and in this exclusive winning the next few games and the set.

"This took me to the semi-finals, and on the Thursday I appeared on the centre court of Wimbledon, for the first time, to play against Helen Jacobs, America's champion.

"At first I felt a bit nervous at appearing at Wimbledon, but later became more familiar with the conditions and surroundings, and thoroughly enjoyed every moment I spent there.

"Helen Jacobs exploited the cut shots freely in her game against me, and completely had me at a disadvantage. The second set I opened by capturing Helen's service, and then my own, to lead 2-0, but her cool persistence forced me into many errors and she won 6-2, 6-2.

"Socially, we are having an excellent time. We have been the guests of the British Lawn Tennis Association, at a dinner held at Ciro's Club.

"We occupied a box to witness the sensational play of the moment, 'The Men in White.' Being a new show, there was a very smart audience attending. We were soon recognised, and appeared to create some excitement. The whole team is in excellent spirits, and I am sure spectators and players alike have greatly enjoyed this year's Wimbledon."

Miss Hartigan and Mrs. Hopman will shortly leave on their return journey to Australia.

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Let's Talk of  
**Interesting  
P.E.O.P.L.E**



—Rembrandt, Adelaide.  
**AUSTRALIAN MINIATURIST**

MISS JEAN McLAUGHLIN is one of the very few Australian miniaturists. She has worked up her own method of painting on a very slight photographic base with solid oils, and stippling the entire surface of the portraits to give the "Old Master" impression.

To do this type of miniature, the artist must have a sound knowledge of modelling, and Miss McLaughlin studied this at the South Australian School of Arts and Crafts. She also did "antique" and "anatomy," but it was through her own efforts and experiments that she has eventually become a well-known miniaturist. At the moment she is busy preparing a number of miniatures for what will be in every sense a "miniature" exhibition.



**PLESISCITE EXPERT**

MISS SARAH WAMBAUGH, of Cambridge, Massachusetts, is expected to be named by the League of Nations as an expert in the plebiscite which will decide the destiny of the Saar Valley.

Last year it was anticipated that Miss Wambaugh would be made Ambassador to Austria, but eventually she was not selected for that post.

If she is appointed, Miss Wambaugh will journey to the Saar to oversee plans for balloting which will decide whether this important military region shall revert to Germany or France, or remain under the control of the league.

Miss Wambaugh is a noted authority on international law.



—Brooklyn.

**RED CROSS DELEGATE**

MRS. CARLYLE SMYTHE will sail on September 1 to represent Australia at the 15th International Red Cross Congress, at Tokyo, which begins on October 17. It is expected that fifty countries will be represented at the Congress, which is held every three years.

During the congress native trees sent by Junior Red Cross branches will be planted in the grounds of the Osaka Children's Hospital. So that she can make an appropriate speech when presenting the Australian branch's gum tree and fir tree, Mrs. Smythe is studying the Japanese language, which will bring her linguistic accomplishments up to six languages.

Mrs. Smythe has represented Australia at many conferences during the many years she has spent in Europe.

# ASTROLOGERS See a NEW ERA for US in 1960!

*Money will not be used ... they say!*

AS you go about your daily duties, the earth, on which you are a mere speck, rushes through a universe, in which it is a mere speck, at thousands of miles a minute on its annual race round the sun.

But the sun, which is 330,000 times larger than the earth, and which is the centre of our universe, is also only a speck in a greater universe, and it, too, changes its position once every 2000 years or so.

One of these changes is preparing to take place at the moment, and, according to astrologers, it portends the arrival of a new era for us specks.

THE year 1960 is believed by these prophets of the Zodiac to signify the birth of a new era ... an era of peace and plenty, of self-improvement, and society without money. Do not be dismayed by the suggestion of a "society without money." Do not say to yourself "That sounds too much like the present era." In the new good times to come things will be so good, apparently, that nobody will need any money.

Astrologers, although their art is not recognised as a science, have always played an important part in world history. They have brought solace to peoples of all nations in times of stress by reading the future from the stars.

It was not long ago that the Kings of England openly consulted their astrologers, and it has been rumored recently that Prince George's visit to Australia was cancelled on the advice of a Court astrologer who declared that the signs of the Zodiac were against the Prince travelling outside England during the period it would have been necessary for him to visit Australia.

One very common form of astrology

divided into twelve separate parts, round which the earth rotates once every year. The old astrologers, who were the forerunners of scientific astronomers, named these celestial divisions after animals, according to the shapes of the stars ruling each division, and these names still remain. The twelve signs of the Zodiac are

Aries, Taurus, Gemini, Cancer, Leo, Virgo, Libra, Scorpio, Sagittarius, Capricornus, Aquarius, and Pisces.

But besides the rotation of the earth round the sun, once a year, there is actually another movement of the sun itself in space, which is said to take place every 2000 years, and it is due to happen again in 1960.

Approximately every 2000 years the spring position of the sun moves through one of the divisions of the Zodiac, and, according to astrologers, this brings



A BEAUTIFUL symbolic representation of the arrival of the New Age of Aquarius. The joyous figure denoting freedom of spirit is seen springing across a study of an eclipse, which will not take place again till we are well in the new era.

Before that era the sun was in the sign of Taurus, "The Bull." And this was the Egyptian era in which the bull was the religious symbol of the time. And before that, the Persian era, the sun was in the division of Gemini, or "The Twins."

The adherents of this theory of changing eras believe that money is even now losing its importance, and that during the next era it will disappear from the face of the earth, and that the future era will find humans living without the use of money as a medium of exchange. So, too, the importance of machines and the over-valuation of technique and intelligence are nearing their end. The table below shows the main differences between the two ages, as represented by astrologers.

THE year 1960 begins a new era, the Aquarius or "Water" age. It is already said to be influencing present times!

## What the New Era May Bring —If Astrologers are Right!

### PISCES OR "FISH" AGE (40 B.C. to 1960 A.D.)

Social improvements. Dawn of civilisation. Birth and growth of Christian Era.

High development of mechanical knowledge. Age of machinery and decline of man power.

Many discoveries and inventions in the scientific world along mechanical and luxury lines.

Spread of mental culture, but without proper guidance.

Age of extremes, controversy, wars, frustration, and great wealth and terrible poverty, culminating in world calamities of such proportions that they bring about world unity.

Money used as a medium of exchange, with breakdown in system towards end of era. Economic depression follows depression in waves, growing greater and more far-reaching until monetary system is washed away.

### AQUARIUS or "WATER" AGE (1960 A.D. to 3960 A.D.)

Social standardisation. Unifying of systems and removal of prohibitions.

Higher development of mental culture. Control of machinery. Revival of handicraft ... Arts.

Many discoveries in the spiritual, mental, and physical world. Cure for the ageing of the body probably discovered.

Spread of spiritual culture coupled with universal body culture. Complete reform of education system.

Age of arbitration and mental conflict as against physical conflict. World peace a certainty by world control.

Money no longer used as system of exchange. Entire idea of work changed. Unemployment wiped out in world with population under Racial Control Bureau.

can be found in those little books, "Were you born in June?" or some other month. And they are so uncannily accurate that one cannot help feeling that there must be something in it.

Many well-known and highly-cultured people have zodiacal charts drawn up for their whole lives, and they do not make any important move without consulting them.

THESE are all aspects of astrology which may or may not have some truth in them, but the arrival of the new era is based on scientific fact, and it has been looked forward to by astrologers for hundreds of years. In "Anthony Adverse," for example, a story of the Napoleonic days, the author, Hervey Allen, describes an old astrologer who writes pamphlets about this coming change even in those days.

The heavenly universe has long been

about a complete change and upheaval in human affairs.

Since the beginning of the Christian era the spring position of the sun has been in the division of Pisces or "The Fish."

Actually fish play an important symbolic role in Christian teaching, whose founders and early adherents were mostly fishermen. The particular powers which ancient astrologers attributed to the division of "Fish" are also attributed by them to the remaining years of this era—constant misfortune, constant reincarnation, self-knowledge and self-analysis driving to distraction, understanding and technique bringing dissolution of the individual.

In the 2000 years before the Christian era the spring position of the sun was in the house of Aries, or "The Ram." The astrologers see that era symbolised in the old Jewish lamb sacrifices, and attribute to the era all the powers given to that division of the Zodiac.

## A GAY NEW ADVENTURE IN FACIAL LOVELINESS..

NEVER BEFORE HAS MAKE-UP  
HAD SUCH FASCINATING POWER!

NO!—the pliant, subtle, dewy freshness of perfect girlhood's skin—for women of all ages. An end to the hard, artificial look that comes from ordinary commercial toilet articles. Instead, magic creams, lotions, powders, lip and cheek colours that connive with Nature to take away the dull, maturing effect of time, climate, wrong diet and the result of using inferior make-up in the past.

The Kathleen Court Beauty Aids represent the most complete and most scientific range ever offered in Australia at reasonable prices. The quality of each article is the highest possible for its purpose—no harmful soap in the creams, no poisonous dyes in the rouge and lip colours; no burning alkali in the soap and shampoos. Where the product can be made to perfection locally it is—where it can be made better abroad, it is so made.

Six modern factories, in two hemispheres, combine to produce this, the most successful series of beauty aids offered in the last ten years. Quality and Value tell.

A SPECIAL BEAUTY METHOD  
FOR PRESENT SEASON'S NEEDS:

At night, apply a little Kathleen Court Cold Cream, wiping off lightly. Next morning a "beauty wash," using Paris Facial Treatment Soap, then a dash of the Kathleen Court Astringent Skin-Tonic. When dry, apply Facial Youth Day Cream, Golden



Every  
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tells its  
Story!

Youth or Rare Tulip Face Powder, Rose Petal or Seventeen Rouge and one of the thrilling new Kathleen Court Lipsticks. To make the hair rich, lustrous and wavy, use Hennafoam Shampoo; if starting to turn grey—a little Glandol Soap Stimulant will restore its youth. You may not need all these preparations at once, though, if you do, the total cost is the lowest known in any country for such exquisite quality. Only high-class Chemists and Stores can supply you. If in any difficulty write personally to Kathleen Court, Australia House, Sydney, or A.M.P. Chambers, Wellington, N.Z.

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# WANTED—£1,000 for All-Australian PLANE

## Will You Help Launch It in History's Greatest Air Race?

So far has aviation developed in the last few years that competitors in the great Centenary air race are talking of completing the journey from London to Port Darwin—nearly 10,000 miles—in three days.

In this spectacular dash, representatives of fourteen nations will participate. And Australia will be there—thanks to the public spirit of a number of patriotic citizens who are building and equipping the one and only all-Australian aeroplane in the race.

**PATRIOTIC** organisations which are behind this movement to have an Australian representative in the greatest air race in history are the Empire Union of Australia, Royal Society of St. George, the Aero Club, Australian Flying Corps Association, Limbless Soldiers' Association, Royal Aeronautical Society (Australian branch), and the Institute of Aeronautical Engineers.

This is no money-making adventure. The committee is out to demonstrate to the Commonwealth Government that Australian engineers and Australian craftsmen are able to build the type of aircraft needed

for the protection of this great continent, if threatened with invasion, and its development in times of peace.

These motives made instant appeal to The Australian Women's Weekly, and when approached by the committee we made a donation of £500 to the aeroplane fund, and undertook to launch a campaign to raise a further £1000 for the completion of the plane.

### You Can Help

We appeal to our thousands of readers throughout Australia to stand behind us in this great national and patriotic effort.

That £1000 has to be found, and found quickly, if the all-Australian aeroplane is to be completed in time for her tests. Will you help? In an appeal of this kind many people wait until the last



IN THE WORKSHOP. The all-Australian plane is rapidly taking shape. The unusual streamlined appearance is one of the many unique features of the design. —Women's Weekly photo.

day to help. Many of our readers are not in a position to make a substantial donation, but all can help by subscribing to the great "Bob-in Fund" which has been opened, and which has already made an appeal to thousands of our readers.

Others can assist by organising functions, dances, bridge or tennis parties, and other social functions for the funds. In this connection the Committee of the All-Australian (British) Aeroplane Fund is pleased to be able to announce that the Mayresses of almost every municipality in New South Wales have agreed to co-operate with the Lady Mayress of Sydney (Mrs. A. L. Parker) in raising a district quota for the plane funds. In many municipalities special meetings have been called by the Mayresses to organise local committees.

A State-wide appeal to all employers and employees in the metal industry has been made, and the results to date indicate that the response from this quarter will be a generous one.

The financial result of the Aeroplane

Ball, held at the Wentworth Hotel last week, is not yet available, as a full return of the tickets issued has not yet been made, but the honorary organiser, Mrs. Carla Jaques, anticipates that a handsome profit should result from this venture.

An old-fashioned waltz competition held during the progress of the ball was won by Mrs. J. J. Jacobsen, of Bellevue Hill, and the Monte Carlo dance contest by Mr. Gill, of Artarmon.

All subscriptions should be forwarded to The Australian Women's Weekly.

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It does not matter if your hair is falling out, if you are fast going bald—or what you have tried! I know you have not used the RIGHT method! My own hair fell out in handfuls until I fast began to go bald. I tried everything; but now I have a thick, lustrous growth of hair—thanks to the important discovery that—

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They never have—because it is impossible! There is one underlying principle that stimulates New Hair Growth—that principle is involved in the new Kelso Murchison Treatment! It's a new way—entirely different, and successful. It approaches baldness, falling hair, etc. from a new angle. With it you can stop your hair troubles overnight!

Don't waste more time and money on worthless "tonics" and "hair restorers"; but accept my great offer and watch your hair grow! Get this special offer coupon in the post to-day!

**It Does Not Matter**  
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**WONDERFUL RESULTS!**  
"I have been using your hair treatment for one month, with wonderful results. My hair is no longer thin and straggly. It has stopped falling out, and all the dandruff has disappeared, also the itchy scalp. Where it used to be short and thin, it has grown much longer and thicker. My hair seems as though it has new life in it, thanks to you. I think your ointment wonderful, and so easy to do."

**NEVER THOUGHT HAIR WOULD GROW AGAIN.**  
"My hair is growing very slowly at top of my head, and is also starting in front. I had thought that my hair would never grow again, but you have proved this to be a fallacy. I never realised how badly I must have suffered from dandruff, but now, thanks to you, all signs of it have disappeared."

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## DON'T SEEK a Career ... in LONDON!

### Miss Marie Bremner's Advice to Ambitious Australian Girls

How do Australian girls compare with their English sisters, and what chance have Australian girls of getting a start in a career in London?

In the following exclusive interview, Miss Marie Bremner, the gifted Australian singer and actress, who is such a favorite with the Australian theatre-going public, makes some interesting and helpful observations on these points for the benefit of readers of The Australian Women's Weekly.

**LONDON** is full of pretty girls," said Miss Bremner. "But I could not help remarking that the carriage of the average Australian girl is superior to that of the average English girl. The Australian girl also has much prettier feet. This, of course, is a great asset to a girl seeking work on the stage."

"The personality and initiative of the Australian girl are other great factors in her favor, and, when she does get a start in a career in London, she nearly always achieves a marked success."

"Still, I would not advise girls to go to England in search of a career," continued Miss Bremner. "In every avenue, the market is overcrowded, and unless a girl has a considerable financial backing and can afford to wait a long time before securing employment, her position may become desperate."

### Local Talent

"Moreover, I believe firmly in endeavoring to develop whatever talents you have in your own country. How's Australia going to progress in music, art, literature, or any other avenue if the gifted people all go abroad?"

"I would say to gifted Australian girls, 'Don't be dazzled by talk of the prospects abroad. Remember, however talented you are, there are hundreds just as talented who are fighting for the same chance as you. You may win at least a modicum of success at home, where you would starve in London. For a few, a very few geniuses, the rewards are golden. But even Genius, without money and without influential friends, very often perishes of want in London.'"

"I saw Margaret Viner the day after her arrival in London at the Automobile Club. I wasn't surprised to hear of her securing such a good offer from Paton. She is very lovely and definitely so unusual and clever at her work that she has everything in her favor. 'The typical English girl is taller and

slimmer than the Australian girl, and tall, slim girls are in demand for mannequin work. Cochrane has made the experiment of encouraging his ballet girls to get plump, but I did not notice any general return to fashion of the plumper figure."

### Leads in Fashion

"YOU can't spend a week in Paris without noticing the good taste of the Parisienne. She may have only one suit for the season, but her accessories will be so carefully chosen that she is always elegantly dressed."

"London has, however, definitely gained the lead in fashion importance, and English couturiers, such as Peter Russell, are now the acknowledged monarchs of the fashion realm."

"Never have I seen such marvellous fabrics or fashions as at the Covent Garden opera season. The big operas commence about 5.30 p.m., and it is quite astonishing to see the people going to the operas in the streets in elaborate evening clothes, while it is still full daylight. Some people do dash home in an interval and change, but most of them come fully dressed at 5.30 p.m."

"Theatres, of course, don't start till 8.30 p.m., and are generally preceded by a series of cocktail parties."

"Clothes are cheaper than in Australia, but not, of course, to Australians, who have to pay exchange. The new lustre fabric is very popular, and so are the new knee-high stockings."

"Evening frocks are tubular, and so close-fitting that skirts present a 'hobble' appearance."

"I don't think any Australian visiting London for the first time could fail to be struck by the English woman's love of dogs. Women take their dogs everywhere."

Miss Bremner will be heard over the National Broadcasting Stations on August 13, when she will take the leading role in "Wait a Minute."

Since her last appearance in the Gilbert-Sullivan operas she has been touring South Africa in the title role of "Rose Marie" under the J. C. Williamson management, and will shortly return to the Australian stage under the same management.

H. OST HUBBARD says: Shake the bottle, remove the stopper. Ah! My Worcestershire Sauce has such an appetizing zest—



# Storm Music

PHARAOH was going to quench the lights of the castle . . . the hidden watchers slowly deciphered his winking message . . .



JOHN SPENCER, who tells the story, was on holiday at Lass, Austria, with his cousin, Geoffrey Bohun, when the trouble occurred. While Geoffrey was painting in the woods John wandered off by himself and witnessed the secret burial of a dead man in livery.

By . . .  
**Dornford YATES**

He learned the names of the chief men there—Pharaoh and Dewdrop—but dropped a bill by which they learned his name, and address, too. Now his own life is endangered. In Lass later, John meets the most beautiful woman he had ever seen, Lady Helena Yorick.

Her father, the late Count, had left her in charge of Yorick Castle and of her young brother. The dead man was killed in guarding the castle's treasure of £1,000,000 in golden sovereigns.

John and Geoffrey, at Lady Helena's invitation, install themselves at Plumage Farm, on the Yorick estate. Geoffrey and his man, Barley, go to Salzburg, leaving John to watch the castle, assisted by Helena and her dog, Sabre.

One night the young Count comes home, bringing as a guest—Pharaoh, posing as Captain Fanning. John and Helena escape and drive off in the Rolls.

For two or three days they hide in the cottage of a forester, and the woman there takes a note to Geoffrey

servants that he has gone away for a few days.

As Helena is bidding John good-night in the library Pharaoh reappears. "Don't move, Mr. Spencer," he says, and his pistol was six paces away, and Dewdrop was behind one of the curtains.

Pharaoh taunts them, saying they were beaten from the start because of their scruples, whereas he had none. He insults Helena, and John is about to stop him when Dewdrop pricks him in the buttock with his dagger. Helena begs him not to move again.

Pharaoh orders them to give an oath not to escape during the night. Helena pledges for herself and John, but after Pharaoh has gone she implores John to go by the secret passage, and take a note to Geoffrey, telling him to keep the Count away. Unknown to John, the note really implores Geoffrey to stop his cousin's return to the castle, using violence if necessary.

Geoffrey knocks his cousin unconscious and drives him off in the car. John's recovery is accompanied by the shocked realisation that Helena has deceived him—even though it meant saving his life.

The cousins are comparing notes in the woods when Sabre suddenly leaps upon them. John goes to meet Helena reluctantly, for he dreads the interview, since he feels that his love for her is now dead. Helena listens to him, then: "Nothing on earth would induce me to marry you now," she says. . . . And now, where's your cousin. I'd like him to hear my news."

As once before, the three of us sat on the turf, and, as once before, John was speaking with my cousin's eyes on her face. But mine were upon the ground.

"If I had to give my story a title, I should call it 'How Pharaoh was hoist with his own petard.' But that wouldn't be strictly correct, because, as you'll hear, it was infallible Dewdrop that let him down.

"As John has told you, I saw him out of Yorick just about twenty past three. Then I went straight to bed, and after a little I managed to get to sleep. At half-past six I was awakened by the most awful din. Sabre was barking like mad and the fire-alarm of the castle was going all out. Then I heard men running and voices, and I'd hardly got my dressing-gown round me before old Florin was speaking and knocking upon my door.

"Well, you'll never guess what had happened. A watchman had found blood on the terrace—a trail of blood that led him up to John's room."

She paused there and turned to me. "I'd no idea that Dewdrop had stabbed you so deep. I don't know why, but I thought he'd only just pricked you. It never entered my head that you were bleeding like that."

I said nothing, and at once she resumed her tale.

"The moment I heard the news I saw the infinite value of holding my tongue. I knew whose blood it was and why it was there, but I felt that, left to itself, that blood would cry out with an eloquence which I could never approach. All the representations it made might not be strictly true, but that was not my affair. I was not going to say, for instance, that it came from a wound in the fleshy part of the leg. It might have come from the mouth. . . . The harder I thought, the brighter the outlook appeared. By using you so roughly, Dewdrop had stirred up a regular hornet's nest; it seemed to me more than likely that with a very little direction



I stooped to lay the fern by her side. "I hope it doesn't hurt very much."

Illustrated by . . .  
**Wynne W. Davies**

the hornets would turn their attention to Pharaoh and him."

"I told the warden to rouse you and if he could get no answer, to break down the door. Very wisely, you'd left this unbarred—I shouldn't have thought of that. Of course your room was empty, but I went in myself and looked carefully round. You see, I was sure that you must have stashed the wound, and I wanted to see if you'd left any traces of this. But, again, you'd been very careful. And so I was free to give the hornets a tip."

"I turned to the warden.

"Where does this trail lead to?"

"Poor Florin stared.

"But it leads to this chamber," he said.

"Nonsense," said I. "It leads from here. Some hurt has been done Mr. Spencer and he has been taken away." The truth of the fiction was obvious. The hornets saw it at once. Four or five servants rushed off to study the end of the trail.

"Who was aware," I demanded, "that Mr. Spencer was to be lodged in this room?"

"Florin ticked off the suspects.

"Your ladyship, myself, the valet,

Talk about sensation. . . . I could smell the lust for vengeance. The hornets were fairly off.

"I'd no time to bathe, but I made the best of a shower. You see, my one idea was to get down to Annabel as soon as I decently could.

"Before I was out of the bathroom, I heard the incredible news.

"Captain Fanning and his servant were gone.

"The rest was very easy. I sent for old Florin and told him most of the truth. I told him that 'Fanning' was Pharaoh, and that Pharaoh was after the gold; that Pharaoh had killed young Florin, and that since you, John, could prove this, he was going to take your life. Nothing on earth could save you—except his death.

"There's not much more to be told. I said nothing of Valentine, of course. His return now might not be fatal, but he's very much better away. At a quarter to eight, I left the castle a fortress and drove to Annabel."

"Unarmed and unaccompanied?" said Geoffrey.

Helena shrugged her shoulders.

"The risk was slight, and how could I take a servant to where I'd left Valentine? Yet it was vital that you should know at once that Pharaoh was out. To my dismay, you were gone; but as your room door was locked, I guessed you'd left Valentine there and so would come back.

"Well, I took a room and had break-

"The glory to Sabre," she said. "And for all the good I've done I might have given Barley a message—he'll be here in half an hour. I was able to help him, though. I diverted the household's attention while he got my wretched brother into the car. As for his ultimate disposal—well, when I look at you, I feel humble. I acknowledge a master brain. The Gordian knot of it he will unloose, familiar as his garter."

"Pure chance," said Geoffrey lightly. "I'd painted the river just there, and the monks were very kindly and obviously simply stamping to use their skill. You know. Any friend of mine . . ."

This told me the truth of the matter. I knew where Valentine was. And that was some sixty miles off—in a private ward. This stood remote, its windows commanding the cloister of the convent to which it belonged. The only patients admitted were those alleged to have been bitten by dogs that were mad. The treatment lasted a fortnight . . .

"Well, there you are," said Helena. "There are the facts. And now, if you please, Mr. Bohun, what do we do?"

"We take you back to Yorick. I shan't know a moment's peace till you're where you belong."

"And then you're wrong," said Helena. "I'm going to see the fun."

## John Plans a Lone Fight

Rachel, both the night-watchmen . . .

"He hesitated there, so I dug in the spurs.

"Is that absolutely all?"

"Captain Fanning knew," said Florin.

"I gave a most lifelike start."

"Captain Fanning!" I cried. "So he did. And his servant, too."

"It was Florin's turn to start.

"And his servant?" he cried.

"Yes, yes," I cried. "Both of them knew. His servant was there last night. I didn't know it when I was speaking to you. But he was behind the curtain—I don't know why."

"Then I called upon Florin to find you—I gave all sorts of wild reasons why you must be found. And then I fainted, and good, honest Florin caught me and carried me down to my room."

"So you see I'm quite a good actress—"

"Well, the hunt was up all right.

Just and talked to the man and his wife. They knew me, of course; but I couldn't help wondering what they'd say if they knew that the Count of Yorick was lying two doors away. Then at last Barley returned about half-past ten.

"Well, we held a consultation, Barley and I. His orders were at once to remove the Count, and, much as I wanted to see you, I felt that for every reason those orders must take first place. You see, though Barley knew where he'd left you, neither he nor I had a map, and though he's plainly a shark at finding his way, his directions to me were enough to break anyone's heart. I've been looking for you for six hours. I sat down and cried once. Sabre'll bear me out."

"Great heart," said Geoffrey quickly, and touched her hand.

Helena smiled.

IN the discussion which followed I took no part, and indeed I scarcely listened to what was said, for my thoughts would not leave the scene in the fragrant valley, and at last, since I did not care, I tired of haling them back and let them be. Like so many flies, they hovered over that inquest, alighting on question and answer, feeding on look and accent, and returning again and again to the gaze on Helena's leg. This was slight, but the skin had been more than bruised, for the silk of her delicate stocking was smeared with blood.

I rose and moved down stream. There by the side of the water, I sought some fern. I was gone some time, for the finer ferns were rare, but after a while I had gathered a little bunch. This I droned with water . . .

Helena and Geoffrey stopped talking as I approached.

Please turn to Page 28

at Salzburg in the cottage the attachment between John and Helena ripens into love.

John, anxious about Geoffrey, returns to Plumage, learns that his cousin is safe, and goes back to the cottage to find Helena gone and the forester's wife being cross-examined by Pharaoh. Pharaoh fires on John, who ducks and escapes. Meeting Helena near the road, he drives back to the castle.

In the dining-room lay the Count, dead drunk. A girl from the village was vainly trying on one of Helena's dresses.

Helena and John smother the unconscious Count out of the castle, hand him over to Barley's care, and tell the



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# NEW BOOKS

CONDUCTED BY JEAN WILLIAMSON

## The Tragedy of Mixed Blood

Conrad H. Sayce obviously knows the life of Central Australia and writes of it convincingly. Because of this, one is disposed to assume that he has equal knowledge of the habits and customs of the aborigines.

But it is difficult to believe that he has not dipped deep into the wells of fictional licence in his story, "Comboman."

"COMBOMAN" is a first novel and a good one. Its theme is unpleasant and reveals a mental and moral degeneration that is distressing. Nevertheless there is a powerful attraction in the story and the descriptive passages make good reading.

Mr. Sayce sets out to prove the power of heredity over environment, but one feels that his story has been overcoloured in this regard.

It is difficult to believe that a boy reared in cultured surroundings and with no knowledge of his maternal ancestry could, within a few days, succumb to the call of his blood, and willingly pursue the course that Grey's half-caste son did.

ASSOCIATION with an aboriginal woman had reduced Grey to the depths of degradation and self-contempt. He had fled to Australia to find solace for a disappointed love, but found it unavailing. Drink, loneliness, passion drove him further down the road towards mental and moral collapse.

He is a pitifully weak character, with

## "GLORY Jam"

"Glory Jam" is a subtly amusing book and one that leads into many delightful reminiscent musings.

It concerns the efforts of Peregrine Ash to conduct a guest-house in one of the quaint backwaters of rural England.

THE Ash family is a strange mixture of impracticability and stern purpose, but Muriel, the only member who has displayed any of the last-named quality, deserted at a critical moment, and just when her mother was depending on her to carry into effect their newly-formed plan of converting their pretty cottage into a guest house.

Peregrine, the son, is a dreamy individual, interested in archaeology, and with arrangements complete for an expedition to Greece. An adopted daughter, Letty, and a hopelessly impractical mother complete the household.

Muriel's runaway marriage and, departure for China upsets everyone's plans, but Peregrine suddenly displays hitherto unsuspected qualities, abandons his idea of going abroad, and sets about the task of conducting the guest-house himself. There is nothing aliphed in his methods. He determines to master all the housewifely arts, including that of cookery. His first venture into culinary pursuits is jam-making. He concocts an amazing mixture, and horrifies the family cook, who, on seeing the seething mass in the preserving pan, exclaims, "Glory, jam!"

Glory jam turns out a great success, however, and becomes one of the exclusive dishes for which the guest-house is famous.

THE delights of the story come with the strange mixture of people who stay at the guest-house. They are too numerous, and too varied to detail, but each is most skillfully portrayed, with a sophisticated humor that persists throughout the book. Many local celebrities and events are included in the story, and there are some very telling "hits" at newspaper methods and the people who write for them.

Muriel and her husband are reported captured by Chinese bandits. It turns out to be quite a harmless experience, but the newspapers give it a "great run" with scare headlines, and alarming inaccuracies. Mrs. Oriel Heath, resident at the guest-house, sees her opportunity for a glorious scoop. She steals a photograph of Muriel taken as a young girl, fakes others, and produces a sensational story, giving the background of the heroine and incidents of her girlhood in the most accepted penny-a-line manner. It's very amusing, but tragically reminiscent of some types of modern journalism.

There is very little plot in the story, but one is not conscious of the lack of it. It's a good story, and of the type that provides great mental relaxation. "Glory Jam," by Caroline Seaford. Gollance—our copy, Swains.

H.OST Huthrook says: For the Bridge Party let me suggest some Huthrooks' Queen Oliver. They are always popular.\*\*\*



## SHORT... REVIEWS

"The Price of Peace." W. M. Hughes. Mr. W. M. Hughes will probably find that women will be among the sternest critics of his book, since to-day so many thousands of their sex are preaching the gospel of world peace. This, however, will not detract from the effectiveness of what Mr. Hughes writes, or from the truth as he sees it. He sets out to show the lamentable ineffectiveness of the Australian Defence Force and draws attention to the necessity for an adequate scheme that will protect the nation in the event of attack.

He throws the responsibility of nationhood on Australia, and suggests that since she claims the full and free independence of nationhood she should be prepared to accept the responsibility which this entails, and not be content to rest secure in the overshadowing protection of the mother country.

Mr. Hughes is not an advocate of war, rather does he lament the fact that in place of that perfect peace which we had the right to expect after the great war, the world should to-day be an armed camp.

"When all the world is armed," he states, "Australia dare not go unarmed."

"Unless we are to stand like sheep, baring our throats to the butcher, we must without delay create such defence forces as to make an attack upon Australia a venture so hazardous that none will attempt it."

"Man's concept of war may be a great illusion, but war itself is a great and terrible reality, and every effort made by the greatest statesmen of the world has failed to suppress it," says the writer. The League of Nations has proved itself unequal to the task, and the Disarmament Conference and the Kellogg Pact have been equally disappointing, in his opinion.

"The Price of Peace," by W. M. Hughes. (Published under the auspices of The Defence of Australia League.)

"The Yellow Joss and Other Tales." Ion L. Idriss. An interesting collection of very vivid stories will be found in Ion Idriss' latest book, and the fact that they have as their setting nearby places, familiar at least in name, will add to their attraction for Australian readers. Mr. Idriss states that they "are happenings or incidents in men's lives which interested me during years of wandering," and one feels that, by recording them, he has done a service to those who find pleasure in reading of unusual happenings that are not overcolored by imagination, or tinged with sentimentality. (Angus and Robertson, 6/-).

## At Last A Powder that Does Not Harm the Skin



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# The TROUBLE With You, ANNE

By ....  
Fanny  
Kilbourne

Complete  
Short  
Story

Illustrated  
by  
Wynne W.  
Davies



"It's only fair to warn you," he said levelly, "if you deliberately choose to fight me, I shall break you if I can."

ANNE HOLLIS was put into the lift like an orchid into a gift box. Tenderly, like something fragile and exquisite that must be handled with care, Danton did his best, with the strength of his curved arm and the breadth of his shoulders, to protect her from the well-dressed crowd that crushed close about them.

The restaurant in Harley's had achieved an enviable reputation; it was both smart and popular. Men whom you would never expect to see in a big store's tea-room took their womenfolk to lunch at Harley's.

Danton glanced down protectively at the top of Anne's little hat, tilted coquettishly to show soft, shining waves of dark hair.

There was nothing in that downward glance to suggest that he found Anne the sort of girl most men begin to fear and dislike before they are eight years old. The sort of girl who begins her career as her schoolmistress' pet, and finds herself at forty earning an excellent salary, dressing smartly, and living alone in an expensively-furnished service flat. The girl who is just so much cleverer than the average man as to make him uneasy in her presence.

"Not being squashed?" Danton asked concernedly.

"Not a bit—thanks to you."

Anne's upward-glancing smile was the assured, provocative smile of the woman who knows she is adored.

A good-looking young man getting into the lift last and saying, pleasantly, to the lift-girl, "Third floor, please," saw the top of Anne's hat absently, obviously without recognising the girl beneath it.

THE tea-room was like a June daisy field, close-flowered with little white tables. It was already full; a velvet rope and a competent young man in a white jacket barred the entrance against newcomers.

"I'm sorry, sir," the young woman stopped Danton. "A table for two by a window? I'm afraid there won't be a window place for some time. But if you'll sit down, please, I'll let you

to-day, and the ostrich-tip curling against her dark hair was as frivolous as her bright little mouth.

Anne Hollis to-day was not Harley's ground-floor buyer, knowing, alert, ready to stand up staunchly to any pig-headed traveller set on her stocking big wooden beads when big wooden beads were going out, to battle aggressively with Hugh Cartwright over her right to be called "chief buyer."

To-day's Anne Hollis, in yellow, had no responsibilities—only pretty, feminine whims. No rights, only adoringly granted privileges.

If she married Danton—and was wise about things afterwards—Anne could doubtless indulge in charming inconsistencies all the rest of her life, could always have pounds gladly given in place of pence hardly earned.

What a shock that would give Anne's sister-in-law! Ruthie had never dreamed that Anne would presume to such an impossible ambition as actually marrying Danton. She had, in fact, assumed that Anne would not be able even to attract him.

Not that Anne wasn't pretty enough. Anne was, Ruthie admitted, quite pretty in her dark, intelligent-looking fashion. Ruthie herself was fair-haired and just intelligent enough to have observed that brains never seem to get a girl far. With men, that is.

"Dick Danton's staying here at the hotel," she had said that evening, two weeks ago, when Anne had arrived at the seaside to spend her holiday at the same hotel with Ruthie and Tom. "With two cars and a speedboat, he'll certainly give some lucky girl a good time."

"You'd better have a shot at him," her brother had said.

Both Tom and Ruthie had laughed.

"He looks to me as if he is somewhat on the dull side," Anne had said. This, in answer to an unexpected prick of resentment at the laugh.

"Oh well, we can't all be brilliant, and handsome, and rich," Tom had said easily. "The trouble with you, Anne," he had added, "is that you're too jolly clever—you think no man's good enough for you."

"No," Anne had denied. "The trouble with me is that I'm waiting for a man just like you, Tommy. And I can never find one."

Oh, Anne knew how to change the subject with a bit of flattery. This

felt about the women because it was so very much like the way she felt about Cartwright.

Cartwright had suddenly appeared in Harley's one day last Spring. He was in his early thirties—good-looking, well-groomed. He had pleasant manners and a most attractive speaking voice. He belonged, gossip had it at once, to one of the old manufacturing families from whose mills Harley's bought some of its textiles. And he had never worked in a big store a day in his life.

HE must have something besides influence, Anne had admitted fairly to herself, or Hunter, the manager, would never have taken him on as his assistant. But, whatever he might have in the way of general business knowledge, he had had no actual experience in a big store. Anne had had four years of it.

If this young Cartwright thought he was going to step in between her and Hunter, and tell her how to run her floor—

Anne had been a rather special pet of Hunter's, an advantage she had honestly won. Hunter had learned to respect her sound common sense and her eye for what would be popular.

She'd been right about a good many things. The diminutive oak chests designed to hold stationery.

"Women who want cheap writing-paper won't pay seven-and-sixpence for the box," Anne had told Hunter. "And the kind of woman who buys expensive stationery isn't going to keep it in an oak-chest." Then there were the lace gloves she had recommended to the glove department, that had gone so well.

The first day that Cartwright had appeared, tall, lean, unexpectedly keen-eyed for a man who had got his job through influence, Anne had become suddenly touchy about the dignity of her position.

"Good morning, Miss Hollis. I'm Mr. Hunter's new assistant, Cartwright's my name."

Both his voice and his smile had been pleasant. Perhaps if Anne had not been touchy on the lookout for it, she would not have recognised the hint of firm authoritative, like a hidden steel wire stiffening the outward informality of his manner. Exactly the pleasant, informal manner with which she herself approached someone with whom she wished to establish tactfully but firmly her own authority.

"You're the buyer for this department?"

Anne's answer had flashed out in a quick aggressiveness that surprised herself.

"I am chief buyer for the ground floor," she corrected him.

Plenty of the older buyers, Anne knew, claimed similar titles.

Cartwright had glanced at her, as though surprised.

"I'm sorry. I must have misunderstood Mr. Hunter." Then, as though it was not a matter of much importance, one way or the other, "Do you happen to know anything about a thousand bankers' pencils—whatever a banker's pencil may be—that they're

ordering in the commercial stationery?" It was at this initial interview that Anne had started badly with Cartwright. And, in the three months since, she had never been able to put things right.

She had seemed, somehow, unable to undo the mischief of that bit of silly, presumptuous swank. Chief buyer, indeed. Whether she had a right to the title or not was beside the point.

She knew that it had been a ridiculous gesture.

She had felt, rather than seen, the hint of concealed, contemptuous amusement underneath the courtesy of Cartwright's apology.

This knowledge of having made a bit of a fool of herself, added to her original resentment, had made a decidedly prickly person of the usually pleasant Anne.

She received Cartwright's friendly overtures with watchful and only partially concealed antagonism. When he complimented her on some recommendation or decision of hers, she accepted the praise with outward courtesy and inward suspicion. She had often enough thrown a bone of flattery, herself, to some aggressive floorwalker or buyer. She knew that Cartwright, aware of his own unfamiliarity in his new post, was merely biding his time. They were excessively polite to each other.

CARTWRIGHT was punctilious about consulting Anne upon every ground-floor matter; she was equally careful to give him all the information which, as a newcomer, he lacked. This reminded her sometimes of two boxers, prowling cautiously about each other, waiting for an opening.

It seemed to Anne sometimes that because she was so eager not to give Cartwright any opening, not to make any mistake which might give him an advantage over her, she could do nothing but make mistakes. Certainly, during no other three months since she had been in Harley's had she made so many wrong decisions, unwise judgments. Undoubtedly because, during all the other months, she had been able to think directly of what would be to the best interests of Harley's. Now she could not. The thought of Cartwright, mocking, amused, biding his time, kept coming between her and any clearness of judgment.

She grew, during those three months, to dislike Cartwright with an intensity of resentment which, during all her twenty-nine years of good-tempered living, she had never felt for another human being. The very sight of him appearing in the doorway of her little box of an office near the cashier's department made her tense all over.

Cartwright had soon dropped his original gestures towards friendliness. He met Anne on a basis of rather chill politeness. He seldom spoke of any of her frequent mistakes, but she knew that he was perfectly aware of every one of them.

He was undoubtedly watching her. On no other floor in Harley's did he appear as frequently as on hers.

Only once did their hidden an-

tagonism flash into the open. Anne remembered every word, every faint infection of that interview.

"I'm sorry," Cartwright had finally said flatly, "but it can't be done."

Anne had suddenly lost the careful control she had been holding over her resentment. "What you mean," she corrected sharply, "is that you don't want it done."

"Very well, put it that way, if you like. I don't want it done."

"And, of course, that settles the question!" Anne had thought she was being cold and sarcastic, fortunately dead to the quivering heat waves in her own voice. "I think I shall take it up with Mr. Hunter."

Unlike the few ground-floor buyers with whom this threat had ever been necessary and with whom it had always been effective, Cartwright had not seemed to recognise its seriousness. He had merely looked surprised.

And Anne had not gone to Hunter. Without saying a word Cartwright had made her feel that it would be petty to do so. By merely looking surprised, he had robbed her of her last resort.

It was this constant silent conflict that had so worn Anne down.

For the first time in her four years with Harley's she had felt the real need for a holiday. Hunter, noticing that she was getting thin and a bit dark under the eyes, had arranged for her to have a month in place of the customary two weeks.

And now she could make the holiday permanent if she liked. She need never go back to Harley's at all, need never even see Cartwright again.

Across the luncheon table, secured at last after a long wait, Dick Danton was ordering luncheon with his lips and adoring Anne with his eyes.

THE waitress had recognised Anne (she usually lunched in the tea-room on business days), and had looked to Anne to do the ordering. It was just such trifles as this, Anne knew, that made so many men half-contemptuous, half afraid of the successful woman. Little ways of competently looking after herself, such as saying clearly, "Fourth floor," before he has a chance to, in the lift; of signalling for a taxi instead of waiting for him to do so. Of, far worse, occasionally setting him right in matters of the whereabouts of theatres and cinemas.

She is likely enough to be correct in any point she makes—people of either sex seldom become successful without some flair for being right about things—and the man, if he is fair-minded, admits this and respects her.

But he doesn't like her any the better for it.

And as for loving her—certainly no man ever fell in love with a woman because of her enlightened attitude on how to deal with a taxi driver.

Please turn to Page 35

## BACHELOR'S Philosophy

THE happiest marriage I ever knew was one where the husband was a nightwatchman, and the wife a day nurse.



know when I can find you another table."

Anne let Danton lead her towards a divan, sat down beside him. She made no effort, though she knew she could have got them a table at once.

An authoritative, "See what you can find me, Kitty—near a window," would, she knew, have been effective. Effective with the young woman at the entrance, that is.

But Anne knew that such a gesture on her part would not be at all effective with Danton. Knew that he would much prefer waiting a half-hour, if need be, for his lunch.

KITTY had not recognised Anne. Neither had Cartwright, coming up in the lift. She was dressed very differently from her trim, working-day self. Anne was in yellow crepe

knowledge had stood her in good stead in business. Most of Harley's other buyers were men, a great many of whom had started behind the counter. Between them and the few women buyers yawned a vast abyss of mutual contempt and hate. The women scorned the men as crude and out of date. And the men thought the women meddling interlopers—coming in and telling you how to run your business!

ANNE got along surprisingly well with all the buyers. She managed not to rub in the fact that she herself knew more about buying than they did.

With one individual only, in fact, in all Harley's, had Anne's natural tact deserted her. This individual was Cartwright, the assistant manager. Anne could understand how the men-buyers



# The GIRL in the BOAT

Complete Short Story  
by  
An Australian Author



"LOOK here, Jerry!" Ken Westropp heaved himself up from the depths of the huge armchair, all the chairs in Jerry McIntyre's bachelor flat were of the same variety, and looked at his friend.

"This is deadly serious! I've got to find that girl; got to! I just can't stop thinking about her; I never got a minute's peace from her!"

"Oh, ho!" quoth Jerry, as he reclined at ease, his huge frame sprawled untidily over the chair, regarding the younger man amusedly through the rank smoke that arose from his venomous old pipe.

"You're hard hit, old boy! Hard hit!"

Ken fell back in his chair and made a grimace—

"I don't know whether I'm hard hit,

as you call it, but I just can't get her out of my head, that's all! It was an unusual experience, you must admit."

Jerry clasped his big hands behind his head and stared earnestly at the ceiling.

"I'll admit nothing till I hear the facts of the case. All you've told me since you blew in, is some yarn about a girl in a boat and a chase of sorts. You lost the girl, but who she is or what it is all about I know not! Be explicit, my dear chap! Marshal your facts!"

Ken smiled, in spite of himself.

"There speaks the lawyer! But it's all very well, Jerry, for you to talk! I'll tell you what happened on that night, last Thursday it was, but who the other actors in the little drama were, I know no more than the dead!" Jerry raised his eyebrows quizzically at this statement, and pushed the tobacco jar towards his friend.

... By ...  
**Marjorie QUINN**

"Help yourself!" he admonished, "and fire away!"

"I went down to the Bay that night thinking to take a spin in the old boat, the Cicada, you know, that little power-boat of mine—"

Jerry nodded.

"I keep her down at the Bay. Well, when I got there what do you think? A fellow was bending over her, trying to start her! I was on to him at once. I said:

"Of all the confounded cheek—!" And he just looked up at me! He was a tall, dark fellow with a murre sort of expression and a little, clipped moustache. I could see him fairly plainly in the light from a nearby lamp. He said, coolly:

"This your outfit? Sorry old man, but I badly want to catch someone who's just gone off there." He pointed down the harbor and I heard the pong-pong of a boat evidently in a hurry! I didn't much like the looks of the fellow—he was presentable enough and all that, but he had a sulky air—but what could a fellow do? He wanted help, and there was a chase on—to tell the truth, I accented a bit of a lark and I was on!"

"H'm!" grunted Jerry. "You would be!" Ken shrugged his broad shoulders and ignored the remark. Remembrance of the episode had brought a sparkle to his blue eyes.

"We climbed into the Cicada and were off. There wasn't any time to waste getting particulars. I gathered that this other chap had made off with his boat, but whether he had been after him before, or not, was not quite clear. I had my time pretty well taken up getting out of the Bay at top speed and on to the other's track. He had a good start, but the Cicada's some little pace-maker, believe me! I soon picked up the other's trail and followed on. My passenger began to get all worked up and seemed to be muttering to himself. Not much of a customer to deal with, I thought. Pretty temper and all that! At last we got close enough to hail the other craft! Some chap replied. But my passenger said it wasn't the cove he wanted! I didn't know how he could be so sure in the dark, but he was. He seemed frightfully disappointed and madder than ever.

"Just then we heard another boat away to the left. It being late in the season, there were not many speed-boats around, so it seemed likely that this was our quarry, and we turned and gave chase. Evidently, they sensed that we were after them, for they went full out. The chap with me was cursing nicely and telling me to cram on speed! Telling me! However, I took no notice of him, knowing that we must meet up with the other pretty soon. We were getting appreciably close when, suddenly, the noise of their engine stopped. As we closed in, a woman's voice hailed us! My passenger jumped up, nearly upsetting us.

"Here you!" he yelled in my ear; 'stop, can't you?' I felt like pitching him overboard, but the thought of the woman, or girl, or whoever she was adrift there, prevented me. I felt this thing needed investigating! Then he shouted out:

"Is that you Peg? What's wrong? What are you trying to do?" A figure in white leaned out.

"Of course it's you!" said a charming voice with a sort of pout in it.

"The engine's stalled and I can't make her go!"

"Oh!" said the fellow, with a world of meaning—it seemed to me that he was gloating over her trouble—"So now you can't run any further!" I pricked up my ears at this. So it was a girl he had been chasing all along; this girl, and he wouldn't let me know because he guessed I wouldn't be likely to help run her down! Of course, he hadn't really told me directly, but he had implied enough to lead me astray. I had disliked him enough before, but now

"To my surprise, the girl leaned towards us—we were all but touching now—and said quite coaxingly:

"You'd better come here and fix her for me, Fred! Was she going to make friends with the boulder after all? I felt disgusted, but then I realised that I did not know what claim he had on her.

"Probably was her husband, poor soul!" murmured Jerry.

"Shut up! He couldn't be! I'm sure he couldn't be!"

"Don't you know?" Jerry's voice was leading now.

"No. That's the devil of it! I don't!" Ken sighed. "Well, to continue. My passenger climbed over, and left me sitting puzzling about it all when suddenly there was a movement and the girl was bending toward me. Fred had disappeared into the cabin, and I could hear him tinkering with the engine.

HOBST Holbrook says: The Holbrook Queen Olives are the most popular. They are always so tasty and crisp.\*\*\*

"Can you push in a bit more?" she whispered in a conspiratorial sort of way. 'I'm coming over! And before I could recover from my amazement she was in the boat with me and deliberately pushing the other craft off.

"Start her up!" she commanded, and I willingly obeyed her. At the noise of our departure Fred bobbed up out of the cabin. As the distance widened, I could dimly see him waving his arms. He was shouting—

"Hi, there! Come back you!" I turned to my new passenger, and she was laughing.

"Poor Fred," she murmured as we raced along, 'he'll never get over this.' Then she seemed to remember something, for she said, very determinedly—

"And a good thing, too!"

"Can he get back, do you think?" I asked.

"Oh, I guess so," she returned indifferently. 'He's pretty clever with engines; anyway, you could come back for him when you've landed me, couldn't you? I suppose we can't leave him to a watery fate even if he does richly deserve it!'

"I observed that he seemed to have put his foot in it pretty thoroughly—I was fishing for information—And she said:

"Of course, you don't know what all the fuss is about, Mr. —?" And she paused, expectantly.

"Ken Westropp, at your service!" I replied, and hoping for a like revelation from her I fished in my pocket and handed her my card. But she only said 'Thank you' and relapsed into silence. I was fascinated by her voice. It was very clear and buoyant, and I was longing to get a good view of her, for she was only, white dress and face above, as a pale glimmer in the darkness. But in spite of my obscured vision I felt the magic of her personality drawing me, and I wanted to murder Fred. We were getting near the bay far too rapidly for my liking. I could not bear to lose her so soon. I proposed tentatively, that we might

## Robot Gardeners The Fashion Soon!

By Air Mail

A ROBOT planter which sets and waters plants at the rate of 12,000 an hour, has been devised in England for planting cabbages, celery and strawberries.

It has planted celery at the rate of seven plants per second. An experienced hand planter could set no more than 700 plants an hour.

go for a further run—it would do her good—but she vetoed this with a little laugh, declaring that she was in rather a hurry.

"Besides," she said, 'Fred might fix the engine quickly and come after us! I don't feel in the humor for him just now!' Gloom descended on me at this, and I think, somehow, she sensed how I felt. That was the wonderful thing about it. We seemed to be so sensible of one another's moods though we had only just met. She leaned toward me and said:

"You've been awfully good, Mr. Westropp—splendid! And you don't even know me! I'm grateful; truly I am! This crumb, of course, was better than nothing, and all I had a right to expect. In a troubled voice she went on:

"My people have no right to coerce me, have they? Surely a woman nowadays has the right to live her own life!"

"Yes, I suppose so," said I, rather puzzled, for where did that boulder Fred come in? We were making up to the pier now, and I was proceeding more and more slowly. Taking my courage in both hands:

"What has Fred to do with it?" I demanded. 'Is he coercing you?'

"It's all his fault," she declared, angrily. 'He thinks he owns me!'

"At that I simply boiled. But what could I do? If only Fred had been near! And just then she cried out excitedly, for we were almost alongside the pier. As I helped her out I saw her face clearly in the light from the lamp.

Please turn to Page 33

Do you smoke cigarettes costing twenty for one and sixpence and ten for ninepence? If you do, try 'Ardath-de-Luxe' \* Now available in Australia, these fine cork-tipped Cigarettes are so blended as to be kind to your throat and soothing to your nerves \* Packed in distinguished-looking ivory and scarlet tins.—'Ardath-de-Luxe' Cigarettes,—ten for ninepence, twenty for one and sixpence, and Flat Fifties

**ARDATH  
DE-LUXE**  
"SOCIETY'S CIGARETTE"





# CIRCUS TRICKS

## .... in a PAWNSHOP!

There wasn't a dull moment when the lions and elephants were pawned!

### WHY I GAVE UP THE BUSINESS

I've given up the pawnbroking business. I've always maintained that if you're in a business where nothing turns up the best thing is to turn it down and start off square all round. I'm not sure how you do that last bit, but you know what I mean.

*I will say, though, that having a pawnshop has polished my education to such a degree that I can hold my own—and anyone else's, for that matter—with anybody.*

I CAN play "Home, Sweet Home" on the mandoline, cornet, saxophone, concertina, flute, and banjo with variations. I'm so good at the variations that people have often mistaken my "Home, Sweet Home" for "Rule Britannia." Nobody ever pawned a piano with me, so that's an instrument I've never had a chance to have a snack at.

I also know how to work theodolites. You put it up on a tripod and you get a man to hold a stick on the ground, and then you point the thing at him and look through it. After you've done that you go away and do it somewhere else.

Quite a lot of interesting things used to come into my shop, but you've got to know the trade.

A man might come into your shop with a watch. He says, "How much will you lend me on this?"

You take it and look at it scornfully, open the back, smile pityingly, and hand it back to him. "No good to me," you say, and turn your back and pretend to be busy examining a pair of gum-boots or something.

The chap says, "Will you buy it?" You turn around with a pained, weary expression, take the watch back, have another look at it, and say, "I'm robbing myself, but I'll give you four and sixpence for it. I wouldn't do it only you remind me of my poor dead brother. I'm a fool to myself, that's what I am."

After a bit of haggling you give him four and nine and keep the watch. Then you rush over the road to the rival pawnbroker and wave it in front of him and say, "How's this for a bargain! Only four and nine. Have you ever seen anything like that before?"

And he looks at it and says, "Yes; I sold it to a fellow ten minutes ago for two bob."

Then you go outside and faint in the gutter, and when you come to you find that someone's pinched the watch off you.

### When the Lion Came

OF course, it wasn't anything like that that put me out of the game, and it wasn't lack of business. The trouble was, I had too much business.

It all started when the proprietor of

... By ...  
**L. W. LOWER**  
Australia's  
Foremost  
Humorist.

Illustrated  
by WEP.



By the time the shop was peeled off the elephant there was not much left—except the goodwill.

a circus pawned the big drum with me. I'd always had a yearning to play a drum, and many was the happy hour I spent whanging it behind the counter, although "Home, Sweet Home" sounds a bit monotonous on a drum after about the third verse.

Well, this chap from the circus became quite friendly, and one day he came into the shop dragging a cage with a lion in it. I'd never had a lion before, and after a bit of hesitation I decided to lend him ten shillings on the cage and five shillings on the lion, making a total of 12/6 in all.

I hung it up outside the shop, and used to put fresh sand in his cage every morning, and sandpaper his perch so he wouldn't fall off, and we got quite pally.

He used to like me to play the drum. When I played he used to roar with delight, and what with me playing the

drum and the lion roaring I can tell you there was not a dull moment from start to finish.

Anyhow, the circus proprietor kept bringing me odds and ends until I thought I had everything in the circus except the tent-pole.

I had forgotten about the elephant. He came in, bringing the front of the building with him. I was in the Pledge Department at the time, doing a bit of pledging, and as soon as the elephant saw me he recognised me.

When I was in the Indian jungle rabbit-trapping, this same elephant used to fill the car radiator for me. He stood up on his hind legs, placed his front paws on my shoulders, and burst out crying.

By the time I'd peeled the shop off him there was not much left except the goodwill, and that was bent so badly as to be of no further use.

The elephant and I are now living happily together, but I have given up pawnbroking for good.

# How You Should RAISE BIDS

## in CONTRACT!

Ely Culbertson, world's champion contract bridge player, and Dr. F. V. McAdam, Australia's well-known authority, deal with important features of contract bridge in this week's article.

By Dr. F. V. McADAM

In raising partner's original suit bid of one it is important to give at once the full number of raises.

Should you raise to two odd, you deny the ability to raise to three; similarly, a raise to three odd denies the ability to raise to game. Upon the accuracy of these responses will depend the success or failure of the final declaration.

From a single raise, declarer knows that responding hand has normal trump expectancy and about four playing tricks in support of the declaration. He can

now add his own tricks to these four supporting tricks and estimate with accuracy the bidding limit of the combined hands.

With a balanced hand declarer may prefer to continue the bidding in terms of no-trumps. A bid of this nature will convey the message that the hand though holding the necessary honor tricks yet lacks the distribution.

Holding distributional values, agreement on the trump suit will enable declarer to assess with accuracy the trick-taking ability of the two hands.

By ELY CULBERTSON: No. XXVIII

### The Scale of Re-Bids

RE-BIDS by the opening hand are among the most important features of bidding. Declarer's decision as to his proper course of procedure often depends on whether his partner has given him a simple raise, a multiple raise, a simple take-out or a jump take-out.

When partner has given a single raise and thereby shown adequate trump support for his suit, the declarer should re-bid once for every playing trick in excess of 4. He estimates his playing tricks by counting one trick for each card over 3 which he holds in the trump suit, and a half-trick for each card over three in a side suit, provided the side suit is headed by at least Knave or 10 9 and has not been bid by the opponents. He, of course, counts his honor tricks also, but does not count short-suit tricks or ruffing tricks, as this is a valuation which applies only to the responding hand. Over a single raise, however, the declarer should not re-bid on a bare five-trick hand, and should not make a double re-bid on a bare six-trick hand. About 5 and 6 playing tricks are required, respectively. Example: If the opening hand bids spades and responding hand raises to two spades, the open-

ing hand should pass holding:

S-A K 6 5, H-A 8 5, D-K 7 6 3, C-9 8.

He should bid three spades, holding: S-A K 8 7 5, H-A 8 4, D-K 6, C-8 7 5.

And four spades, holding: S-A K 8 7 5, H-A 8 4 3, D-A 6, C-7 5.

Whenever available, the opening hand should show another suit, provided his hand justifies a re-bid at all. With an absolutely balanced hand and about 3 honor tricks he should bid two no-trumps; with a balanced hand and about 4 honor tricks he should bid three no-trumps.

Over a double raise the declarer should bid game on only a plus value. Only a 4-3-3-3 distribution and an absolutely bare minimum warrants a pass. He should follow the same procedure over a jump two no-trump bid. Over a negative no-trump response he should proceed very cautiously, as this bid is generally a sign of weakness. In order to raise to two no-trumps, he should hold about 4 honor tricks, and in order to raise to three no-trumps, about 5. However, he should show another suit whenever possible or re-bid his own suit if the suit is re-biddable. The following suits are re-biddable: A K x x x, A Q J x x, A J x x x, K Q x x x, Q J 10 x x, x x x x x.

### Tributes to Women

By Air Mail.

WOMEN have a much keener sense of duty than men. . . . Women are more steady and tenacious. . . . Wives know far more of what men are thinking than men know of what women are thinking.

These three little tributes to the fair sex were paid by three famous men in England.

Sir Ernest Wild, Recorder of London, said that it had been found that women were a very great help on juries, one of the reasons being that they had a much keener sense of duty than men.

Viscount Halifax, president of the Board of Education, said women were able to compete with the men in most pursuits from scholarship to politics and flying. He believed they could give a great example to the world by their steadiness and tenacity of purpose.

Lord Reading said that wives were too partial to overlook their husbands' faults. Wives put up with husbands who in comparison were coarse, brutal things.

Over a simple suit take-out of two clubs the declarer has several choices: he may show another suit if possible, re-bid his own suit, bid a minimum of no-trump, raise his partner, or pass. Example: South should bid two hearts holding:

S-A Q 8 7 6, H-A K 5 4, D-9 8, C-6 4.

He should bid two spades, holding: S-A Q J 6 5, H-A 8 7, D-9 6, C-7 6 5.

He should bid two no-trumps, holding: S-A K 6 5, H-A 8 7, D-Q J 5, C-Q 6 5.

He should bid three no-trumps, holding: S-A K J 5, H-A Q 7, D-K Q 6, C-K 4 3.

He should bid three clubs, holding: S-A K 7 6, H-A 5 4, D-8 7, C-Q 8 7 6.

He should pass, holding: S-A K 6 5, H-A 6 4, D-8 7 6, C-7 6 5.

(Copyright)



Banks  
Must Make  
Reasonable Profits

ONLY profit-earning banks are safe banks.

Any large bank continually losing money would menace its depositors; those who had borrowed from it; other financial institutions and eventually the whole community.

The nine big Australian trading banks, through efficient management, are all profitable institutions, and therefore are a vital factor in promoting confidence and maintaining financial stability.

The earnings of the banks, however, rise or fall in line with general business conditions. Thus, in 1929 the profits of the Australian trading banks were 7.8% on shareholders' funds. In 1932/3, in the depth of the depression, they fell to under 2.9%.

None of these banks can make excessive profits because all these institutions are in active competition with each other. As in business generally, so in banking, competition ensures adequate services to the public at lowest rates.

Bank of New South Wales.

HOSP Hairbrook says: I knew a special Vintner for my Woodchester Sauce called Hairbrook's Pure Malt Vinegar.\*\*\*

94C



# An Editorial

AUGUST 4, 1934.

## MOTHERHOOD DEGRADED

THIS age has not left very much of the traditional glamour of romance around motherhood.



But surely there is something particularly degrading in the present world-wide tendency in official quarters to urge mothers to bear more children. In each case, the same reason is given—to strengthen the nation.

Motherhood is now included in the jargon of military and economic science. Tables of "natural increase" are studied alongside statistics of crop yields and factory production, and army and navy estimates. Not individual happiness, but national aggrandisement, is to be the aim of motherhood.

Even Australia is involved in this awful travesty of civilised feeling and conduct. Dr. Cilento, one of the leading medical advisers of the Commonwealth, declared at Canberra a few days ago that "mothercraft, which was an attempt towards national survival, had become a factor of outstanding importance to the community."

No doubt Dr. Cilento, like all Australians, thinks that Australia is a nation apart, and that our national survival justifies any arguments and means to ensure that end. The trouble is that exactly the same belief is held by the leaders of other nations.

What the world wants, of course, is the happiness and welfare of the mothers and fathers and children who are now existing. Misery at present prevails in the majority of countries.

Australia is well off compared to other nations, but there is plenty of distress, nevertheless, here.

How monstrous it is to urge the need for more babies upon those thousands of young married couples who have been among the worst victims of the depression! They reached adulthood just when everything crashed; and now that conditions are improving they find the jobs going either to juniors who are cheaper, or seniors who are more experienced. Yet, it is these young couples who, naturally, fall into the age-group which produces the best babies.

Truly, a mad world! Almost every nation is mourning its millions who perished in the war. Almost every nation has millions starving to-day, the aftermath of war. Yet every nation is arming for the next war, and demanding that its mothers shall bear more children to face the torture of shrapnel and high explosive and poison-gas.

What a degradation of motherhood! What a grotesque thing that women should be asked to bear children, not for the natural reasons of love and affection, but for the designs of politicians and economists!

—THE EDITOR.

# POINTS OF VIEW

## The Yearly Miracle

JUST around the corner lurks the yearly miracle. Any morning now, we shall awake to find the orchard, yesterday a dull enough mass of stark boughs, is radiant with a million fragrant blossoms.

"How brief a while the cherry petals last!" sang the Chinese poet-philosopher of long ago, and in China and Japan the people greet blossom-time with ritual and festival.

Blossom-time is at hand again. Office work which yesterday seemed congested enough will to-morrow be an intolerable bondage, for the call of Open Road sounds woefully in the ears. Every clod has "climbed to a soul in grass and flowers," and every human heart feels the urge to share in this glorious re-birth.

For are not the outward and visible signs of spring but the lovely garment which clothes its real miracle—this stirring of the human spirit into a joyous awareness of beauty?

## Prefers Plain Smith

DOES Emyntine seem to you a more impressive name than Eliza? Do you yearn to swap your nurse of Tom Jones for that of Montmorency Cholmondeley? Such manifestations of Snobomania abound, but one clever and beautiful little Australian lass, Lorraine Smith, has just given them a nasty jolt.

Lorraine, who is playing lead in Cinesound's next production, "Strike Me Lucky," has just told an audience of business girls that she intends to remain "plain Smith." Her director thinks it unromantic, "but I don't," said she.

From the days of Tubal Cain to the days of Charles Kingsford, the Smiths of this world have given a good account of themselves, though their trades have varied from the tempering of ploughshares to blazing a new trail across the skies. This young Lorraine Smith apparently has a sensitiveness to true values and an awareness of the romance in simple things which is essential to success for an actress, whether named Smith or Vere de Vere.

## "Stop Talking!"

EVERYONE who has suffered from the chattering latecomer at concerts and plays will sympathise with the exasperation of Sir Thomas Beecham, and approve his recent stern order to them to "Shut up!"

The incident occurred while Sir Thomas was conducting "Fidelio." One cannot help thinking that had Beethoven himself been present he would have been even less tolerant of the inconsiderate latecomers.

It is recorded of him that once at the home of a patron he had been asked to write a march specially for the entertainment, and he and a pupil were to play it as a duet. But a certain nobleman and a woman companion strolled late into the room, laughing and talking.

The great composer rose from the piano and bellowed, "I will not play before such swine!"

If Australian conductors were as forthright they would earn the gratitude of 95 per cent. of their audiences, and the noisy 5 per cent. would surely soon respond to the discipline.

## Families and Families

PROPOS of Robert Burns' "Cottar's Saturday Night" (A.W.W., 7/7/34). The etching is true to life. Hence it lives, and is loved by its readers still. True, it showed the highlights of the cottager and his family, as the pictures and the wireless are the highlights of the workman and his family to-day.

In those days it was the elder children, and not the ninth of the twelfth, who had the lesser chance. The elders had earning capacity when the younger ones were the babies, and many a building account was started on the pence given by the elders. Many an opportunity, too, that was missed by them was made for the growing little ones.

They all cultivated the spirit of give-and-take, be it a box on the ears from big sister, or the trousers and boots passed down from big brother.

Argument there was, and many a fight, but father's word was law, and in respecting him, his children grew to respect each other.

But time begets a changing world. To-day a parent looks regretfully on his couple of ewe lambs. They with the advantages of every modern invention still lack the better part enjoyed by their father, who was a mere cipher among a family of 10 others.—J.G.B.

## Hard on Wives

HERE is a round-by-round description of a case between a husband and wife in the Melbourne Court of General Sessions the other day. The man was appealing against an order to maintain his wife. His plea was unemployment.

12.19 p.m.: Judge says he has heard enough evidence. 12.20 p.m.: Judge says husband can pay nothing. Decides to suspend order against husband. 12.22 p.m.: Judge feels husband can pay 2/6 a week to wife. 12.24 p.m.: Judge feels husband can pay only 3/6 a week. 12.30 p.m.: Judge fixes order at 3/6 a week, and suspends original order for £1 a week.

The moving finger writes, and the judicial pen records, a decision, and not all the wit nor pity of the wife can trace it back to cancel half a line. Perhaps a special Court of Domestic Relations could have sent this couple home happy. Present legislation on wife maintenance shows that the law is totally inadequate.—M.B.

## "Artificial Protection" Ceases

WOMEN must do men's jobs, is the latest decree from London. The Postmaster-General has decided on a new policy of sex equality in his department. He says that since



IRVING BERLIN, one of the great song writers of today, snapped in London with his wife. Will his songs live hundreds of years, like some of the old favorites mentioned in the article opposite?

women work side by side with men they must be prepared to do men's jobs. P.O. girls, in short, are no longer to have "artificial protection."

We may well wonder, however, if the Postmaster-General will carry his scheme to its logical conclusion. Since he claims the sexes are equal and must do the same work, surely they should be paid the same wages. . . . Yet this does not seem to be included in his plan.

The first step in his campaign is that racing telegrams handed in on the course should in future be tapped out by women operators. Hitherto men only have been employed. "Where the conditions are suitable," he says, "I see no reason why they should not take duty at the races with the men."

One girl expresses herself as perfectly satisfied. She has already been dealing with book-makers' wires at a race meeting. Like other telephone girls, she says, "I do not consider night duty socially wrong."

# Did You Know How These Songs Started?

People sometimes wonder why Australia has so few national songs. The answer may be found in this article, which tends to show that national songs need a long period of "cultivation."

OF course, there are many songs and ballads that have no tangible history; they are simply the inspiration of some unknown poet of the past, picked up by an attentive ear and passed by word of mouth down to posterity. Long-fellow gives shape to this thought in "The Arrow and the Song"—

"I breathed a song into the air,  
It fell to earth I knew not where;  
For who has sight so keen and strong  
That it can follow the flight of song?"

Perhaps in the whole range of songs new and old, none is more popular than the plaintive

"Robin Adair." This melody was originally Irish, but was claimed by the Scots in 1800. The hero of the song, by the way, is not a fictitious character. He was an impulsive young Irishman who over a century and a half ago was studying Medicine in Dublin.

He later fell in love with Lady Caroline Keppel, the second daughter of the Earl of Albemarle. Lady Caroline's kinsfolk were amazed. Were they to allow an unknown Irishman to carry off the flower of their flock? Finally, to cure the girl of her "folly," they sent her abroad, and it was only when they received news that she was writing with grief that they brought her home and sanctioned her marriage to Robin Adair.

It was while she was at Bath that Lady Caroline wrote the verses of the popular song "Robin Adair."

## When John Woodcock Graves

wrote the song "John Peel" in 1820 he said to the famous Cumberland hunting man, who inspired the theme, "By Jove, John Peel, you'll be sung about when we are both run to earth." Here is Mr. Graves' own account of the circumstances under which the song was written. "We were both in the heyday of manhood, John Peel and myself, when we used to sit in a snug parlor at Caldbeck, among the Cumbrian mountains, hunting over again many a good run, and recalling the feats of each particular hound, or narrow, neck-break escapes.

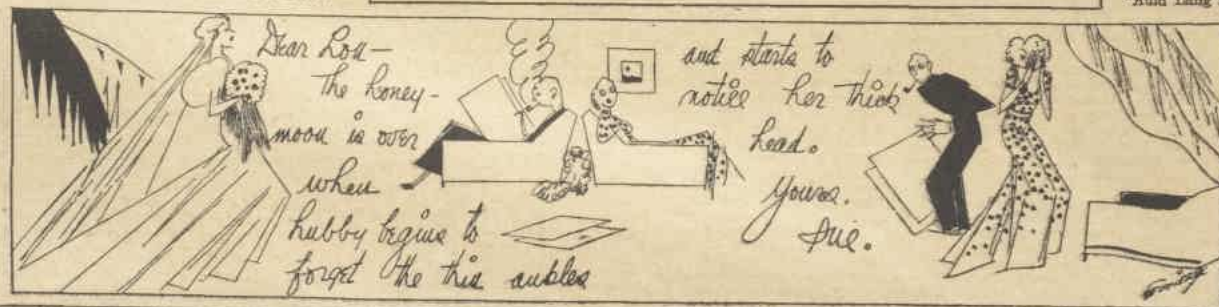
"One night my flaxen-haired daughter came running in to the room to ask what it was that Granny was singing to her baby brother upstairs in the nursery. It was then that the idea of writing a song to this old air came to me, and so on the spur of the moment 'D'ye ken John Peel, with his coat so grey' was born."

It has been taken for granted over a period of years that Bobbie Burns wrote the original words of "Auld Lang Syne," but very little investigation reveals that these words were merely an adaptation by the poet of a well-known song which was written long before he was born. Adair Fitz-Gerald says that Burns never once claimed the song as his. More than a century ago Mrs. Dunlop, a friend of Bobbie Burns, received a letter which, with other relics of the poet, she preserved. In this letter he mentions "Auld Lang Syne":

"There is an old song and tune which has often thrilled through my soul. You know I am an enthusiast of old Scots songs. I shall give you the verses." And he enclosed the words of "Auld Lang Syne."

Annie Laurie is regarded by many as but a picturesque figure in Scotland's legendary, yet in 1801 Annie was very much flesh and blood. She was one of the four daughters of Sir Robert Laurie, of Maxwellton, and it was to her that Douglas of Finland wrote the words of a song that has found its echo in thousands of homes.

Annie did not marry Douglas, but wedded instead a Mr. Alexander Ferguson, of Crugdarroch. By him she became the mother of the Alexander Ferguson who inspired Bobbie Burns to write "The Whistle."



## FROM SUE TO LOU

## A Bright Girl's Letters.



# Treasure ... OF ... AKHAVA

Complete Short Story...

BY  
NORAH BURKE

**S**NAKES have always been thought of as guardians of gold. And it is a universal Indian belief that when a rich man dies without heir he returns in the shape of a serpent to protect his wealth.

"In fact," Larry Whitehouse asserted, "human sacrifice has even been made to the snakes, hoping that they'll fork out their hidden treasure."

Rita Drew watched him with very dark blue scornful eyes. She lay stretched in a canvas camp-chair on the grass, long jodhpur-clad legs crossed before her, hands in pockets, cigarette glowing in the corner of her full mouth. A topee covered hair that was red-gold against a skin amazingly white for the East.

"And you say there's a ruined temple with fabulous hidden treasure just five miles from here!" she scoffed, inclining her head towards the camp in the jungle clearing. Tents had sprung up there, like stupendous horse manure. They were steaming in the sunlight, sodden with monsoon rain which had only just temporarily cleared off.

Larry Whitehouse nodded. His topee was pushed to the back of his ruffled dark head. He had a square jaw and good teeth. "Akhava temple's there, right enough, darling . . ."

"I've told you not to use that word to me."

But the treasure may be only legendary. They say it was hastily buried at the time of the Moghul invasion. Nobody has ever found it. "And what was there in this wonderful treasure?" she asked, curious in spite of herself.

He told her. Of the jewel-studded

## Lazy Man's Song

You say that life is getting  
And giving, perhaps, to two or  
three:

I'd rather watch  
A small impertinent bird  
Away on a jasmine tree.

Bid me not to sow or reap  
Nor help you gather in the  
sheaves;

I'd rather watch  
The swirling wind at play  
Among the fallen leaves.

Teach the idiot girl to spin  
Read a tale to a crazy loon;  
I'd rather watch  
The sunlight slanting yellow  
On the grass at afternoon.

—Ann Martin.

troughs from which the white elephants of Akhava used to feed. Of their precious tusk bands. Of images and plectrums. Jade and rubies out of Burmah, pearls from the shores of Gujarat, Golconda diamonds, Kolar gold, and silver from the Shan States. Most gorgeous of all was the famous peacock tail gate, fretted out of gold and set with a thousand cut sapphires.

"If you found any treasure," Rita argued, "it would only go to the Government."

"I expect I'd got something . . . enough to ask someone to marry me."

She realised she was being unnecessarily rude to Larry, but the weather had been ghastly, unbearably hot and steamy. And she had only accompanied her father on this mad expedition into the jungles studying

monsoon plant and insect life, because she was sick and tired of all young men. Of course they had run into Larry, forest officer, because he suspected timber of being stolen during the monsoon season when no one would be about. And, of course, her father, impossibly blind, had suggested they should camp together the few days they would both be in the same district.

But then any young man they might have met would have been one of those Rita was trying to escape.

Larry went on now, rather breathlessly, his eyes on the very white skin and red gold hair. "You're a spoilt child needing whipping, darling. Only I want to kiss you so frightfully badly . . ."

His words stabbed her heart, sent a flush to her cheeks.

Then she saw her father approaching them, and drew Larry's attention to it with a nod and a half-mocking smile.

With heavy lidded eyes she watched the two men, Larry in khaki shorts, shirt and khaki topee, and athletic grace about his lanky limbs. The hands resting on his bare, brown knees were hard and wiry.

Her father also wore khaki, but his round little figure in shorts became a sight at once lovable and ludicrous. His knees were like two plump pink marrows.

Drew plodded up to them mopping his forehead and steeling hair. "What damn heat 'n' wet! But it's makin' things spring up. Those damn bamboo shoots I've been studyin' have grown nine inches in twenty-four hours." He was too excited to notice how fast Larry was smoking, or the color that was in his daughter's face.

Presently Rita got to her feet. She had the grace of movement of a young leopard.

**S**HE strolled over towards her tent, passing behind it to stand and smoke by the edge of the jungle, where bamboos raised stems sixty feet high, jointed and shiny. She wanted to be alone.

Here behind her tent she was not in sight of the rest of the camp. And everything happened so quickly she was not at all sure how it all came about.

There was a rustle, a blanket thrown over her head, a hand crushed over her mouth, bruising fingers holding her. She was swung off her feet and swept along into the jungle.

There must have been four men carrying her, she guessed, and they did not intend to lose her or let her scream.

In the smelly, woolen darkness, she fought for breath. At the same time she knew at once what she must do, and managed to drop her handkerchief when they had travelled some way. Further on she dropped the cigarette she had been smoking. They were travelling so fast, too, that she hoped they were leaving marks of their passages in the grass and undergrowth.

After a long while she was set on her feet, and a silent voice told her, in Hindustani, that she would be killed if she made a sound. Then the blanket was taken off her head and Rita saw her captors for the first time—four Hindus—in loincloths and skull caps.

"What is the meaning of this?" demanded Rita, with fire.

They ignored the question. "The memsahib shall walk now, but quietly," one of them ordered.

Rita looked about her. She had not the faintest idea where she was. Bamboos pointed their giant grass-stems at the sky, all round her.



Illustrated  
by  
WEP

Her red mouth tightened. "I may smoke?" she asked, and without waiting for an answer, picked a cigarette out of her tiny case with a hand that was almost steady. Having lit it she dropped the dead match on a bit of clear ground.

They moved on. Later Rita could throw down her cigarette end. And wherever the damp earth was bare she left the print of her small square-toed shoe.

They seemed to walk a very long way. And now she began to guess where they were, for above the bamboo fronds she saw the ruined cupola of a temple.

Akhava temple had been built on rising ground. Rita approached it now up innumerable shallow broken steps where toadstools, purplish, livid, and copper colored, bubbled out between the blocks of stone and crumbled carving.

This had been a prosperous place in its day, for the main temple must have covered a full two acres of land, and the remains of gardens, courts, and shrines stretched away as far as Rita could see.

But now the jungle had taken possession.

A banyan tree, dropping roots from its branches, had poured them over the temple, each one like a trickle of ossified treacle. Creepers strangled the stone elephants that supported pillars rimmed with carving. A bunch of parrots fled at their approach, like the scattered petals of a flower.

They passed through an arch into the centre court, where a clump of bamboo rustled its knife-shaped leaves in the wind.

Perhaps that was the arch where the peacock-tail gate used to hang, thought Rita. She had to keep think-

## A Drama of Hindu Beliefs

ing, because her heart was throbbing rather fast and she was no longer permitted to smoke. She stood quite still while the natives tightened ropes about her thin, white wrists and the jodhpur clad ankles. She had to hold her lips between her teeth to stop them jerking.

Her breath quickened. "Wh-what are you going to do?"

The leader of her captors, rather more educated than the rest (possibly he had attended a native university), condescended to explain. "The snakes who guard our treasure of Akhava are not content with sacrifice of Hindus. They demand a white woman."

Fear shot through Rita, but she managed an exclamation of scorn. "And do you forget the English justice that will fall upon you?" She talked on, calmly reminding them. "There will be ropes about your necks, not your ankles. You are mad! Think before you do this!"

men as lookouts, made a signal with his hand to the last one, who drew a dried bamboo flute from round his neck, and, squatting down, put it to his coffee-colored lips.

From the flute came a thin, weird melody, the snake-charmer's call. Ruth knew that melody. She lifted her red-gold head to watch what was to follow.

Out of the crannies and fissures in the masonry, made by prying roots, came the faint hiss and slither of limbless bodies moving. Cobra heads were raised, hoods spread, each stamped with the dread "spectacles." They poured themselves out of the ruins as if the whole place had been leaking oil.

An icy shudder of horror went through Rita, listening to the silly approach of those bodies.

Now the hooded heads were swaying to the throbbing of the occult music. Lok-

man! watched with savagely intent eyes. Even the lookout men were peer-

**T**HERE was a rustle, a blanket thrown over her head, a hand crushed over her mouth, bruising fingers holding her. She was swung off her feet, and swept along into the jungle

Rita felt waves of terror go through her. She wondered how long she was going to be able to stick this without screaming.

**T**HEY did not trouble to answer her. They led her towards the centre of the court. Rita's words began to fall on her lips. Her nostrils and the very dark blue eyes dilated a little.

Then one of them asked, "Here Lokman!" and the leader nodded. They whipped her off her feet, and laid her flat, face downwards on the wet, sun-hot earth. They drew the ropes tight, fastening them to stone pillars, until Rita was fixed like a star fish.

With spirit she demanded: "Choose somewhere else. I cannot lie here. There is a bamboo shoot most uncomfortably digging into the middle of me."

Lokman! settled himself, cross-legged, on the ground before her. He smiled. "But the memsahib will remember how fast the bamboo shoots grow at this time of the year. It is an old Burmese custom of sacrifice."

Rita remembered, with a thud of her heart that made her sick and faint.

Nine inches a day! She felt the small hard nodule of the bamboo against her, strong and quick with life. Supposing Larry never found the clues? Sweat chilled her forehead.

Suddenly Larry was no longer one of the young men she wanted to avoid. Lokman! having posted two of his

Rita felt waves of terror go through her, red hot and then frozen. She wondered how long she was going to be able to stick this without screaming, and turned her head away.

Lokman! began invoking the snakes to reveal the whereabouts of the treasure—a long, droning prayer.

She did not know how long she had been there. It felt like years, but it could not have been more than half an hour. The sun was wheeling down behind the bamboos and the jagged silhouette of the ruins. If it set before Larry found her he would never pick up her clues in the darkness, and by morning, if the snakes had left her alone, how far would the bamboo shoot have grown?

A dry whisper made Rita strain her head up again, to find that it was the sound of scales drawn over the grass. Not a foot in front of her face a hamadryad, a king cobra, swayed to the deadly fluting.

Twelve feet of whiplike, electrically alive body rustled and twisted. The eyes in that plated head were living jewels. The forked tongue flickered in and out like a black flame.

Rita's own eyes, very dark blue, grew darker and wider. The red lips parted in a soundless scream.

**T**HEN a single revolver shot smacked across the court, and the hamadryad was madly threatening about, convulsed into a writhing knot of scales and blood.

The lookout men had been so interested in the snake-charming that they had not noticed the approach of danger.

Instantly Lokman! was on his feet, the others too, hurried into flight by that one shot.

"Stand still!" Larry's voice rang sharply across to them. Bullets from his and Drew's revolvers spat at the Hindus' feet. But they fled on.

The charmer's flute had tinkled to the ground, and with it the trail, dangerous control he had over the snakes. The spell was snapped, and the cobras scattered themselves. Now the flying natives had the snakes to dodge as well as bullets.

Rita heard Lokman!'s scream as a cobra struck its deadly injection into his leg. The other natives did not stop for him, but crashed into the jungle.

Things were happening too fast for Rita to feel anything, even fear, although the snakes actually slithered over her where she lay.

Please turn to Page 34



# The Fashion Parade

by Jessie Lait,  
sketched by Petrov



• From the left:  
**REDINGOTE**  
in black sheer  
wool with three-  
quarter sleeves,  
and a half belt  
that ties in front.  
The frock be-  
neath, with a  
jabot, is of  
printed crepe.  
Red, yellow and  
blue flowers on  
black.

• **THREE-  
PIECE SUIT**  
in canary yellow  
woollen; the  
blouse and the  
wide cuffs on  
the jacket and  
revers are in  
white pique.

• **SCHIA-  
PARELLI**  
suit of blue wool  
showing the  
"birdlike" or  
"windblown"  
silhouette. The  
blouse is of  
white cotton  
with linen lace  
edging the jabot.

• **BLACK** wool  
coat by Schia-  
parelli. A sil-  
ver fox scarf  
gives a spread-  
wing effect  
along the shoul-  
ders.

• **MAIN-  
BOUCHER**  
model, consisting  
of a navy blue  
sheer silk dress,  
and a pale blue  
sheer wool coat.  
The frock has  
a jumper blouse  
with four patch  
pockets.

## OUR PARIS SNAPSHOTS

**VIONNET** is making black, navy blue, or brown tailored long-sleeved frocks of chiffon and putting them over pale crepe-de-chine slips.

**THE** smartest of first spring hats in Paris is the pancake sailor, that looks like the kind of hat French priests have. It is worn on the side of the head.

**LANVIN** features skirts that are slit daringly part way up the front and the back, and everybody has dresses with split back bodices or split sleeves.

**PARISIENNES** are wearing big clusters of flowers at the necklines of their silk coats—poppies, lilac, hollyhocks and roses.

**BAMBOO** buttons, bamboo handles to bags, bamboo belts, and bamboo yellow are all over the place.

**THE** Paris style shows for spring and summer propose dresses with slightly lowered waistlines, skirts that look straight and that have pleats set in at intervals, or hems either ruffled or pleated; blouses that are cut to lowish squares at the front of the neck or the wide bateau neckline; and sleeves which are full for the most part and elbow length or long.

**MAINBOUCHER** uses a bright clear red for many of his new evening frocks.

**CREPE** satin, lacquered satin, stiff satin, and satin jersey abound in the Paris showings, and are being used for both afternoon and evening, and for both dresses and wraps.

**THE** most practical buying at present would be different sorts of frocks to wear under a dark, fur-trimmed winter coat—slim, sheer wool frocks for warmer days; wool suits and tailor-mades; print dresses with simple wool coats; dresses with capes, and new blouses to wear with your winter ensemble or suit.

The new spring woollens are mossy or downy of nap, and most of them are sheer or semi-sheer; they come in delightful pastel shades, fresh leaf green, wood violet, creamy beige, all shades of yellow, pale grey, coral, and several shades of blue. These woollens make simple frocks with long sleeves, slenderising silhouettes with cleverly concealed pleats in the well-fitted skirts, and unusual necklines.

They make suits with hip-length jackets that have pinched-in waists and pockets; they are used for dress and cape ensembles for spring days.

**DRESSES** to wear under your winter coat will look gay if they are printed. Try bright or light flowers on a dark ground. Somehow prints never fail to revive a winter wardrobe just a bit better than anything else. A printed blouse, for example, always enlivens a dark suit. Floral patterns for day wear are not fantastic, but smart, demure spots of color against dark backgrounds. Not only are there floral prints; there

## PASTEL Wools & PRINTED Silks Express the SPRING MOOD

**C**LOTHES collecting in midwinter can be just as exciting as the same recreation in spring or summer... especially when everything looks so new and fresh, but one must go very carefully. Do not choose anything very extreme or fanciful—by the time the warm weather arrives you will possibly be tired of looking at it, or you will find that the style has already been "done to death."

are checks, stripes and dots. Lejong shows a checked taffeta dress in navy, white, and grey under a navy coat. Patou likes black and white checked taffeta under red, emerald green, or black coats.

Worth has a green and white checked jacket and blouse worn with a green wool skirt. A checked blouse is smart with your winter long coat and matching skirt.

As well as the printed crepes and taffetas there are new crepes—not blistered or crinkled but with mossy rough surfaces in many new shades. Canary yellow, golden yellow, a deep bluish green, grey-blue, cocoa, leaf green, and turquoise blue—all these shades are smart under dark coats.

### On Slim Lines

**THESE** dresses have slim skirts—a great many cut on the straight with pleats set low down. Dresses having skirts that are full in front are particularly important items of fashion, because interest is veering sharply to the front all along the dress silhouette. The birdlike and windblown silhouette, sponsored first by Schiaparelli, are really one. It has butterfly-wing jabots, jutting-out revers, pleated ruffle wings at the shoulders, windblown sleeves.

Sketched on this page is Schiaparelli's bird-inspired tailored suit line. The jacket is cut along the lines of a

mess jacket with a small standing collar and revers that jut a bit in front. The skirt is a trifle wider at the top than at the bottom, due to the looped drapey at the back of the skirt below the waistline. The blouse of crisp white cotton is cut just like a shirt-waist and has a winglike bow of the cotton around the neck, edged with hand-made white linen lace. The suit is made of bluebird blue wool.

The sleeves of the new dresses are short, three-quarters, or long, and generally simple; shoulders are normal, even sloping. Bodices are never tight—the material is swathed, draped, and pleated to give fullness to the bust. Necklines are either high and draped, or low; many are trimmed with lingerie or taffeta in the shape of director's jabots, bows, scarves, and collars. Delightfully fresh-looking jabots and collars are made of white or pastel-colored handkerchief linen or cotton net, hand-tucked and hemstitched. As a change from white, try yellow or dusty blue accents with your old black, brown, or navy dress.

**YOUR** day coat will look newest if it is a redingote; opened down the front to permit a flash of the dress to show. Many of the coats are made so as just not to meet in front. They are held by links, made either of shell-like buttons, tassels of cord, wood or leather squares.

Chanel lines her redingotes with print and has a print dress to match. Augusta-

### Ribbon Trimming

**RIBBON** trimming is a spring style item of importance.

Schiaparelli makes belts and boleros and scarves of brilliant straw ribbon, and puts bows of horsehair chiffon ribbon on evening frocks.

Mainbocher uses harnesses and sashes of moderately wide bright ribbon on frocks.

Langin selects wide and narrow gros-grain ribbon to trim wool and silk frocks. Gaily striped wide ribbon faces lapels, and makes the blouses of wool suits.

bernard has a black wool one lined with black taffeta, and puts it over a yellow crepe dress. Lejong shows a redingote of blue alpaca and beneath it goes a checked taffeta dress in red, white, and blue.

For these coats black will still be first favorite. Then navy blue and the new blues called thunderstorm blue, slate blue, and grey blue. White coats over black dresses and black coats over white or yellow dresses. Eucalyptus grey is the new grey.

Your first spring dress might be a tunic coat-dress; no one will know whether you are inside a suit, a dress, or a coat. An example of this ensemble is a cocoa brown sheer wool skirt over this a long-sleeved tunic ending eight inches above the hem of the skirt. The tunic buttons down the left-hand side with big brown buttons made to resemble cockle-shells. The neckline is high and finished with an intricately draped brown fringed scarf.



# Ascot and Chantilly Fashions



FUR and feathers were prominent among the striking fashions of the day. This picture shows a charming white fur fashion and a novel little hat.



TRADITION and midsummer sunshine join in pronouncing the wide-brimmed hat as most suitable for Ascot. Many hats, this year, were secured with elastic at the back of the head, but this fair punter pinned her faith to a ribbon chin-strap.



A STRIKING Chantilly frock, comprising a gown in silk organdie closely dotted and worn with a coat of white organdie. A delightful hat of sunshade proportions in black and white stripes makes a pleasing finish to this elaborate outfit.



PRINTED fabrics made many of the smartest Ascot frocks. Usually, they were accompanied by modish coats. The two shown here are charming examples of this style.



CHANTILLY modes: Two punters at the French Oaks prefer printed frocks, which are considerably shorter than the typical Ascot gown. These frocks will appeal especially to Australian women because they are suitable for wear on many occasions.

INTERESTING details of the fashions favored by the Royal procession are sent by Muriel Segal, our special representative in Europe. The King wore a grey morning suit, with pale grey hat, and had a white carnation in his buttonhole. The Queen wore an embroidered dress of sea-blue marocain under a mandarin yellow satin coat, embroidered in pale colors and silver in Eastern style, and with a deep collar of ribbed ermine. Her hat of chiffon and silk matched the dress. She added aquamarine and diamond ornaments.

The Princess Royal covered her frock of pastel pink wool crepe with a matching loose coat, collared with beige fox. The wide-brimmed pink straw hat was adorned with a feather in a deeper shade of pink.

The Duchess of York chose a blue-and-white patterned dress, a blue coat, and large straw hat with cluster of roses on one side.



ELABORATE "picture" frocks were worn by many racegoers at the French Oaks. This picture shows two pretty girls in white lacquered organdie. Frocks of this type have a charm all their own for festive wear.



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## Gay Divorce.... A Rollicking Show

"A rollicking show!" was Madge Elliott's description of "Gay Divorce" when, after the final curtain, she made a happy little speech to the first-night audience at the Royal.

MUCH of the play is rollicking. The rest — well, to adolescents and senescent the rest might seem "rollicking," too!

But the most churlish of critics could find little to gird at in the manner in which the cast acquitted themselves. Madge Elliott and Cyril Ritchard, who have always maintained so high an artistic standard, have, it seems, acquired a higher brilliance, and together and separately gave a splendid performance. No one, of course, expects musical perfection from them. It is in their dancing and the smooth, finished grace of their acting that they excel. Their dances, by Fred Astaire, of London, were fresh, vital, and altogether delightful.

In the role of Tonetti, a professional co-respondent of Italian persuasion, Gus Blisset was a sheer delight. Another genuinely humorous role was that played by Leo Franklyn as a waiter. Mr. Franklyn always seemed on the verge of taking the audience into his confidence with a knowing wink—and the audience quite appreciated their semi-partnership in the fun.

Madge Aubrey, as a very knowledgeable and much-divorced American chaperon to the heroine, was very good indeed, and Isabelle Mahon played her part of a smart little gold-digging professional sunbaker with remarkable verve.

Vivaciously dressed and splendidly trained, the ballet did much for the brightness of the show, and other members of the cast all gave an admirable account of themselves.—A.J.

## ELEGANCE and Bad Taste ... Mingled at ASCOT!

From MURIEL SEGAL, Our Special Representative in Europe.

Styles launched at Ascot will assuredly be reflected at the Melbourne Cup and all the other important Australian racing events when summer brings Australian fashions into season with England's late spring.

Period frocks, cartwheel hats, blue and white the favorite color combination with an overtone of a heavenly fuchsia shade, backlessness, some sheer elegance, a welter of bad taste and the most cosmopolitan crowd Ascot has seen of recent years—these were the acute accents of the meeting!

PERSISTENT watering throughout the prevailing drought kept the lawns a luscious emerald. Around the Royal stand, the color scheme was blue, achieved with delphiniums and

hydrangeas. Behind the King's luncheon room rhododendrons made glowing masses of color and roses, geraniums and other flowers bordering the lawns added their gracious beauty to the scene.

A group of distinguished Indian women in the Royal enclosure garbed in richly beaded and embroidered saris, Siamese women in gorgeous Oriental dress, and other visitors representative of most of the European countries, added to the interest of the meeting.

Later, the hon mot of the Aga Khan was passed all round London. He was overheard to give this good advice to a young friend, "On a racecourse keep your ears shut and your eyes open!"

The weather suddenly turned chill in the midst of a heat wave, and made fashion martyrs of the women who appeared in extremely long, light, frilly frocks, practically sleeveless. Vast cartwheel hats flapped boisterously in the chill breeze, and sometimes were blown right off their wearers' heads.

There's no doubt about it, extremes in fashion are reaching a climax in a wave of bad taste which has some quite sickening results. The masses of chopped-about-looking finery aired at Ascot made the meeting seem a throwback to an Early Victorian garden party. Heels were hideously high, throwing bodies quite out of poise; skirts were trained and frilled and slashed and flounced heedless of harmony of line. Hats which

### Toby Dog Collar

THE toby dog collar made its re-appearance at Ascot this year, and looked well on some of the gaily-colored gowns. These huge collars, in stiff fabrics, are reminiscent of the old Dutch collars seen in some of Rembrandt's paintings, and look exceedingly dignified on slim shoulders. Most of them were in white, but some were in the paler parchment and pastel shades.

likes. She was horrified at the indiscretion shown by Ascot racers. In fact, it was intimated that if the second day did not bring more discretion than the first, many "fashion-leaders" would not receive their card to the Royal enclosure next year. On previous occasions women who have chosen conspicuous or daring clothes for Ascot have been debarred from their place of honor, and this may happen again this year.

Some years ago, a woman in the Royal enclosure wore with her gown a hat of the small sailor variety, on the pale blue band of which her Christian name was embroidered in gold. This piece of blatant bad taste had its sequel in her never again being invited to the Royal enclosure.

The pleasantest style note at Ascot was the clever make-up which women are wearing. Englishwomen are certainly better groomed than they have ever been, and some really clever make-ups have transformed women we all regarded as "harmless" into quite delightfully dangerous-looking people!

### New Curled Coiffure

THERE was a big crowd at Mousmeur on the first night of the Ascot meeting and I noticed that most of the smartest women are wearing their hair curled high towards the crown of the

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50 at 10/-	£50

TOTAL PRIZES - £500

CAN you solve these words? The letters when arranged in their right order and the missing letters added make a word, the meaning of which is given in the first column. When you have solved the word, prove your answer by adding the numbers (from the key given), and if you are right your total will be the same as in column 3, e.g., No. 1, AN ANIMAL—HSE—HORSE. Add the numbers of your letters and see if the total agrees with the total given thus:—H O R S E = 34—the answer is HORSE and correct as the number total. Now can you solve the other words? All words and clues taken from Chambers' 20th Century Dictionary.

KEY A B C D E F G H I J K L M N O P Q R S T U V W X Y Z  
12 7 12 3 8 13 9 7 5 2 1 8 4 6 6 7 10 5 8 1 8 23 5 11 14 7

### PUZZLE

NO.	CLUES	ANSWER CONTAINS THESE LETTERS	Complete Answer Totals	SOLUTION
1	AN ANIMAL	HSE	34	HORSE
2	OF GREAT STRENGTH	STRO	35	
3	A TREE	RNGETREE	68	
4	TO GATHER TOGETHER	COL	55	
5	DISORDER	RUBLE	43	
6	FRAGRANT LEAVED PLANT CULTIVATED IN GARDENS	OSMARY	62	
7	DOVE-LIKE STRUCTURE	AGODA	49	
8	A BODY	CORP	46	
9	A NUMBER OF PEOPLE	CRO	31	
10	A THICK KIND OF STUFF	RO	26	
11	THIRD	AID	50	
12	TO TREAT WITH CONTEMPT	ULT	36	
13	TO FEATHER	FLE	49	
14	SMALL FRAGMENTS	SLINER	56	

### CONDITIONS:

Only 10 words need be solved, but preference will be given to those with the 14 clues. Words must be filled in in the space provided. The first prize of £250 will be awarded to the competitor who sends in the correct solution. A second prize of £75, third £25, and the other ninety cash prizes will be awarded to those with the best nearest correct solutions. In the event of a tie or ties, the judges (who will be The Honorable William Brooke, Mr. Donald Bourke, Associated Newspapers, The Managing Director of the Goldberg Advertising Agency, and Mr. A. H. Robinson, Sydney University) reserve the right to award points for neatness and presentation, or make an award. THE FIRST PRIZE OF £250 WILL NOT BE DIVIDED, BUT WILL BE AWARDED TO SOME ONE PERSON, AND EVERY PERSON WITH THE CORRECT SOLUTION WILL RECEIVE A CASH PRIZE.

### FREE OFFER

EVERY entrant will be given a ticket in the Golden Box, which can win a first prize valued at £500. This is in addition to the £500 cash in the Competition, and only one ticket will be given to any one entrant or household.

USE THIS LUCKY  
COUPON NOW

The Secretary,  
Number Words Competition, Desk WW1,  
Box 3370PP, G.P.O., Sydney.

I want to share in the £500 in cash prizes. Here is my entry for the Number Words Competition, with a postal note for 1/- and a stamped addressed envelope. I agree to accept the judges' decision as final and legally binding.

Please send me the ticket in the Golden Box, which can win a prize valued at £500.

NAME .....  
STREET .....  
TOWN ..... STATE .....



WILL IT COME TO SYDNEY? Adelaide is trying to introduce the biking craze which is having a vogue overseas. The photo shows Pat McCabe, a young dancer, out for a spin.

were not huge were absurd affairs, anchored with elastic, amusing but inelegant.

Gloves were often grotesquely exaggerated and frequently in blatant contrast to the color of the gown; sunshades and parasols of the comic opera genre.

IN straining to appear original, many women merely became bizarre, which is the most of all fashion banalities. To my mind, Eugenie and Regency frocks should be kept for pets—not race meetings. The light to get diagonal candy-striped fabrics to tone the figure line must have caused many a dressmaker to ache for a padded cell.

MANY Australians were present, even though the cricket was a strong counter-attraction. In the Royal enclosure I noticed the Richard Lintons and the R. H. Menzies, both of which families have debutantes to keep them busy.

I also saw Lady Jersey in a thick white crepe frock which contrasted with the many trailing gowns present, as it reached barely half-way down to the ankle, her belt, accessories and jacket were of the new Paton shade of brilliant but deep blue and she had a huge clasp in matching blue enamel at the throat. Her chic chaperon was of the flat white crepe which made the frock.

Why didn't more would-be smart women dress like our own beautiful Australian, Lady Jersey. I wondered. This is the kind of fashion the Queen

head. This gives the effect of shorter locks even if the hair has not been actually cut. Some of the braver girls are copying Tallulah Bankhead's Edwardian coiffure, which is very unusual and amusing. She puffs her hair out in front to look a bit like the fashion of the very early years of this century. Tallulah came along for a few moments very late, as she had driven up from Liverpool or Birmingham or some provincial town, where she is drawing her record crowd of gallery girls to applaud her latest show.

Lady Milbanke (formerly Sheila Chisholm) was looking elegant as usual, in a marvellous blue gown with a trail of real orchids. She was surrounded by a group of her closest friends, all of whom are notable society leaders. The Prince of Wales, Prince George, the Mountbattens, Lady Ashley, the Dudley-Wardens, and other famous people are constantly included in her parties.

Sitting between the Prince of Wales and Prince George was Mrs. Gerard d'Erlanger. Hardly any of us recognised her for some time, as her hair, which has been blonde for some time, has gone back to its usual shade of nut brown and she wore innumerable curls over her forehead a la Queen Alexandra. They say that the famous hairdresser, Emile, of Paris, got the idea for the fringe of curls from an old plate of Queen Alexandra. Anyway, you can count on this being the latest vogue in hairdressing styles.



# Tennis Champions... at Wimbledon



AMERICAN women beat Great Britain for the Wightman Cup at Wimbledon. The photo shows Princess Helena Victoria presenting the trophy to Miss Helen Jacobs, captain of the U.S.A. team. On the left is Sarah Palfrey, and on the right Miss Cruikshank. Note the shorts.



AT THE CLOSE of Holy Year recently, the founder of the Salesian congregation, Don Bosco, was made a saint, in the presence of over 150,000 Catholics, who had assembled on St. Peter's Square, and who heard the Pope's voice through loud speakers for the first time. His Holiness is shown blessing the crowd.



THIS boy has made a proper goat of his pet by training him to do all sorts of tricks. The goat is from a German circus.



HOW would you like this? But the girl doesn't mind, because the man is Col. Fred Lindsay, champion Australian whip-cracker, practising for a display in London.

WOMEN motor cyclists undergoing endurance trials in the Surrey country lanes. In England a great number of girls and women ride motor-bikes. It is a custom which has not taken on in Australia. There are a few pioneers, and the Women's Weekly would like to have photos.



Left: MISS SHEILA SEWELL, an Australian girl in London, selling flowers on Rose Day. She enlisted the aid of a little South African bush bear to bring her luck, and did a big trade.

Above: ANOTHER ROSE DAY scene in London. The Governor of the Bank of England, Mr. Montagu Norman, just back from Germany, where he has been conferring with the great German financier, Dr. Schacht, is telling the rose-seller he has no change.



MUSSOLINI'S daughters in London. They were met by Signor Grandi, the Italian Ambassador in England, and a crowd of cheering Italians. They are shown here embarking on a shopping expedition.



## WOMAN'S INVENTION

### Seven Pieces of Furniture In One

Seven pieces of furniture are contained in one simple oak cabinet, designed by Miss Florence Fourdrinier, and exhibited at the Housewives' Association Exhibition at the Melbourne Town Hall.

THE seven pieces of furniture are wardrobe, chest of drawers, ironing board, book shelves, towel racks, bootbox and hatbox.

The cabinet looks rather like a tall sideboard. The six-foot tall wardrobe is at the back and opens at each end. The door at one end carries the towel racks and the door at the other end a mirror and the bootbox with shelves above it. The front of the cabinet juts out from the wardrobe about 12 inches to allow for the hatbox at the foot, the drawers above it, a slot through which the ironing board slides out of sight, with shelves for books or ornaments above it.

Miss Fourdrinier, who has lived in flats and hotels all over the world, has carried the idea in her head for some time,

but has not had time to put it to practical use until now.

She carried out her first experiments with an old packing case which has been travelling about with her for nearly 30 years. She made a miniature of her invention in cardboard to direct the carpenter who made the cabinet. Her invention has been patented.

Miss Fourdrinier is a descendant of a Frenchman who left France during the revolution, and settled in England, where he invented the first machine for making paper in large sheets 100 years ago. Machines made on the design of his invention are still used by manufacturers. The machine, used to make wrapping papers at MacRobertson's sweet factory, is stamped with the Fourdrinier trade mark.

## Will Pigs Soon Begin To Fly?

JUDGING by the strange freights carried from time to time by the New England Airways between Brisbane and Sydney, the time is near at hand when pigs will begin to fly.

It is not an uncommon thing nowadays for the interstate air-planes to have among the passengers all manners of pets, ranging from koala bears to goldfish.

Recently the New England Airways plane from Brisbane to Sydney had aboard 48 goldfish and a couple of dozen lovebirds.

Miss Fourdrinier, who is a member of the Housewives' Association in Victoria, is well known in N.S.W. for her recruiting work during the war in all parts of the State. After the war she took an active part in political work, and missed pre-selection for Gootamundra in State elections by only two votes.

Miss Fourdrinier is planning two new inventions—a kitchenette cabinet, and a special bed for small flats.

## MUSIC OF THE WEEK

By ROBERT McCALL

### Bringing Music to the Young Folk

SLOWLY but surely the Education authorities are permitting the extension of musical education in Public Schools. There was a time when music in boys' schools at any rate, was disdained as an unmanly interest. Thanks to radio and the wide use of the gramophone it has been possible to dissipate this extraordinary prejudice.

The Broadcasting Commission has been doing great work in providing facilities for educative broadcasts, which while they embrace all subjects in the primary and secondary curriculums lay special emphasis on music.

Now the Commission also sponsors regular orchestral concerts which have become so popular that the Sydney Town Hall is packed twice for the same programme. The success of these matinees in great measure is due to the discreet and competent musicianship of Dr. Bernard Heinze.

This Melbourne conductor, applying the methods which he has found so effective in Victoria, has arranged and directed several concerts for the Sydney youngsters, and by the tastefulness of his items and his simple but interesting talks from the platform has engaged and held their attention—not an easy thing to do with an audience of two or three thousand children.

I feel now that it is time that the whole of these activities were co-ordinated.

The little radio lectures, while most valuable individually, pursue a haphazard course, drifting from subject to subject without any apparent plan. Would it not be possible to begin the preparation of a comprehensive syllabus for 1935 in which the history of music would be traced methodically from the beginning; in which the elements of musical understanding and theory would be given in their proper sequence?

Talks about the music to be played in orchestral matinees would, of course, occur regularly in this scheme as they came due.

#### Beatty and Roosevelt

"VISITING basso sings 9 p.m.; Roosevelt speaks 9.30 p.m." In this manner was Raymond Beatty, the Sydney bass-cantante, billed in an American broadcast programme during his recent tour through the States, where he also appeared in concert.

I see that Mr. Beatty appears in the National programme from the Melbourne studios on August 10. Among his songs will be a first performance of two written by the well-known Sydney pianist and organist, G. Vern Barnett.

The fact that before he left for Australia Mr. Beatty sang at the Mansion House, London, when Prince George attended, caused him to humorously remark that "This may be one of the Prince's reasons for remaining in England."

#### Lindsay Biggins

A PIANIST who is always on the lookout for new material is Lindsay Biggins. For instance, in a short recital from 3LO on August 8 he is to play "Papillon" by Henriques; "An Pardon" by Rhené-Baton, and "Prelude in C, Opus 12" by Prokofiev.

Mr. Biggins, of course, is chief study teacher and lecturer to the Melbourne University Conservatorium of Music, and, incidentally, will be increasing his broadcasting activities at an early date by the inclusion of the violin as well as piano recitals for the musical student. In this work he will be assisted by Edouard Lambert.

#### Florence Austral

HER opening programme in Sydney at the Town Hall on August 11 will provide a good test of Madame Florence Austral's versatility. Her principal operatic aria will be "Face, Face, mio Dio," from Verdi's "The Force of Destiny," while another Italian offering will be a Sicilian carter's love song, "Amore, Amore." Then there will be four Schubert songs, "The Water Song," "The Youth at the Spring," "The Trout," and "The Erl-King."

Richard Strauss will be represented by "A Farewell" and "Cecily," while other important numbers will be Sir Hamilton Harty's composition, "Come, O Come, My Life's Delight," and Bartock's "Young Yang," and a Norwegian love song, entitled, "My Love, He Comes on the Sea."

Besides a variety of shorter pieces, John Amadio will play Bach's Sonata for the flute, and the finale of Mozart's Concerto in D. Solo pianist and accompanist will be Raymond Lambert.

#### New Zealand Soprano

MARGHERITA ZELANDA, the New Zealand soprano, who was to have broadcast through National Stations on July 26, had her programme rearranged, and will now be heard through 2FC on Thursday, August 9.

#### N.S.W. Music Clubs

SEVERAL successful concerts have been sponsored lately by the Music Clubs. A Wollongong musicale was held in St. Michael's Hall, and brought forward Clair Thomas (vocalist), Rosalie Duvall (harpist), and Charles Nicis (tenor). Miss Duvall traced the history of the harp from the hunter's bow to the concert instrument of to-day. Her talk was illustrated with solos on a Brian Boru harp and an Erard Gothic concert grand harp.

The Strathfield Town Hall was packed for another musicale, at which the hostesses were Mesdames Peiffer and Winfrey and Miss Edith Thompson. The New Zealand contralto, Mary Pratt, and the well-known pianist, Laurence Godfrey Smith, were the artists.

At the Lindfield Club's concert, Marjorie Hesse (pianist), Raymond Beatty (bass), and Heather Kinnaird (contralto) furnished a splendid programme.

#### Music Week Pageant

DURING music week a Pageant Tea will be held every afternoon at Farmer's Blaxland Galleries, from August 27 to August 31. Mr. Arnold Mote is arranging the musical programmes, and Mr. Montgomery Stewart will be stage director.

Charles Phelps, who is to portray Beethoven during the Pageant, has given recitals in Sydney and Adelaide, as well as playing with the State Or-



CHARLES PHELPS as Beethoven.

chestra and other leading musical bodies. He is keenly interested in the Music Club movement, and has guided the musical destiny of the Lindfield Music Club since its inception seven years ago. As a vice-president of the present Music Week committee, he is especially enthusiastic at being asked to portray Beethoven during the pageant. The pageant should be a unique musical event, as it will depict in tableau and scene music from its earliest beginnings to the modern times. Sydney's leading singers and instrumentalists will take part, and the whole of the organisation is in the capable hands of Signora Lucia Ferrari-Passmore.

#### British Music Society

THE Sydney Centre of the British and International Music Society has been doing some great work lately in letting us hear new music. There have been two most intriguing programmes, made possible, no doubt, by the society's affiliation with the International Society for Contemporary Music. It has meant that we have actually been able to hear the music of moderns known to most of us only by name.

While the society now, happily, has extended its interests beyond the parochial limits of British music, it has by no means overlooked its original function of fostering the work of our own writers. At the concert and conversation on Monday night, August 13, at the Royal Art Society's Exhibition in the Education Department, Raymond Beatty will sing songs by Vaughan Williams, Frank Bridge, and Martin Shaw.

Gwen Selva (soprano), with Sadie Irwin at the piano, is to sing numbers by Dr. Arne, Bartock, and Richard Strauss. The president of the society (Winifred Burston) has selected piano solos by Albeniz, Groves, and Pfitzfeld, while Nora Williamson (violinist), with Mildred Hill at the piano, is listed for solos by Bloch and Suk.

## These TWO USEFUL BOOKS ARE YOURS FOR 4<sup>p</sup> IN STAMPS



### Party Fun

Make the Children's Party a huge success. This new book contains a host of suggestions for games, conundrums, tricks, puzzles and other party fun-making, mystifying items for the kiddies that will entrance the elder ones, too. In addition there are useful hints for preparing the party table, wholesome menus, etc.

### The warming nourishment of BOURNVILLE COCOA

The delicious flavour of Bournville Cocoa makes children "love it", and made with milk it easily overcomes the not infrequent dislike that many children have for plain milk. In addition Bournville adds considerably to the nourishment of milk.

Apart from its value as a food beverage Bournville Cocoa is indispensable to good house-keeping as its delicious flavour makes it ideal for making chocolate cakes and puddings.

Order Bournville regularly from your grocer.

### New Charm Chocolate Cookery

Here's an entirely new Cookery Book, beautifully illustrated, and describing many delicious chocolate dishes—both hot and cold—that are novel and inexpensive to prepare.

You will treasure the "New Charm" Cookery Book and surprise your family and guests with the delightful sauces, puddings, cakes, sweets, ices, etc., that are so easily prepared.

### FILL IN THIS COUPON and post it... NOW!

To CADBURY'S, Dept. D., Claremont, Tasmania.

I wish to have the NEW CHARM COOKERY BOOK and PARTY FUN BOOK for which I enclose 4d. in stamps.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Full Address \_\_\_\_\_

State \_\_\_\_\_ W.V.

(Write plainly in block letters and pin four-pence in stamps to this coupon.)

You need the extra nourishment of

# BOURNVILLE COCOA

Made by CADBURY



# Some NEW LAUGHS

Conducted by L. W. LOWER

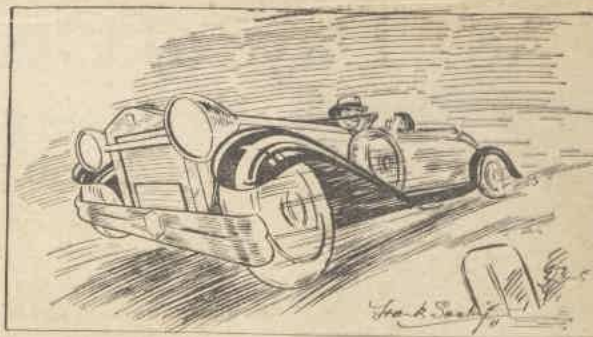
"Most jokes were old and mellow  
When we were seventeen.  
When we are old and mellow,  
They'll still be evergreen."



She: Your step just suits mine.  
He: I'm so glad, I'm such an awful  
mug at dancing, you know.



"GEORGE, I can't find the brakes!"



SHE: You seemed  
to swerve just be-  
fore you ran over  
that man.  
HE: Yes, I wanted  
to get him with both  
wheels so that we  
wouldn't capsize.



"YOU know, I should be a good fisherman. Even as  
a boy I was an awful liar!"



"OF COURSE, Henry it's not as if I ever complain!"



"PLEASE, SIR, I'd like to have next week off, if it's  
convenient. My young lady is going on her honey-  
moon, and I'd like to go with her!"



"I wish to see the dentist—"  
"I am the dentist!"

## KILLS GERMS OF CATARRH AND TONSILS

Poisons from catarrh and septic tonsils pour into the blood stream and cripple thousands with rheumatism, arthritis, psoriasis, catarrhal deafness, head aches, falling eyelids, and chronic headaches.

- Catarrh
- Adenoids
- Septic Tonsils
- Hay Fever
- Snoring
- Carache
- Head noises
- Deafness
- Coughs
- Colds
- Sore Throat

**SYMPTOMS OF CATARRH AND GERM INFECTION** are frequent colds, "runny nose," "hawking" and spitting, bad breath, snoring, deafness, chronic headaches, falling eyelids, sore throat, head aches, and stomach trouble. If you or your children suffer in this way, get a flask of Kanatox from your chemist and put 5 drops into the nostrils every bedtime, for Kanatox surrounds and kills the germs that cause these diseases. Dr. Brodie's Kanatox will make operations for tonsils and adenoids unnecessary and prevent the re-growth. Everyone says a flask of Kanatox, for six weeks' treatment costs only 10/-, or the trial flask 3/6, at your chemist's. These recent reports on Kanatox are interesting.



### HOW TO USE KANATOX

**Adenoids.** Drop 3 to 5 drops of Kanatox into each nostril after breakfast and at bedtime each day, and if possible after lunch as well. If Kanatox seems too strong at first, mix it with an equal quantity of Peppermint or Olive Oil, returning to full strength as soon as possible. After operations. After nasal and adenoid operations, Kanatox should be used as above every night to prevent their re-growth. **Catarrh, Hay Fever, Head Noises, Deafness.** According to the age of the patient and the severity of the disease, drop 3 to 10 drops of Kanatox into each nostril after every meal and at bedtime. Press your finger on one nostril to close it while putting the drops in the other, and inhale the drops, strongly drawing them through the nostril into the throat. Repeat this with the other nostril during the time. **Snoring.** Put 5 to 10 drops into each nostril at bedtime each night, to stop snoring quickly and permanently. **Coughs.** Use in nostrils as for catarrh, and take a drop of Kanatox on sugar or in water every 2 or 3 hours. **Tonsillitis, Sore Throat, Loss of Voice.** Put 30 drops of Kanatox in a stringing of warm water and gargle every 2 hours. Kanatox is absolutely harmless, and contains no drugs. **Get a 10/- flask (6 weeks' treatment) or a 3/6 trial flask from your chemist (each complete with special English dropper).**

### MAN OF 70 LOSES HIS CATARRH

Mr. McAndrew says of Dr. Brodie's Kanatox: "Kanatox is the best remedy I have ever known for catarrh. No one has suffered more from catarrh than I have, and I have tried many things without success. One bottle of Kanatox has practically cured me; my hearing is much improved, and I am quite capable of directing my business, which is an extensive one, although I have passed 70 years of age. Everyone with catarrh should use Kanatox. Thanking you, A. McANDREW."

### ADENOIDS DISSOLVED

Mrs. Norton writes: "Please send me another flask of Kanatox. I am very grateful for the good that Dr. Brodie's Kanatox has done for my children, Jack and Shirley. They were both very much troubled with adenoids, caught colds easily, and were frequently out of sorts. I have used one sample bottle of Kanatox and there is a wonderful improvement in them. They are so much brighter and better tempered, and the adenoids are entirely gone. They know it is doing them good, and use it themselves without any trouble. Thanking you, (Mrs.) L. NORTON."

DOCTOR BRODIE'S

**KANATOX**

## Brainwaves

A prize of 2/6 is paid for each joke used.

**NEW Cashier** (to hotel manager): That man must be made of money. I've been cashing cheques for him all day.

**REVEREND Gentleman** (to little boy at table): Don't you say a little prayer before your meals, my boy? **Tommy:** No. Dad says our cook is very reliable.

**ANTIQUE Dealer:** This is a very interesting old piece, sir, a William and Mary chair. **Customer:** It's a bit small. Looks as though Mary must have sat on William's knee.

**BERT:** Can you tell me the real meaning of the scriptural phrase, "Possessed of a devil"? **Greg:** No. I'm not married.

**MRS. JONES,** just off for a holiday, suddenly clutched her husband's arm. "I've just remembered I've left the gas-fire burning in the drawing-room," she exclaimed. "That's all right," replied Mr. Jones. "I've just remembered I've left the tap running in the bathroom. That'll soon put it out!"

**WOMAN** (to bookseller): I want a book suitable for a sick man. **Bookseller:** Religious? **Woman:** Oh, no—he is convalescent.

**CONDUCTOR:** Has any lady or gentleman in the car dropped a bundle of pound notes with a rubber band around them? **Forty Voices:** I did. **Conductor:** Well, I've just found the rubber band.



## CURLYPET MAKES BABY'S HAIR GROW CURLY

Rub Curlypet on baby's head instead of washing each day to make baby's hair grow from straight to naturally curly. Curlypet is antiseptic, too, and helps to prevent dandruff and "cradle cap." There's 30 days' treatment in each tube, 2/6 at all chemists and stores, or send stamps or postal note to Curlypet Laboratory, Box 2817 T., G.P.O., Sydney, to bring Curlypet to you by return mail. **CURLYPET**

## DEVELOPS BUST

2½ inches in 28 days

Thousands of society women and girls have transformed their scraggy, undeveloped or flabby breasts into the firm, rounded, fresh, virginal loveliness of youth with Mamogen. Beautiful breasts must be fully developed, firm and rounded, not shapeless or flabby.

To all women these reports are very interesting. **Miss A.L. (aged 27), Sydney:** "Dear Sirs—I am so pleased with Mamogen. I had tried everything to try and develop my breasts a little, but nothing did any good, until I saw your advertisement of Mamogen, and decided to try it. When I began my bust measured 27½ inches, and now, after four weeks, my bust is nearly 30 inches. I am absolutely delighted with Mamogen. It's marvelous. I am going on with it until my bust is 32 inches, as it ought to be, because I am 27. Sirs, I'll tell."

### "MAMOGEN KEEPS BREASTS HEALTHY."

**Mrs. A.P. (aged 38), Bondi, Sydney:** "Dear Sirs.—One of my friends used Mamogen recently to rejuvenate her bust after weaning baby and was very pleased with the result, and recommended it to me. I have been using it regularly before my baby arrived five weeks ago, and it has not only kept my breasts from sagging, but it has helped me wonderfully in feeding baby. This is the first time that I have been able to feed one of my babies naturally myself, and my doctor says that it is due to the Mamogen keeping the breasts so healthy. I have had no trouble with my breasts at all this time, no soreness or pain. Mamogen is really wonderful."

Mamogen is prepared by highly-qualified chemists from the prescription of a famous specialist, and is endorsed by doctors as the best, quickest, and easiest way to develop immature breasts and to rejuvenate breasts that have become shapeless and flabby, without internal medicine or living exercise.

You can keep your breasts thoroughly rounded, firm and youthful with Mamogen.

Mamogen costs only 10/- for large flasks containing several weeks' continuous treatment.

If you can't call personally just pin a 10/- note or postal note to a piece of paper with your name and address, send to W. James Rogers, Ltd., Chemists, Dept. 3, 333 George St., Sydney, or your State distributor. Messrs. C. F. Lloyd & Co., Dept. 3, Little Collins St., Melbourne; Messrs. D. Maclean & Co., Dept. 3, Ferry House, Elizabeth St., Brisbane; Danvers Agencies, Dept. 3, Theatre Royal Buildings, Hindley St., Adelaide, and your Mamogen will reach you by return mail with full instructions.





# LAST Days of Our FILM QUEST

Read Carefully these Details of the Judging in Big Contest!

**N**EXT Monday, August 6, marks the closing date for entries in the great Screen Personality contest being conducted by The Australian Women's Weekly in co-operation with the City of Sydney Eisteddfod committee, Cinesound, and the Cinema Academy.



MRS. REBECCA HARRIS, Cannon Street, Petersham.  
—Mayfair studio.



MR. KEITH McDONALD, of Wagga Wagga.



MISS AUDREY E. MOSELY, Francis Street, Bondi.  
—Paramount studios.



MISS INEZ BUCKINGHAM, Dover Road, Rose Bay.  
—Desmond Woolley.



MR. JOHN PARR, Ilaka Road, Mosman.  
—May Moore.



MISS THELMA BAKER, Baker Street, Bondi.  
—Sidney Riley.



MR. D. MCNIVEN, Park Street, City.  
—Cunningham photo.

WITHIN a few days of the closing date, all competitors will receive postal notifications of the time and place of judging. Those who do not receive this notice within a week are requested to communicate immediately with The Australian Women's Weekly.

All competitors will have the opportunity of appearing before the judges.

The city judging will take place at Paling's Concert Hall, Ash Street, City, on Thursday and Friday, August 23 and 24, between the hours of 10 a.m. and 5 p.m., and on Thursday evening, August 23. There will be two all-day and one

evening session, the latter for the convenience of candidates who are employed all day. The evening session will be held at the Cinema Academy, Grace Building, York St.

In order to give candidates every chance to acquit themselves well, the general public will not be admitted to these auditions.

The judges are Mr. Ken Hall, of Cinesound, Mr. Lane Bayliff, of Cinema Academy, Mr. C. N. Baeyertz, and Miss Beatrice Tildesley.

## Country Judging

THE following country centres have been chosen: Newcastle, Tamworth, Lismore, Cootamundra, and Bathurst. All country competitors will have the option of being judged at one of these centres or if they prefer it they can come to Sydney.

The City Theatre, Bathurst, in which the screen personality contestants from the Bathurst district will be judged, has for many years been a popular theatre. It has been used successfully for stage

productions of all descriptions, concerts, recitals, and so on. Dame Nellie Melba sang in it, and only recently Capt. Adkins and his National Military Band performed in it. It has responded to the voices of well-known stage stars in musical comedy and in drama; acrobats have strained and cavorted on its stage, conjurers have hidden rabbits and divers other animals about it, and now budding Australian screen stars will strut their earliest moments on its historic stage. Its manager is Mr. Archie Mays, who took a small part in the picture, "The Blue Mountains Mystery." He is keenly interested in this Screen Quest competition, and is glad to co-operate in this effort to discover Australian talent.

The winner at each country centre, if of a sufficiently high standard, will compete in the semi-final with the city semi-finalists.

For the first test both city and country competitors must choose their own

## The BIG Prizes

A part in a Cinesound production. £50 for the woman winner. £50 for the man winner. Free course of tuition at the Cinema Academy. Cash prizes and certificates from the City of Sydney Eisteddfod. Screen tests costing £25 each for twelve finalists.

speech, but this must not exceed two minutes in length.

We have received very many letters asking what sort of a speech is expected. SELECT ANY PART FROM ANY

PLAY YOU THINK WILL GIVE YOU THE BEST CHANCE TO DISPLAY YOUR GIFTS.

Those who pass the first test will be given a second test, but on this second occasion the passage will be selected by the judges. From the second test the semi-finalists will be chosen, and these, to the number of twelve, will each receive a screen test.

If you have not already entered you should do so to-day, for this competition provides a rare opportunity to commence on a film career which may bring you fame and fortune.

## WOMEN'S Part in Festival PLANS

Prince Henry, during his brief stay in Sydney, will make four public appearances in connection with public carnivals being organised by the Citizens of Sydney Organising Committee.

ON the day of his arrival the Prince will attend a gala entertainment at the Agricultural Show Ground, and will also attend again during the same evening.

On Saturday, November 24, Prince Henry will be entertained at Manly at the surf life-saving interstate competitions during the afternoon, and at a Venetian carnival on the harbor at night.

Practically every authoritative women's association is enthusiastically co-operating with the Citizens of Sydney Organising Committee, which is organising the Festival Week, and their combined contributions of entertainment will constitute in large measure the highlights of the occasion.

In the magnificent procession and historical pageant through the streets of the city, in the display at the Showgrounds, and during the week generally, women will play a conspicuous part.

Among the floats in the procession will be one from the National Council of Women. On this will be staged some symbolic tableaux. Floats of a purely decorative nature will be entered by other organisations. As a result of district competitions the Queen of the Pageant will ride on her throne on a special regal float. At the Showgrounds in the afternoon several items on the lengthy programme will be contributed by women exclusively. At night a spectacular effort by sports girls will be enhanced in brilliance by the use of novel lighting effects.

HORT HATFIELD says: Since 1728 the House of Holbrook has brewed Pure Malt Vinegar. It is mellow and fragrant.

A championship golf match and tennis tournament are other fixtures to be staged during the week by women, who will also take an equal part with the New South Wales Amateur Athletic Association in a combined sports day.

The New South Wales Women's Amateur Sports Council have arranged for a spectacular display, to be given by the members of the six associations affiliated with them. It is also anticipated that a women's cricket match will be staged during the week, when the New South Wales team will probably play The Rest.

## Modish Coiffures

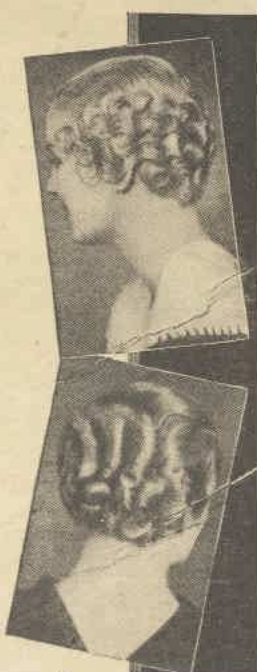
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BRISBANE: Shell House, 301 Ann Street, Brisbane.

MELBOURNE: "The Age" Chambers, 239 Collins Street, Melbourne, C1.

SYDNEY: 321 Pitt Street, Sydney.

LONDON: 102-5 Shoe Lane, Fleet Street, London, EC4.

### HOW TO ADDRESS LETTERS

All Editorial letters, except social, to be addressed to The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 451E, G.P.O., Sydney.

Special letters to be addressed to either Adelaide, Melbourne, Brisbane, or Sydney office as applicable.

TO CONTRIBUTORS AND ARTISTS  
(a) Forward a clipping of matter published, returned on to a sheet of note paper, showing date and page in which par was published.  
(b) Give full name, address, and State.  
(c) Unsuitable contributions will only be returned if a stamped, addressed envelope is forwarded.

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See special notice on the pattern page.



Letters sent to "So They Say" should be short and to the point. A heading, describing the subject, should be written at the head of each item. £1 is paid for one letter, and 5/- for all others. Letters must be endorsed "So They Say."

# So They Say

New writers: "So They Say" contributors who have not yet had letters published should endorse their letters, "New Writer."

## STRAP THEIR KNEES!!

RECENTLY a great fuss was made by men about women occupying seats in smoking compartments of trams. But how often are women ousted from their legitimate compartment by men who plant themselves firmly on a seat with knees wide apart, and sit as immovable as a mountain?

Yesterday I suffered extreme discomfort through having the misfortune to sit between two such men, and I was so firmly wedged that I was unable to alter the position of my body to relieve my arms. A request for more room was met with a scowl, and a few mumbled words on one side, and an absolute indifference on the other. A woman sitting opposite, and noticing my plight, generously offered to exchange seats. Frequently the sprawling postures of some men has made it impossible for more than four persons to occupy a seat when the number should be five. Perhaps if the Tramway Department made it compulsory that men who persist in keeping their knees apart have them strapped together, the inconvenience and discomfort to other passengers would be eliminated.

£1 for this letter to Mrs. E. Lambert, 30 Maitland Av., South Kensington, N.S.W.

## WOMEN SHOULD VOTE

IN reply to Miss Bottero (21/7/34) the vote is not a mere right, but it is a social duty, an obligation to the community. It is the duty of every adult elector to be sufficiently interested in the affairs of his nation to cast his vote for the man who, in his opinion, would administer public affairs most wisely. There is nothing more startling than the apathy of political thought in a modern democracy.

The theory of democracy does not imply that every man should be an expert in politics any more than that he should be an expert in poetry.

An election is supposed to reflect public opinion. But if thousands of people refrain from voting their apathy may put into power a Government which does not reflect public opinion at all.

"Why not leave the vote to politically-minded people?" says your correspondent. That is exactly what people did in the days of oligarchies and tyrannies.

J. Riley, 4 C.B.S. Buildings, King William St., Adelaide.

## THOSE WAR BOOKS

SHOULD war books and war films be suppressed or encouraged? Many women, with true feminine hatred for the unpleasant, want them eliminated, but here is another point of view.

War books and films keep before the minds of peace-loving people the horror and futility of war. They show up clearly the physical sufferings it brings to men, and the mental anguish it means to women.

So surely, instead of being a menace, these books and films are our strongest weapons against future wars. What do other women think about them?

Esther McLennan, 213 Lyons St. North, Ballarat, Vic.

## FORTUNE-TELLING

HOW can women, and, in many cases, quite intelligent women, believe in fortune-tellers? There may be some excuse for the girl in her teens, eager to glimpse the romance that she thinks is just around the corner, but the women who consult these cruces, even to the extent of abiding by their decision at a time of crisis, are beyond my comprehension.

And if these "necromancers" were all that they claimed to be, they should surely be able to foretell their own advantage the winner of a Melbourne Cup, and reach Easy Street in a very short time, instead of remaining the down-at-heel specimens that they usually are.

Mrs. R. Harlan, Mapleton, via Nambour, Qld.

## Serving Food for the Sick in Hospitals

HAVING been in hospital six times in four different hospitals, I have had plenty of opportunity to sample the food and notice the ways of serving it.

Two of the hospitals to which I have been were private, and the other two were maintained by the district. In all four I have had good food nicely served, and in the district hospitals I have always had sprays of flowers placed on my tray, even with the usual beef tea and afternoon tea.

I can understand people on a strict diet disliking their food, especially such things as eggs. I was on a milk diet on one occasion and, as I dislike milky things at all times, when I was feeling ill milk was utterly repulsive. But when I was once more on a normal diet, my appetite returned immediately.

The public hospitals which receive people who cannot pay at all are dependent on charity. How can we expect the same treatment free of charge as those receive who pay five guineas per week? I am sure these organisations do the best they can with their meagre incomes.

Nancy Johnes, High School House, Moonta, S.A.

## Unappetising

RE Kathleen Norris' article (30/6/34), I have vivid memories of the food service in a public hospital. Although the medical attention was everything that could be desired, the food was served in such a manner as to preclude all possibility of enjoyment. To me the cups seemed exceptionally thick, and the conglomeration of vegetables and gravy, half cold, were anything but appetising.

I well remember the beef tea we used to have served to us just before settling down at night—a thick cup of half cold, greasy liquid, in which large lumps of bread bobbed about. After the first cup of this concoction, I declined it firmly thereafter. As Miss Norris remarks, the quality of the food is not at fault, it is merely spoilt in the serving.

Mrs. C. Meers, 21 Clifton Rd., Clovelly, N.S.W.

## Excellent Food

RE Kathleen Norris' criticism of hospitals (30/6/34), I have been in the General Hospital in my city, and can readily say that the food and attention given to me while I was ill was excellent. I have many times heard the same account from friends of other hospitals.

Miss W. Powell, Overland Street, Yeronga, Brisbane.

## A Policeman's Lot is Not a Happy One!

AS Mrs. Ockinzi says, in The Australian Women's Weekly, 14/7/34, it is strange how many people do not come to the aid of the police when it is clearly their duty to do so.

They say, "It's nothing to do with us." But I think their real reason must be that they fear reprisals from the delinquent or his friends.

I think it is up to us to help them all we can in their difficult task. Co-operation, and not obstruction, should be our motto.

Mrs. J. Creech-Smith, 40 Dernoh Terrace, West End, South Brisbane.

## Pity for Wrongdoer

THERE is no need to pity the policeman, Mrs. Ockinzi. I'm sure he would rather have us to deal with—passive and neutral as we may be—when he is carrying out his duties, than, say, the American citizen. Our bobby's life is not in danger, nor need he fear that any of his prisoners will be lynched.

Our attitude is caused more by pity for the wrong-doer. "There," we think, "but for the grace of God, goes Mary Jones!" It is only circumstances, greater will-power, and freedom from temptation, that has saved us from wrongdoing. So, living in glass houses ourselves, we don't like throwing stones. This, then, is the explanation for our attitude towards the police.

G. Thomas, Morley St., Toowong, Qld.

## That Police Bogy

READERS must admire the sensible letter of Mrs. Ockinzi, 14/7/34, "Pity the Policeman." Why not start early and teach the children to admire our policemen? Too often they are held up as "bogies" to the little ones, and fear is thus instilled, instead of admiration which would help the man in blue in time of need.

Mrs. A. Fitton, Molesworth St., Ten-Terfield, N.S.W.

## Teach Children Early

MRS. OCKINZI'S letter (The Australian Women's Weekly, 14/7/34) is correct, and why is it that parents, especially mothers and nursemaids, refer to the policeman as the bogy-man when a child has been naughty?

At a recent lecture to the pupils of a school in Adelaide, on "Safety First," a police officer remarked that children should always go to a policeman when in doubt, and that "he was the umpire of the game of life."

N. Alleyne, 19 George St., St. Peters, Adelaide.

## What Makes for Happiness in Marriage?

I DO not agree with you, Miss Crawford, that love is the only essential for a happy married life. It should be certainly the first on the list, and then faithfulness, trust, honor, and last, but not least, a tongue that realises that a soft answer turneth away wrath. That is, avoid the first quarrel, and if this is adhered to I think one could be happy for life with the man of their choice.

Mrs. Roe, Q.P.I. Buildings, Adelaide St., Brisbane.

## Love With Understanding

REAL happy marriages are beyond purchase. Years of married life have taught me much. Where real love exists there is a perpetual give-and-take on both sides. Love is not blind. Each sees and knows the other's faults or failings, but love in its true sense carries them safely through, where perfect trust and complete understanding exist. Poor, but happy, is strangely true. Riches mean no sacrifice, and the possession of them does not always spell love and peace in marriage. Love is kind and suffers long. Love is meek, and thinks no wrong. Love, than death itself more strong. Therefore, give us love.

N. Clarkson, 2 Llewellyn St., Merveth, Newcastle.

## Our Centenary Stamp

I WONDER how many of us are pleased with the new Centenary stamp? In my mind we might have had a much more attractive design.

Many people overseas have the idea that the Australians are black and uncivilised. These stamps will go all over the world, and will only foster this idea, for the stamp has a black man right in the foreground.

Miss A. Mansfield, 7 Menal St., South Burnie, Tas.

## Money's the Thing

RE Miss Crawford on happy marriage (14/7/34). In my opinion, beside love, money is the essential factor in all married life. Not necessarily a great deal, but enough to live on comfortably, for love has little chance to thrive in an atmosphere of needless worrying to make ends meet, which falls to the lot of the average person.

Seldom are found the persons with insight and strength of character enough to tide them over the financial worries of their home.

Miss M. Pritchard, 21 Hydebray St., Strathfield, N.S.W.

## Let Him Loose

MISS CRAWFORD is quite right. There must be love on both sides to make for a happy married life. Being able to see things from another person's point of view makes all the difference. The art of life consists in tolerating other people's failings. They are good ideas to take with one into married life. A woman should allow her husband occasionally loose in a fenced paddock. It makes for a lot of general satisfaction.

Mrs. Wells, Gregory St., Auchincloss, Brisbane.

## Love—Be Blind

IN reply to Miss Crawford, I would like to say from experience and observation certain things are necessary to make a happy marriage. They are: Perfect understanding, trust and tolerance, to bear and to forbear, which means to give and take.

If husband and wife are both prepared sometimes to put the blind eye to the telescope, there is no reason why they should not be happy and remain in love.

Mrs. Banks, c/o Mrs. Cook, Barnard St., Bendigo, Vic.

## Give and Take

I DISAGREE with Miss Crawford (14/7/34). It has been proved that even though love is blind in the first stages of marriage, this rare quality usually soon passes. Now, what is to take the place of that passionate, all-sufficient love, if the couple are totally dissimilar in rank, age, and intellect?

Before all qualities in marriage, the principle of "give and take" should be always remembered and practised, for a mutual generosity covers many failings on both sides.

Miss Frances Slade, 88 Bridge St., E. Ballarat, Vic.

## LAST-MINUTE CUSTOMERS

AS an employee in a busy store I and my fellow-workers have been taught to treat customers with respect, and to regard them as guests while they are in the store.

From 9 to 6 we serve and direct them, smiling courteously all the while. When 6 o'clock comes we have to count our registers, cover the counters, take the money to the office, and then climb four flights of stairs to the cloak-room. Believe me, by that time we are weary.

Can you imagine how we feel on Friday nights, when, after serving the "clamoring mob" for 12 hours, we are called upon to wait 15 minutes or more before the shop is cleared?

One woman stayed for 15 minutes viewing the goods which I patiently brought forth, and finally sauntered off without purchasing anything. It was 9.35 before I had replaced the stock and covered the counters.

Can you sympathise with us, readers, and those of you who come to be served? Can you understand if we seem a little abrupt in our treatment of late customers?

Miss M. Roberts, 32 Hamley St., Adelaide.

## WHICH WOMAN APPEALS?

WHAT qualifications should a woman possess to register 100 per cent. on the "It" meter of a man's susceptibility? Should she be homely and buxom, with a penchant for cooking and housework? Or does the male prefer the mannequin type, the girl who is femininity and distinctness personified, knowing all the subtler arts of attraction, and yet helpless in the home?

Again, there are the athletes and the intellectuals. Which is most appealing, brain or brawn?

Will someone please enlighten me on this most vital question?

Miss M. Thompson, 119 Balmah St., Richmond, N.J. Vic.

## WASHING ON SUNDAY

IN reply to our American visitor (21/7/34), I would like to point out that Sunday is the only available day for some of our business girls to do their washing, since most of them are engaged in some form of sport on Saturday afternoons and do not like to leave it to a hard-worked mother. They like to do their little bit towards lightening the load by doing their own washing on Sunday mornings.

Miss K. Hudson, The Gables, Second Ave., Eastwood, N.S.W.

## ETIQUETTE



LOOKING at your watch does not hasten the passage of time. It denotes impatience.

## "WHEN WE'RE OF AGE"

I HAVE three daughters under the age of 21 years. It has always been my delight to allow them to take part in pleasures suitable to their age, dancing, theatre parties, etc.

Recently a lot of discussion has taken place in the home about girls smoking, as my daughters wish to indulge in this unclean habit, because most of their girl friends do so. Upon my refusal to allow cigarettes to be brought into the home, I was met with the threat from all three, "Wait until we are 21, then we will do as we please."

I am partly supporting all three, and for that reason, and because they are inmates of my home, I think the question of their attaining their majority does not come into the matter.

I would welcome advice from any reader of your paper, who may have had the same difficulty re their daughters wishing to smoke. I do not wish to be too strict, as this attitude may drive the young people to indulge in smoking secretly.

Mrs. C. Larven, 320 Alison Rd., Coogee, N.S.W.

## Screen Oddities

By CAPTAIN FAWCETT



MARY CARLISLE

ACCIDENTALLY LOCKED HERSELF IN HER DRESSING ROOM AND FOUND THE DOOR WAS OUT OF ORDER SO SHE COULD NOT CALL FOR HELP. A PROP MAN SENT TO FIND HER SAW HER LYING, A RED PETTICOAT AS A DISTRESS SIGNAL AND RESCUED HER.

HERE'S ANOTHER FOR THE BOOK

Clark Gable



PAT O'BRIEN

KNOWN AS THE MOST TYPICAL IRISH MAN IN PICTURES, NEVER HAS BEEN IN IRELAND.



COLONEL TIM MCCOY

IS THE ONLY WHITE MAN IN THE WORLD THOROUGHLY CONVERSANT WITH THE INDIAN SIGN LANGUAGE.



# AUSTRALIA Rich in Film TALENT

## Two Young Novices

LITTLE PAMELA BEVAN acts like a veteran in "Strike Me Lucky." Here, disconsolate because she fancies her parents have lost their money, she is sympathising with "Mo," who has been evicted.



ISABELLE MAHON, the attractive seventeen-year-old girl from Victoria, who is taking the feminine lead in "Splendid Fellows," now being produced by Beaumont Smith.

IN recent months, the English Press has discovered the fact that many Australians are making good in pictures, both in England and America. Recently, the London "Era" said: "When Australia develops its film industry, there is not going to be any shortage of acting talent. Australians seem to possess motion-picture qualities to a far greater degree than any other nation, young or old."

NO one is likely to argue against the fact that great authors, artists, and musicians are born, not made. The fact that they work like trojans at their particular calling is not an argument in support of their being made and not born. If they were not born with that great love of their work, they would not become so absorbed in it that they could think of nothing else for any long period.

But how does the matter stand with actors, and more particularly, perhaps, actresses?

A surprising number of people are quite certain that they can become proficient actresses or actors, without much trouble, or even without much native ability. There, they are wrong.

They may actually become proficient actresses. They may possibly make quite a name for themselves, if they have a little capacity and work hard. But the germ of real greatness in this art, as in all others, is inborn. It is not something outside of themselves, not something that can be absorbed by a judicious

use of a looking-glass and make-up box. The vital spark of talent must be there. These reflections are called up on considering the child, Pamela Bevan.

She was born near Fremantle five years and 10 months ago, daughter of Mrs. Ethel Bevan, of Sydney. Mrs. Bevan is an English lady who, when director Ken Hall, of Cinecine, was searching all Sydney for a child actress, took her little daughter along to the studios, and signed her up for an important part in "Strike Me Lucky," the new farce now being made.

Pamela has proved herself an actress of considerable ability, and she has never been taught anything about histrionics. For one thing she has not had time. But, anyhow, she has led the life of the usual happy, carefree child. So there cannot be any suggestion that she has been specially trained for the screen.

When she is at the studios, but is not appearing in the particular scene that is being filmed, Mrs. Bevan takes Pamela to a quiet end of the sound stage. There the child draws funny pictures in books, plays with blocks, and

PAMELA BEVAN, in the ragged frock she puts on in "Strike Me Lucky" to go and sing for pennies in the street.

in other ways amuses herself.

Mrs. Bevan has made this a rule, so that Pamela will not become weighted down with the worries of the exacting work of taking part in films. She is a wise mother. The child must not be forgotten in the little actress!

Another case in point is that of Isabelle Mahon, who has been cast for feminine lead in Beaumont Smith's "Splendid Fellows." Seventeen years old, with a Sylvia Sydneyish touch about her nose, eyes, and forehead, Miss Mahon has already won a name for herself on the stage, even at such an early age. Small parts in J.C.W. shows have grown until now she is playing a leading part in "Day Divorce," the new musical show in which Madge Elliott and Cyril Ritchard have returned to delight Sydney audiences.

Seventeen years! Why, most business men, or people engaged in the learned professions, would consider themselves to be doing very well indeed if they got to the top at round about 40!

Isabelle Mahon was out to win through early. She appeared in pantomime at 8, and in nine juvenile years she has learnt far higher than her high kicks in "Cinderella" by taking leading parts on the stage. Now here she is a feminine lead on the screen!

And so these young players come forward, confirming the opinion of London papers that there is plenty of acting ability among Australians.

# PRIVATE VIEWS

By BEATRICE TILDESLEY

## ★★ THE WANDERING JEW

Conrad Veidt, Anne Grey, Peggy Ashcroft (B.D.F.)

A SENSE of the rich pagantry of his story and some powerful acting by Conrad Veidt in the title role lift this film far above the common run. The legend of the Jew who spat upon Christ as He carried His cross through the streets of Jerusalem and was condemned thereafter to wander down the centuries until he had expiated his sin, arose in the dark ages, and was widely current until after the Renaissance. Its treatment in this adaptation of Temple Thurston's play is naturally episodic. It is restricted to the period of the Crucifixion, when the Jew's gesture of hatred and contempt was made because the Man of God would not come to heal his sick love (Marie Ney), and to three much later phases of the cycle—at Antioch, during the Crusades, in 14th century Palermo, and finally in Seville, when the Inquisition held sway.

There is a huge cast of varied characters. Each characterisation of the Jew is differently colored, too, yet advances the theme. The lonely, cynical Unknown Knight, jousting against the champions of Christendom, himself invulnerable, is still unregenerate. But as the merchant of Palermo, losing his child by death and his wife (Joan Maude) to religion, he shows the beginning of submission. The pitiful, scolding doctor of Seville is ready for the acceptance which comes in a transport on the cross, when the light bursts upon him from above. This scene at the stake achieves sublimity. For their Rembrandtesque pictorial quality some of the passages of the third episode are also notable. In spite of a slight feeling of repetition, this is a finely sustained effort.—Mayfair.

## ★★ MELODY IN SPRING

Lanny Ross, Charles Ruggles, Mary Boland (Paramount).

THERE is a good deal that is charming about this film and in tune with the fresh innocence of spring and the blossoming fruit trees which decorate several of the scenes. It is a change too to have a musical production that does not rely for its most telling effects on extravagant spectacle and illusion. The humor is of the gently rippling kind. Charles Ruggles, dear man, is here the victim of collector's passion, when he is not listening in delightedly to the broadcasts he sponsors to advertise the dog biscuits which have brought him wealth and commercial fame.

We see him first getting into trouble by trying to souvenir a bed knob from an hotel in which George Washington had slept. The same unfortunate proclivity makes silver cowbells, tinkling near his Swiss hotel, fatal to his peace of mind. But through all these distressing incidents his wife (Mary Boland) goes serenely on, as engagingly innocent and forthright as ever, endeavoring to apply the principles of their daughter's (Ann Sothern) affairs of the heart.

This film does not achieve the buoyancy and vivacity of a Rene Clair production, but it is a very agreeable departure from the surging, strident class of musical film we have grown accustomed to. And Lanny Ross, who here makes his film debut, is the possessor of a good tenor voice.—Prince Edward.

## ★ JACK AHoy!

Jack Hulbert, Nancy O'Neil, Tamara Desni. (Gaumont-Brithish.)

A JOGULAR reconstruction of Trafalgar with Rear-Admiral Ponsonby (Jack Hulbert) amid a veritable hail of enemy fire, stoutly refusing to surrender to the Frenchman, until a sail shot away smothered his valiant speeches, introduces this tale of the sea. His great-grandson, another Ponsonby but still Jack Hulbert, carries on the entertainment in similar strain through wildly farcical adventures of the present day on the China Station. Nothing will keep this Jack on shore, for the sea is in his blood. But since he has not been able to pass his examinations as a naval cadet at Dartmouth, he has to belong to the lower deck. However, he is continually erupting into the Admiral's (Alfred Drayton) cabin, rescuing that harassed martinet and his daughter (Nancy O'Neil) from pirates and in his own irrepressible way experimenting with the uncomprehended gear of a captured submarine on which the party are making their escape.

The photography of the film is sometimes poor, and the production, too much improvised round Hulbert's antics, could have been tightened up. But there are quite a number of delicious passages, as when Hulbert's fluent legs interpret the sailor's hornpipe and when two fearsome Chinese pirates, furiously jabbering in argument, are discovered to be upholding the rival claims of Greig Gurne and Marlene Dietrich.—Lyceum.

## OUR FILM GRADING SYSTEM

★★★ Three stars—  
excellent.  
★★ Two stars—  
good films.  
★ One star—  
average films.  
No stars . . . . . no good.

## ★ IT HAPPENED ONE NIGHT

Claudette Colbert, Clark Gable (Columbia).

WHEN the wilful daughter of a millionaire escapes from close guardianship on her father's yacht somewhere off Florida and takes a cross-country bus to New York in order to rejoin the fortune hunter (Jameson Thomas), with whom she had contracted a runaway match, various things are likely to happen. But we know that she is not going to be allowed to throw herself away on her girlish fancy. Furthermore, when the girl, attractive though petulant, is Claudette Colbert, we can lay heavy odds that her real soul mate will turn out to be some poor but honest young man resembling Clark Gable, that he will be annoyed rather than bewitched at first, but that at the end true love will triumph. At least that is how it happens in fiction.

Naturally she misses the bus at one stopping place, and he waits for her, because, as a newspaper man out of a job, he knows he is on to a scoop. Equally inevitable is the breakdown of the second bus at a washaway. And, because funds are giving out, the pair have to share the same camping cabins and sleep together under hayricks, keeping their proper distance, of course. Clark Gable does his he-man stuff very agreeably, and Walter Connolly is an amusingly choleric parent.—Plaza.

## ★ STAND UP AND CHEER

Warner Baxter, Madge Evans, John Boles (Fox).

WE cannot tell whether the idea of this film, fathered in part by Will Rogers, is put forward as a solvent of the world's troubles generally. As an exercise in mass suggestion and self-hypnotism, the film is interesting. We feel, however, that dragging a nation into merriment is foreign to the individualist Australian character.

Warner Baxter, in the role of a theatrical producer, who is appointed Minister of Amusement for the U.S.A. by the President, with the specific job of reviving the drooping spirits of the public, and thereby paving the way for a return to prosperity, is supported with enthusiasm by a vast organization of entertainers. All goes swimmingly until contrary influences manipulated by financial interests oppose them, only to subside eventually before the renewed onslaught on the forces of gloom. Some of the variety turns introduced have novelty, for instance, the burlesque of the "hill billys" melancholy singing. And there is a four-year-old, Shirley Temple, who shows remarkable aplomb in her song and dance act with James Dunn. But we hardly think that the crooning of John Boles, who can sing when he has a mind to, will add to the gaiety of nations. A really clever tumbling act is provided by Mitchell and Durant.—State.

## ★ THE FIRE RAISERS

Leslie Banks, Anne Grey, Carol Goodner (Gaumont-Brithish).

PRAISE is due to this film both for its topicality and its handling. Only a few months ago a cause celebre at the Old Bailey, instituted by the Fire Underwriters' Association, exposed a highly-organised conspiracy to defraud insurance companies in England. These particular incendiaries and their accomplices in the London Salvage Corps are now under lock and key. But the temptation for unscrupulous men to make easy money in this way has existed ever since insurance has been used to cover risks to property, and this film shows how it may be presented to a smart, but not essentially dishonest, man.

Leslie Banks takes the part of a man whose cleverness is admitted but who is mistrusted by his father's old friend (Frank Collier) as unreliable. Pushed for money, he partners a cold-blooded scoundrel (Francis Sullivan) and becomes involved in crime from whose consequences there is no escape. The character drawing is sound, and the melodramatic incidents in the final fire are justifiable. Anne Grey is extremely beautiful as his wife. Carol Goodner is his loyal secretary. As regards detail and finish this is a good bit of work.—Lyceum.

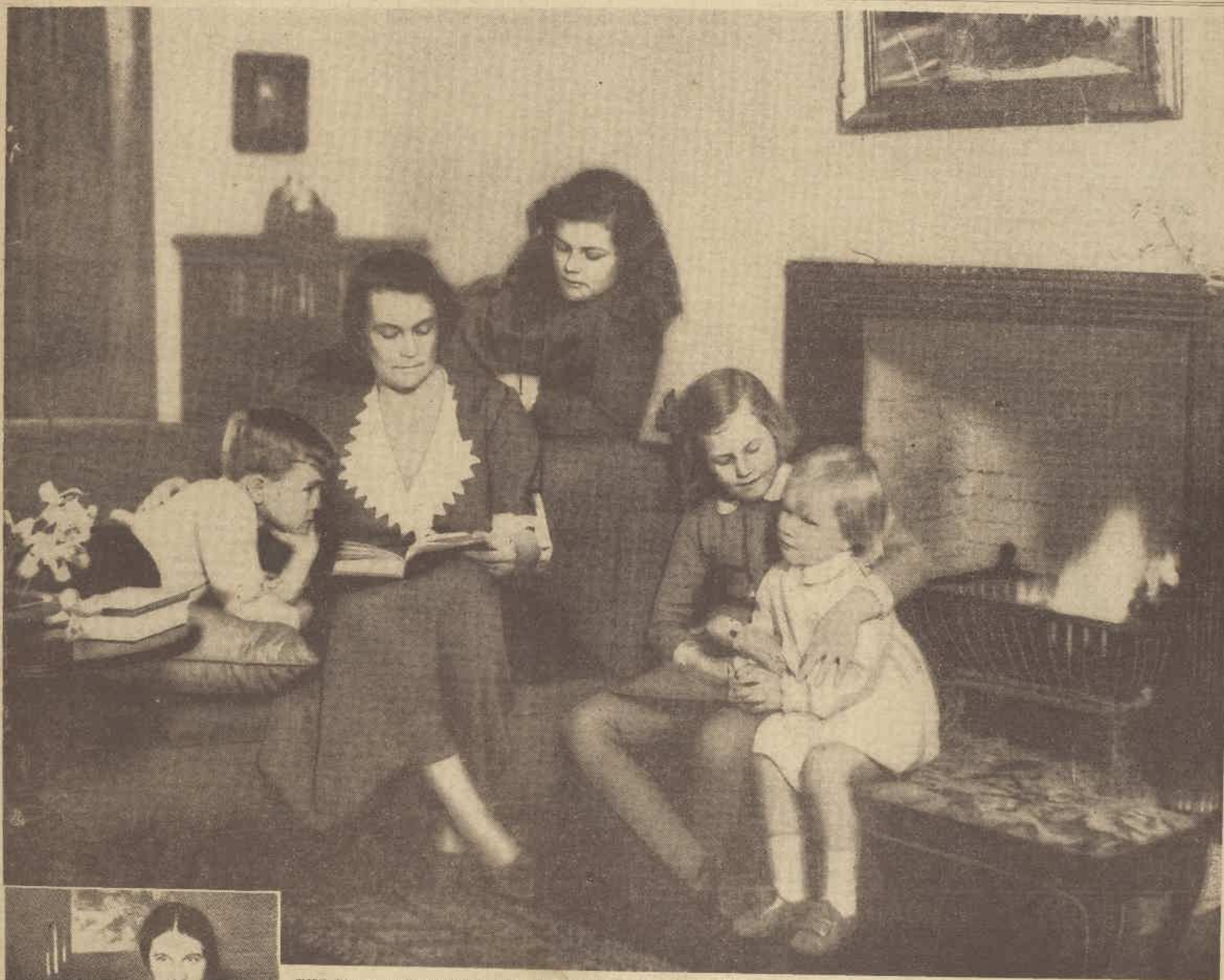


# THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY HOME MAKER

Saturday, August 4, 1934.

A special section devoted to the interests of home-lovers.

Page One



**THE WIFE AND FAMILY OF THE AUSTRIAN CONSUL IN SYDNEY.** Mrs. T. J. Parker and her children. The general anxiety felt over the Austrian situation has affected this happy little group of Australians. Since the assassination of the Austrian Chancellor, Dr. Engelbert Dollfuss, Mr. Parker has been besieged for the latest information on the critical position in Europe. On Tuesday, he issued invitations to a solemn requiem mass at St. Mary's Cathedral in memory of the late Chancellor.

"The Fairy Tale" might well be the title of this happy camera study of Mrs. Parker and her children gathered round the fireside of their home, Radcliffe, Wentworth Road, Vaucluse. Rosemary, the eldest of the children, is leaning over the lounge; Bunty has her arm round baby Dorothy, and John has secured a very comfy position in the circle.

—Women's Weekly photo.



**DR. DOLLFUSS** photographed with his wife after he had broadcast a reassuring message to the people of Austria following on the attempt to assassinate him last year. Frau Dollfuss was a guest in the home of Muscolini at the time of her husband's assassination. Right: Dr. Dollfuss and his children, Eva and Rudi.



## Dr. Dollfuss' Ideals

**I**n a recent interview in which he outlined his plans for the reform of the Austrian Senate, Dr. Dollfuss declared that, in the new Austria, women would be equal partners with men.

"The family is the best unit of the State," the Chancellor said. "While I do not like political, speechifying women, I do hope to see women taking their full share of national responsibility. I will encourage Austrian women to give their country the benefit of their culture, talents and abilities. I certainly do not believe in pushing them back. The time is past in any modern State populated by educated people when women can be considered as spiritually or intellectually inferior to men."

## CLEVER IDEAS

**HEAVY WALKING** boots or shoes can be quickly "broken in" by pouring in a small quantity of whisky—sufficient just to cover the bottom lining—and allowing it to soak in. New footwear so treated can be worn immediately, and for an almost indefinite period, without causing the least discomfort.—C.D., Marrickville, N.S.W.

**TO PREVENT** roley-poley and boiled pudding sticking, put orange or lemon peel in the water. There is an oil that comes out of the peel and gets into the water.—Deidre, Apollo Bay, Vic.

**MOST HAND-KNITTED** jumpers have a tendency to wear out first on the elbows, and I find it a rather good and economical plan to pick up stitches (with matching wool), 1 inch below the hole, and knit about 2 inches up, then cast off, and hem very neatly around this square, thus reinforcing it against further holes.—Yvonne Sellars, 7 Oswald St., Randwick, N.S.W.

**A CUT HAM** may be kept fresh and moist by spreading the cut surface over with a layer of fresh lard. This seals the ham up until it is required for the table again, when the lard must be carefully scraped off.—J.C.D., Newport, N.S.W.

**TO WASH** cretonnes and yet have them retain their color and still look like new, puzzles many. Put a cup of bran in a muslin bag, drop it into a quart of water in an enamel saucepan, bring to the boil and simmer for 25 minutes. Lift out the bag, add an equal quantity of water to the bran solution and stir in lux till it lathers. Wash cretonnes in this mixture. It is hard to believe they have ever been washed.—"Dornaday," 15 Duke St., Alberton, S.A.

**CLOTHES PROPS** are unsightly objects, but at last I have solved the problem of their effacement by nailing loops of leather to the backyard fence, and inserting the props in them after laundry work is finished.—Mrs. Bessie Potts, 30 Glassford St., Armadale, S.E.3, Vic.

**COFFEE STAINS** can always be removed if treated promptly and the stained material is washable. Completely cover the spot with household borax, then stretch the part tightly over a basin and pour boiling water through. Repeat if necessary.—A.B.

**PUT A** handful of washing soda and half a cup of vinegar into about four pints of boiling water. This removes all grease, etc.—"Adel," James St., Flinders Park, S.A.



# Spring Glamour NEW Parisian Style FOOTWEAR

Fresh as the first breath of Spring, these two models so daringly different have won the instant approval of the very smartest young things.

POST FREE

24/6



Between seasons—those difficult months in early Spring!—your shoe worries will be ended in this new fashion tie shoe with the smart high heel, made in schlink with a brown kid Derby front.

Also in all brown kid, 24/6.

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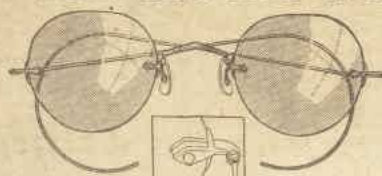


This 8-hole Derby tie, with its Parisian smartness, flatters the foot by accenting the natural arch of the instep. In the finest black kid, 22/6.

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With Gus Blisset, Les Franklin, Madge Aubrey, Frank Leighton, Isabelle Mahon.

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THE WIND AND THE RAIN

With GEORGE THIRLWELL, Jocelyn Hur-  
arth, Arnold Nixon, Patricia Mearns, etc.  
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Success.  
Dorothy Howard at Piano.

## NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS CONDUCTED BY EVE EVE

### SOMETHING DIFFERENT ... in Fascinating Stitchery

Herringbone bars are easy to work and ever so effective since they come under the category of surface stitches.

AND surface stitches can be very fascinating. They are all those arrangements of thread which enter the material only at the sides of the pattern. The stitches themselves lie over the material, and some of them form a kind of web over the surface.

YOU remember that last week I gave you a pretty line surface stitch called chained bar.

This week we have an "all-over" surface stitch called herringbone bars. It enters the material only at the sides of the bars, but has to be caught down at the first and last bar so that they are not too loose.

#### Working the Stitch

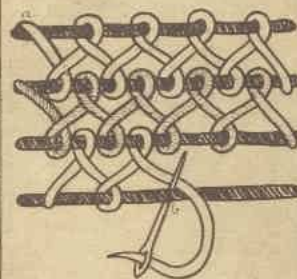
FIRST of all, carry long threads either horizontally or vertically right across the space to be filled. Enter these at the sides only.

Now thread a blunt-pointed needle—called a rug or wool needle—with thread of another color. Fasten on at the left close to the bar (see point "A") and proceed to work an ordinary herringbone.



FOR the wee one's rompers, this effective stitch can be utilised in diamond fashion—say, pink and blue in alternate array.

Place the thread over the lower bar and then the needle under as shown by the needle in position "B." You see that the point of the needle is over the thread. Then slope upwards to the top bar, place the thread over and the needle under in the same way.



THIS close-up shows you just how to work the herringbone bars. Directions in this article to guide you to professional perfection.

This is the ordinary herringbone movement, but the needle does not enter the material as it would for herringbone.

The second row is exactly like the first, but it uses the next bar lower down. Each top stitch slips between two of the preceding row.



FOR decorating a matron's cardigan, I would suggest you use herringbone bars in the manner suggested in the sketch above. Use 4-ply wool in any desired color.

This method may allow of many contrasting colors being used on the one piece of work.

#### Its Many Uses

FOR THE HOME: Squares and circles filled with the stitch and placed on cushions and table-runner. Worked in thick artificial silk.

DECORATING GARMENTS: Arranged in a 3-inch check as shown in sketch, and placed round edge of any knitted garment such as a cardigan or pullover, especially good for matron in black and white. Use 4-ply wool.

Contrast with diamonds arranged on child's rompers and worked in pink and blue alternately. Silk thread on Viscella.

A check border on an apron or house frock, using every mixed cotton color—bright reds, orange, pinks, greens, blues, lavender, and touches of black, in a very modern effect.

### This Utility Apron is Delightful Send for it!

The attractive and capacious overall-apron, sketched on this page by artist Petrov, is both becoming and useful, and is suitable for the modern miss, or for her mother.

THE chief attraction of this apron is that it covers so completely every part of your dress. It has been made with an eye to the modern length of frock, and is conveniently long, wrapping round the figure snugly, and tying at the back. A band across the shoulders at the back keeps the apron firm. The pocket, snappy and sensible, is cut on triangular lines in harmony with the peaked front.

The bodice lines are new and smart. The lines cross over, and end in two peaks, giving a jacket-like effect.

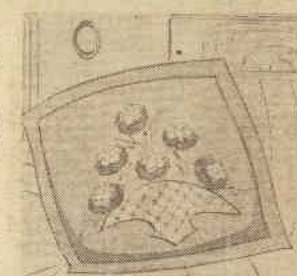
It is bound in red, and made in fine British calico, that washes like linen, and actually improves with each dip in the tub. Traced in attractive designs, it is ready for quick embroidery. So protect your pretty frock, and send for it to-day. It will cost 2/3, plus two-pence for postage.



### A BOWL OF COLORFUL RANUNCULI

Decorates this crash cushion with its lovely patchwork design in fast colors.

Crash wears wonderfully; it seems to improve with careful laundering. Choose fast-color threads in any desired color to work the design to harmonise or prettily contrast with the patchwork design. Use it for the car, for the verandah, for the living-room—traced ready for quick-way embroidery. Send for it—price 2/3.



THIS FINE crash cushion cover has a hemstitched edge. It will give years of happy service for 2/3.

### Novel Suggestion



HERE is a novel way of using Berle Bias Binding as a border for aprons, frocks, curtains, and bedspreads. Use check for scallops and petals, and plain for the leaves.

### Transfers and Fine Material

THIS method is used in all first-class dressmaking establishments, and is recommended to those who do not want to mark rich materials with the transfer ink, or flatten the nap on velvet.

Stamp the transfer on a piece of soft tissue paper—the paper must be soft enough to sew through without tearing. Baste this stamped tissue paper over the material and embroider through both the paper and the material.

Tear paper away when the embroidery is finished.



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# Some of the Prize-Winners in Our £250 Knitting Contest

WHO could fail to be attracted by the pictures on this page? Here are three highly-gifted young people wearing knitted garments which won some of the substantial cash prizes in the splendid knitting competition just concluded by The Australian Women's Weekly.

The exquisite work of the garments is typical of that of thousands of others made by the skilful and artistic fingers of the women who entered this competition. Such work amply proves that the knitting done by Australian women is at least equal to that done by women anywhere in the world.



The pullover which Mr. Thirlwell is wearing in the above picture won first prize (£20) in Section 3. It was knitted by Mrs. T. Marlin, 11 Dalmeny Avenue, Rosebery, Sydney.



Miss Jocelyn Howarth (above) photographed in the jumper which won 2nd prize (£15) in Section 1. This was knitted by Mrs. C. Garrett, Church St., Thornbury, S. Australia.



See what clever fingers can do for an outlay of 5/-! The exquisite evening dress in which Miss Patricia Minchin is photographed, was worked by Miss V. Buchanan, 65 York St., Sydney, N.S.W., and won 1st prize (£15) in Section 6. (Best outlay of 5/-.)



This dainty jumper, worn by Miss Jocelyn Howarth, was awarded 2nd prize (£15) in Section 2. It was knitted by Miss Ruth Cowderoy, 26 Atkins St., Kew, Victoria.

—Women's Weekly photos.



The lovely jumper Miss Howarth is wearing in the above picture was knitted by Miss Olsen, 223 Victoria St., Ashfield, N.S.W., and was awarded 1st prize (£20) in Section 2.



Mr. George Thirlwell is wearing the pullover which won 2nd prize (£10/-) in Section 3. The garment was knitted by Mrs. A. Stoggett, Elton St., Nundah, Qld.

## Stars of "The Wind and the Rain" Display Garments for the Wind and the Rain

Knitted wear is especially at home in the wind and rain, so it is very appropriate that the garments photographed on this page should be worn by the stars of "The Wind and the Rain."

THIS play, which is at present having a most successful run in Sydney, is, later, to appear in every capital in Australia, and its principals, who, by courtesy of J. C. Williamson, Ltd., kindly consented to pose for the above photographs, are as-

ured of securing a special niche in the affection of the Australian theatre-going public.

The two girls, Jocelyn Howarth and Patricia Minchin, are charming and gifted Australians, who have but recently placed their young feet on the ladder of success. Miss Howarth was the star

of "The Squatter's Daughter," and has other film and amateur stage experience, but this is her first appearance on the professional stage. Miss Minchin, too, has had film and amateur experience, and is now making her first professional appearance.

Mr. George Thirlwell is a noted English actor, who is now in his first Australian season. To his marked acting gifts he adds a considerable talent as a musician, and is also a keen student of modern poetry and quite an authority on men's dress.





## More Big Wins! LAST FRIDAY FREE SHARES!

A NY Lottery Now, Lucky Fred confidently expects to win his FIFTH FIRST PRIZE.  
In Last Friday's Lottery he won dozens of prizes for his Syndicates. Hundreds of clients will collect welcome cheques. Others may receive amounts varying from £2/10/- for their FREE TWENTIETH SHARES.  
That sums up the good news to-day for Lucky Fred's clients.  
Hereunder are some of his main wins!

£50: Ticket No. 59562  
£50: Ticket No. 35829  
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and numerous prizes of £10 and £5.

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If you hold a share in the winning ticket when Lucky Fred wins his next FIFTH PRIZE, you receive £1000 quickly, because shares are sent in the very next State Lottery to be drawn. A FREE TWENTIETH SHARE, which all clients receive who send in 1/6 for a FIFTH SHARE, can win £250, or a twentieth of all other prizes offered in the State Lottery.  
This is real value for your money, and you have two lucky numbers to look for in the result slip instead of one.  
Stick to Lucky Fred! He has won over £80,000 in the N.S.W. State Lottery, including FOUR FIRST PRIZES of £5000.

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# IN THE NURSERY WORLD

Simplicity the Keynote of Modern Nurseries!



HOW HAPPY they could be in such a playroom. Jack and Jill, Mother Goose, and other pictures of nursery rhymes on the wall, a great big pony to ride, quaint little froggy-chairs to sit upon, little corner seat, and a great big chair covered with pretty trees, birds and scenes to curl up into when they're tired. A nice, big policeman on guard, and shelves and cupboards for books and things.

—Photo by courtesy of Grace Bros.

THOUGH we live in a hurrying age, it is obvious that present-day designers of nurseries have found time to study psychology as well as decoration. They have found that restless children require peaceful surroundings for, at least, the first few years of life, and the nurseries of to-day, designed by contemporary decorators do not fail in their purpose.

THE new nursery is arranged with a simplicity almost grown up in effect. It has pale-colored walls—if not in cream then in the palest tones of green, primrose, or a delicate shade of blue—and its furniture either matches or tones with the walls to give that sense of restfulness that is to be found only in perfect harmony.

Nursery furniture is more attractive this year than ever before; lacquered in pastel shades with colored motifs illustrating nursery rhymes or quaint ani-

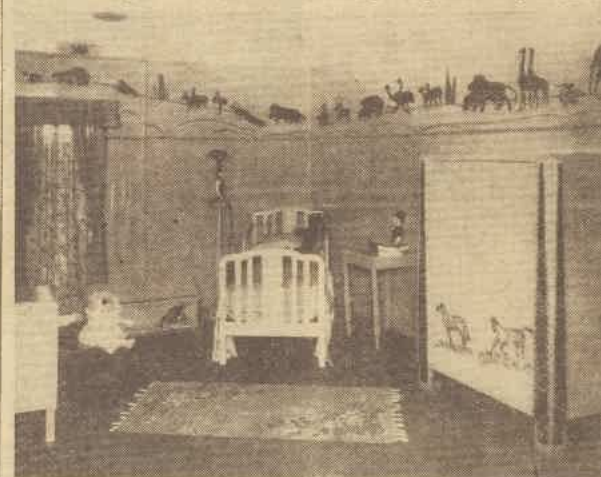
mals, it provides not only comfort and harmony for its small owner, but also ample space for its owner's wardrobe. The suites comprise a bed, wardrobe,

this, with its harmonious coloring and simple comfort.

The recent wet weather, making each kiddie a "stay-in-doors," has resulted in many frayed tempers, and made a number of mothers long for a playroom. If you have an attic or an unused garage or a spare room, why not convert it to-day in readiness for the next rainy day? and how much more convenient even in fine weather for the children to have a "special" place all their own?

The playroom pictured here is in Grace Bros' bungalow, but could quite easily be that converted garage or attic.

It has pale walls decorated with gaily-colored paintings illustrating the favorite



A NURSERY showing primrose lacquer furniture—note the wonderful wardrobe with the Christmas trees and gambolling zebras. Pale green walls are topped with a frieze of dark green animals, marching in pairs around the room.

table, and cabinet, and sometimes, as in the illustration, a playbox.

Here is pictured a nursery furnished by Grace Bros. in their modern bungalow. Its color scheme is extremely restful—deep-green faded floor, with pale green walls, topped with a frieze of dark green animals marching in pairs around the room. The suite is of deep primrose lacquer, with elongated Christmas trees growing up the sides of the wardrobe and legs of the table, and gaily-striped zebras gambolling in a field of green.

PICTURED animals in the wee folk's room tend to foster a love for animals and a familiarity with them that banishes many a childish bogey. And where is the child who would think that national protector, the policeman, an awe-inspiring monster, who possesses one like this sitting guard on the table? Note, too, the quaint bedside lamp with its penguin of painted wood, carrying an umbrella—the umbrella, incidentally, shades the light. Truly an ideal room,

nursery rhymes, and its floor is covered with felt in a darker shade than the walls. The felt is warm under little feet, and not nearly so slippery as linoleum—or as noisy!

The miniature corner seat and settee are covered with washable cretonne with a nursery rhyme design, as are the long curtains at the window or door.

Handy, indeed, is the set of shelves with its commodious toy cupboard, lacquered to match the general color scheme, and most children would adore the tiny table and chairs shaped like very hungry frogs.

For a small outlay of money, and a little ingenuity, this room carried out at home will amply repay you—particularly in wet weather.

The furniture and furnishings are very reasonable, and are on show at Grace Bros. Ltd., Broadway, and Mr. Cook of the Nursery Furniture Department, will be very glad to offer any suggestions or assistance required.



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## COMING EVENTS

Sir Thomas Bayly will open an International Poster Exhibition at David Jones' on August 7 at 2.30 p.m.

An all-day tennis tournament is being arranged for Bank Holiday Monday, August 6, at Mr. P. G. Lane's courts, 21 Macleay St., Darlinghurst, in aid of St. Margaret's Hospital. Mr. Lane has kindly lent four courts for the occasion. There will be mixed and men's doubles, and eight prizes are being awarded. Tea is being served, and the entrance fee is 2/6 per player. Entries close on August 4. For further particulars, ring Mr. J. Kitching, hon. organizer, 34805—extension 382 or 72449.

The Pratten Park tennis tournament which was postponed from last Tuesday will be held on August 21. Entries should be sent to Mrs. Barrenghy, 25 MEL. The club has donated the use of the courts for the tournament to the Royal Prince Alfred Hospital, and the event is being arranged in conjunction with the Brathford team and the R.F.A. Junior Auxiliary.



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# SPRING is Coming .... So Dig! Dig! Dig!!

And Digging will Help You to Health and Strength as well as Benefiting Your Garden

... Says the OLD GARDENER!

IN Aesop's Fables there is the story of the farmer who, on the point of death, wished to ensure from his sons the same attention to his farm as he had given it. So he called them to his bedside, and said: "My sons, there is a great treasure hid in one of my vineyards." After his death every portion of the land was dug over—deeply.

They found no treasure, but the vines repaid their labor by an extraordinary and superabundant crop... You see the moral? Now listen to the Old Gardener.

FANCY, August is with us already, Miss!

And what a welcome! Rain, glorious rain in some parts—devastating in others—floods in the northern areas. Plants beaten down, and gardens washed away... More work for you. But... Notice how the days are lengthening—very soon beaches and river banks will be crowded with people, rejoicing in the sunshine, the water, and the fresh spring air.

Yes, there is plenty of work ahead of

time. If you do not do this, the work becomes confused.

Watch—when we dig, lift the spadeful up like this, and with a quick twist of the wrist the soil is turned completely over. Go right along like this, Miss, and when completed the plot, although dug, is perfectly level, with every spadeful completely turned.

See how straight and even I keep the opening—always hold the spade straight, Miss, and keep the plot level and neat.

Spread the manure over the plot and, when dug in as we have done this plot,



AMATEUR GARDENERS seem to be quite willing to plant, and prune, and weed—but honest digging seems to be a different matter. Now is the time to get to work, as instance the little Trojan above—Jessie Matthews—and friend husband, Sonny Hale, making ready for summer glory. Here is the way they spend the greater part of their scanty leisure away from the Klieg lights at Gaumont-British Studios.

us, particularly in digging, one of the most important things when gardening.

Of all athletic exercises, with perhaps the exception of cricket, the very best is digging. Every single muscle, vein, artery, and nerve in the body is vigorously exercised in the process. There is nothing better for ruffled nerves and for inducing sound, healthful sleep, than a good day's strenuous digging. Those people who are engaged in indoor work should dig with a spade for an hour after they come home at night, especially now the days are lengthening, or, better still, in the bright sunshine over the week-end. This will exercise flabby muscles, and stir tired brains, and you will be surprised how well you will feel after it. Yet most people refuse to work at all with a spade. They do not understand its worth. Why, look at me, Miss, I hardly know what it is to be ill. I work hard every day with the spade, and always feel well and happy.

Most people get someone to come along and do the digging, and any garden work which might seem a little strenuous. Well, why not do your digging yourself?

## It's a Science!

DIGGING is a science. It needs thought, as well as physical strength. Let me show you how to turn over this piece of ground. You follow a similar course as you do in trenching, but, of course, not to the same extent.

For ordinary digging, clear this space a foot wide and a foot deep.

First cover the plot with a heap of manure. One of the most important things to do is to keep this opening clear and of uniform width all the

it immediately becomes incorporated with the soil, and how the plants love it! They thrive in a garden well-dug and manured as we have done with this one.

Leave the plot alone now, until the flowers are ready for transplanting, then a light surface cultivation is all that will be necessary to receive them.

## Seeds to Sow

WE'll go along to the nursery now, and see what seeds can be planted to give you that grand summer display to which I know you are looking forward.

Oh, I see you have a nice frame here for seed-raising. I'll bring some of that manure over, and fill the frame with a topping of manure about two feet deep, stamping it down well. We will, then, cover with about two inches of good sieved soil. Mark it out into little plots, sow the seed, and cover lightly with manure, rubbed through that sieve. Then give a good watering, put the cover down and, in a few days, you'll have hundreds of plants.

When they come up, remove the covering gradually and harden them off. When large enough, prick them out into boxes, placing them an inch by an inch apart. Then, when you are transplanting, just cut out in blocks. The manure I put in that frame will heat up and give plenty of warmth to hurry along germination.

Seeds to sow now are: Lobelia, gerbera, ageratum, chrysanthemum, delphinium, heliotrope, statice, linaria, godetia, phlox, viscaria, sinia, scabiosa, salvia, candytuft, antirrhinum, and dahlia.

Well, Miss, I must go now. See you next week.

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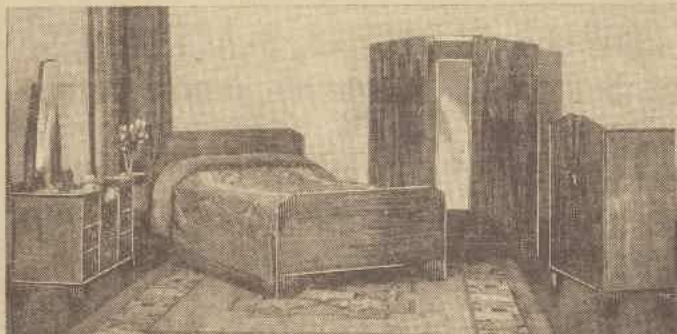
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THE RATHRONE LOUNGE SUITE gives luxurious comfort at minimum cost! There are three pieces, generously proportioned and very solidly made. The covering is rich tapestry in lawn ground with pattern in smart autumn tones. The inner spring cushions give wonderful comfort and keep their shape. Also shown in photo: Coffee Table in oak, 32/6. Standard Lamp, 32/6. Shades from 7/6. Carpet, 10ft, 6in. x 9ft., £12/15/-.



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NEW  
Bedroom  
SUITE

ALSO SHOWN IN THIS PHOTO:

The Bedspread in Art. Silk, 42/-.  
Axminster Carpet, 10ft. 6in. x 9ft., £12/10/-.  
Bedroom Curtains from 2/9 yard.

THE MODERNE BEDROOM SUITE.—Some attractive modern trimmings are featured in this smart suite. Note the gold and black fluting on top of wardrobe and on bed and dressing-table. The wardrobe is 4ft. 6in. wide with two-thirds hanging space and one-third sliding trays; 3ft. 6in. dressing-table, with long Cheval mirror; 3ft. 3in. loughboy fitted with sliding trays, etc., and 4ft. 6in. bedstead. Special Cash Price .... £27/17/6

SAVE 10%  
ON YOUR NEW LINOS.

All new supplies of British Linos, and Floorcloths are 10 per cent. dearer, but Pulsfords bought their new stocks just in-time, and pass their saving on to you! BRITISH FLOORCLOTHS in big range of new patterns and colors, 72in. wide, Yard ..... 3/9

BRITISH LINOS are also showing in many new patterns. Guaranteed qualities, 72in. wide ..... 5/6 6/11

FELT PAPER for Linos and Floorcloths. Heavy quality, 72in. wide, Yard ..... 1/2



40-Piece Utility Set ..... 53/6

Just imported! English Dinnerware, in many beautiful patterns and qualities. Shown above is the "Titian" 40-piece Utility Set—6 dinner plates, 6 bread plates, 6 pudding, 6 natural or soup, 1 meat dish, 1 gravy boat, 1 veg. dish, 6 cups and saucers; any piece may be replaced separately, as this is stock pattern ... 53/6

## Salad Set to match

This set is same quality and pattern as the "Titian" Utility Set, consists of one salad dish and 6 salad plates. Price ..... 7/9

## Supper Set to match

The "Titian" Supper Set, to match utility and salad sets, consists of long sandwich dish and 6 small plates. Price ..... 7/9

"TITIAN" TEA SET, 30 pieces:—One bread and butter dish, 6 plates, 6 cups and saucers ..... 23/6

MANY OTHER DESIGNS ALSO SHOWING IN PULSFORD'S TABLEWARE DEPT.

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Easy Terms available on any Purchase.

WE PACK COUNTRY ORDERS FREE.

Write for FREE CATALOGUE.

WRITE FOR COUNTRY TERMS.



## TO WASH BRUSHES

WHEN washing brushes dissolve a little soda in very hot water, soap spoils the bristles. Then dip the brushes up and down in the solution, taking care to keep the brush itself out of the water. Next, rinse the bristles in cold water, and carefully dry the back and handle of the brush. Then put it to dry, face upwards, in the sun.

MR. AND MRS. LAWRENCE MEYNELL will speak at David Jones' business girls' luncheon next Thursday, Aug. 9. Mr. Meynell is a distinguished young English novelist, author of several brilliant mystery stories. Mrs. Meynell (Shirley Vereshchagin) is an old "Redlands" girl, and a noted English journalist.

Miss Joan Hammond, the well-known golfer, will be the guest of honor at Farmer's business girls' luncheon on Wednesday, August 8. She will speak on her golfing experiences.

The August luncheon of the National Council of Women will take place at 12.45 p.m. on August 9, in Farmer's Blackland Galleries. The guest of honor will be Mrs. Maxwell, wife of the Archbishop of Sydney, who is expected to speak on some aspect of China. The other guest of honor is Professor Marion Smith, of the Chair of Economics in the University of Bryn Mawr, United States of America, who will speak on some topic connected with America. Seats may be booked at the National Council of Women's office any afternoon, between 3 and 4.



MRS. NOEL WICKHAM HURD, who will make her debut as a mannequin in the "Melody and Spring" parade at David Jones', is well known for her fashion pictures in this firm's models. The parades start next Monday at 3.30 p.m., and will be continued every afternoon in the main restaurant for three weeks.

—Women's Weekly photo.



## HIGHLIGHTS for READERS Conducted by Linda Littlejohn

Women's Weekly Session, every day, 9.45 to 10. Myra Dempsey, 2 to 3, Dorothea Vaulter

## A Programme Packed with Interesting Items

An interview with George Arliss, the story of books, a talk on birthday stones, a unique presentation of the Greenwich pageant, a miniature musicale, fascinating stories by "The Wandering Minstrel," and other enjoyable items are included in 2UW's varied programme of entertainment this week.

THERE are some theatrical stars who possess a general appeal, both to highbrow and lowbrow, and George Arliss is certainly one of these. Mrs. Littlejohn will, on Friday, August 3, at 11.15 a.m., tell you of an interview with him.

George Arliss has no settled home at present, spending half his time at Hollywood and half in England, preferably in the spring where he can enjoy the glories of the English countryside.

His latest film, "The House of Rothschild," is an immense success. He has avoided some of the tiresome whimsicalities of his earlier successes. This film, which can be considered as authentic Jewish history, is especially interesting at present in view of the hostility shown by the Nazi Government to those embracing the Jewish faith.

## The History of Books

WHILE millions of books written on papyrus, parchment, vellum, and even the more modern paper have been burned, crumbled into dust, or become illegible, writings on metal or stone have defied the ravages of time and after centuries are now affording material for the reconstruction of ancient history. The origin of books, as we know them, is easily discernible from their name. "Book" is derived from "boe," a beech tree, because before the invention of paper it was the custom to write on leaves. In the East, the leaves of the palm trees have been most extensively used for writing. A Cingalese book is a bundle of strips of leaves tied together.

The most complete manuscripts that have come down to us are those of the Old and New Testaments. All now existing are copies, for the originals have long since perished. Mrs. Littlejohn promises an interesting talk on the story of books beginning with the earliest records, through the invention of paper in the 11th century, past the foundation of the Vatican Library in 1450, to the books of the present day, which are so readily available so that "all who run may read." The talk will be in two parts, and the first is fixed for Monday, 6th, at 4 p.m.

ONCE again a first Tuesday comes round, and Miss Beatrice Phillips will continue her series of "The Birthday Stone"—the Moonstone, the stone for August, at 2.40, on the 7th. The Moonstone is one of the less valuable stones, but nevertheless has charm. It is mainly found in Ceylon, and has one peculiarity—that it can both hide and magnify. If held away from an article it magnifies, but if placed directly over it, it entirely hides it. Miss Phillips always tells her story in an entertaining way, so listeners are advised to mark the date and time.

## Travel Talks

LISTENERS never seem to weary of Travel Talks, therefore Mrs. Littlejohn endeavors to give many of these. Wednesday, 8th, at 4 p.m., she will talk on "An Historical Palace—Versailles." This palace was formerly a hunting chateau of Louis XIII. Louis XIV enlarged it considerably, spending fabulous sums upon the decorations and laying out the magnificent garden.

The most famous gallery is the "Galerie des Glaces," 240 feet long, and it was here that the Treaty of Peace between the Allies and Germany was signed on June 28, 1919—a peace which it seems has not really made peace, but has merely stopped fighting.

## Music

SUNDAY'S programme from 2UW this week will include items both serious and gay. As usual, the "Music of the Masters" will be heard at 11 a.m. At 4 p.m. Chopin's "Sonata in B Flat Minor" is scheduled—this is known as the "Funeral Sonata," for it includes the "Funeral March" that has been so much popularized.

Other items to be specially listened for are: On Monday at 8 p.m., the Miniature Musicals featuring Amy Ostinga, Vernon Sellars, and Clifford

Arnold. At 9 p.m., a Spanish Cameo with characteristic Spanish music.

Tuesday evening is vaudeville night, and will appeal to all who enjoy a programme in lighter vein. Thursday, at 8.45 p.m., there will be a special entertainment by well-known film stars—quite a novelty.

## The Greenwich Pageant

A VERY interesting presentation will be offered at 9.35 when a special English importation, "Scenes from the Greenwich Pageant," will be heard.

This Greenwich night pageant was held from June 16 to 23, 1933. It depicted the rise of the English nation, and was staged between the colonnades of the famous buildings of the Royal Naval College. There were 3500 actors, the ages of the performers ranged from 6 to 84, one being a Greenwich Hospital pensioner on crutches and quite blind. The change of scene was introduced by an announcer, but there were no set speeches.

The various scenes depicted outstanding events in British history, including the departure and return of the fleet from their victory against the Spaniards—the Armada. The death of Charles I, the restoration of Charles II, the land-



MISS AMY OSTINGA.

ing of George I at Greenwich, the death of General Wolfe at Quebec, Nelson's body lying in state—up to August, 1914, when the scene represented a company of Naval Reservists, accompanied by a crowd, marching to the railway station to join up.

Finally "Rule Britannia" was played, then complete darkness, except for a beam of light playing on the announcer as he spoke the words, "Come the world against her, England still shall stand."

Special music was composed for this occasion, and it is this which will be heard from 2UW on Sunday at 9.35. This is a unique presentation and should not be missed.

## The Wandering Minstrel

SIR HENRY LYTTON, famous for his roles in the Gilbert and Sullivan Operas, has every right to call himself the "Wandering Minstrel," not only because he travelled the globe, but because Ho Koo was his favorite part.

Having been on the stage for half a century, he naturally spent many hours in his dressing-room, and there he gathered round him some of the outstanding personalities of the day. Among his visitors he numbered Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, the Prime Minister. Ramsay MacDonald came to his dressing-room one evening with the Lord Chancellor, Lord Sankey, and Lord Macmillan. At the time Lytton was playing the Lord Chancellor in "Iolanthe," and Lord Sankey remarked jocularly: "There is no doubt about it that Lytton's Lord Chancellor has given more pleasure to the public than mine has."

"Undoubtedly," agreed Mr. MacDonald. This and other stories detailed by "The Wandering Minstrel" will be told over the air by Dorothea Vaulter, on Monday, August 6, at 2.15.

Don't DREAD the gaze of criticising eyes on your skin

Be rid of PIMPLES, BLOTCHES, BLACKHEADS—Clear up Sallowiness, roughness, coarse pores with the **NEW REXONA SOAP**

MEDICATED with Cadyl, the new compound of medications to clear, soothe and stimulate the skin



## THE BIGGEST STEP FORWARD IN SKIN CARE FOR YEARS

Here is important news for all who want a clear, smooth, blemish-free skin. That old friend of skin health, Rexona Soap, has now been made still better for your skin. Now there is a new Rexona Soap, containing a remarkable new compound of medications. You won't have to use it long to realise that this New Rexona Soap marks a most important advance in skin care.



FORGET THE WORRY OF SKIN BLEMISHES

Skin faults need never spoil your pleasure and steal your self-confidence now that you can give your skin the corrective care of the New Rexona Soap. Each time you wash, the medicated lather penetrates deep into each tiny pore, cleansing, purifying, and soothing the tissues at the very root of pimples, blackheads, and other unsightly blemishes. The active Cadyl compound of medications in the Rexona lather draws away the embedded dirt and germs that cause skin flaws. Freed of clogging impurities, your skin begins to bloom again into clear, natural smoothness. As they purify the pores, too, these medications gently stimulate the skin tissues. Every time the Rexona lather touches your skin it helps to correct any present fault, and to protect against future blemish.



MOTHER—Use this New Rexona Soap for baby—its soothing "medications" prevent chafing, rashes, and blemishes. The New Rexona, more than ever, is the Ideal Baby Soap.

GIVE YOUR HAIR THE SAME MEDICATED CARE YOU GIVE YOUR SKIN—SHAMPOO REGULARLY WITH THE NEW REXONA MEDICATED SOAP.

## THE COMPLETE SKIN TREATMENT REXONA SOAP AND OINTMENT

Pimples and blackheads quickly yield to the clearing, freshening medications in Rexona Soap, but very stubborn skin affections usually need additional treatment. It is for these obstinate cases that Rexona Ointment is so very valuable. The Soap and Ointment combined make a perfect treatment for even the most troublesome skin affections, healing the skin, leaving it smooth and unscarred.

## Try it... LET ALL THE FAMILY USE IT!

You couldn't find a better soap for children—especially babies—with its comforting gentleness and protection. Men need it, too, to keep a clear, healthy skin. And when you begin to see how clear and smooth it keeps your skin you'll use it always.

**THE NEW Rexona MEDICATED skin and facial SOAP**

9d containing Cadyl, the new compound of medications.

PER TABLET IN CITY AND SUBURBS AT YOUR CHEMIST'S OR STORE — NOW!

## YOUR SKIN IS BOUND TO BENEFIT FROM THESE REVITALISING MEDICATIONS IN THE NEW REXONA SOAP

## EMOLLIENTS

—to soothe and soften and heal.

## NUTRIENTS

—to nourish and revive.

## ASTRINGENTS

—to refine pores and improve texture.

## TONIC ELEMENTS

—to stimulate and strengthen vital tissues.

## A VITAL CONTRIBUTION TO SKIN HEALTH

The combination of healing, soothing and stimulating medications in the New Rexona Soap, makes it an outstandingly valuable aid to skin health. Many months of patient research lie behind this notable development in the care of the skin. Specialists have proved that this New Rexona Soap clears, soothes, and tones the skin as no other soap can.

REXONA PROPRIETARY LIMITED 4.125.12



# Rug-Making ... A Simple, Fascinating Craft



BY OUR  
HOME  
DECORATOR



FIGURE 1

and here is something exclusive  
—full directions for making a  
College Rug!

**N**OW well rugs contribute to the comfort and livableness of our rooms!... Why not make one yourself and know the satisfying joy of weaving something of such practical and decorative use for your home? Moreover, the actual process of making is so absorbing as to make it a soothing and altogether delightful occupation.



*DURING THESE cold nights, when one finds it much more comfortable to stay indoors by the fireside, the time may be enjoyably spent in weaving a rug with your old school badge as its theme. The rug, when completed, will last for years, and never fails to be a source of pride, and satisfaction, to its maker.*

SOME lovely work in this direction has been done, and is being done, in Australia—both in city and country centres.

In some of our larger stores, lessons are given in the simple art, and many have, as a result, added that extra touch of luxury, beauty, and comfort to their homes.

Not only women are interested in this craft, but men, too, as instance the novel rug pictured here. This was designed and made by Roy Appleton—one of Newington's "old boys." He wanted something special to remind him of his college days in his study, and now this will give lifetime service and, perhaps, lifetime inspiration.

There are many patterns one can reproduce in rug or carpet making—whether your fancy be geometrical, floral, or Eastern.

The carpets are made in several ways—the long and short pile methods being the most popular. The short pile is done on canvas with an ordinary wool needle and a gauge to make the pile even. The long pile is done with a hook. Each piece of wool is hooked through the canvas, having been cut into equal lengths beforehand. Then there is the rapid rug needle, but this is not quite so restful as the other methods, as a frame is required to stretch the hessian on before beginning to work.

Cross-stitch and other flat canvas stitches may also be used for rugs, but,

of course, do not make the soft, comfortable articles that the pile ones do.

NO matter whether you are an adept or whether you have never wielded a rug hook before, the results will be equally effective in this case, for you can't go wrong.

Materials needed: Hook, gauge, scissors, 6½ lbs. of black rug wool, 1½ lbs. of white rug wool, and 1-2-3 yards of 2½ inch canvas. The rug when completed measures 26½ x 60 inches.

The Rug canvas can be obtained in various widths, ranging from 12 inches to 40 inches, and is divided by blue threads into squares, giving eight stitches each way. This simplifies counting, and the design can be more readily followed.

## Hook and Gauge Needed

THE hook, of which there are various makes on the market, is shaped very similar to a button hook, but in addition has a small latch which locks the wool in the hook, and enables the wool to be pulled more readily through the canvas threads.

The gauge is a flat piece of wood, 7½ inches long by 1½ inches wide, with a groove along one edge. The wool is wound evenly without overlapping around the gauge, until the full length is covered. A sharp pair of scissors, or knife, is then run down the groove, cutting the wool into the same lengths.

THE ABOVE chart, with diagrams and directions expertly given in the article, will make it easy for you to make this rug. The same idea is adaptable to all crests. Should you experience any difficulty, however, in designing your crest, a working chart showing each stitch in your particular design may be obtained for a small sum by writing to The Australian Women's Weekly.

The wool, which is obtained by 1, 2, 3, or 1½ lbs. lots, can be purchased in numerous shades, and a 1½, or one skein, will give approximately 600 stitches on the rug.

## Your Own Crest Designed

ALTHOUGH the crest shown is of Newington College, N.S.W., the same idea is adaptable to all crests, simply by making a copy of the badge required to the desired size, and then placing it under the canvas, and marking the lines of the badge to the nearest square on the canvas, or you can, by writing to me, obtain a working chart showing each stitch in your own particular crest for a small sum.

The colors in the design require very little thought as to their placing, as its largest body of color should be the darkest, and the lightest color the smallest.

Having worked out the design, and the colors to be used, the next thing is to start to work the pile of the rug, which consists of tufted upstanding knots worked into every ridge of the canvas. The method of making the knot is as follows:

## So Simple To Make

PUSH the hook beyond its latch under a ridge of the canvas, as in Fig. 1, and place a piece of the cut wool on the hook, being very careful to hook the wool in the centre (as the evenness of the pile depends on this). Pull the wool through as in Figure 2, the latch automatically closing and preventing it from catching in the canvas. Push the hook forward again through the loop of the wool, so that the loop falls beyond the latch, at the same time turning the hook to the right, and catching the two loose ends of the wool as in Figure 3.

Pull the two ends caught by the latch through the loop of the wool, and then give a slight tug so as to make a fairly tight knot. These knots are then worked on every ridge of the canvas, working from left to right.

When starting and finishing the work leave about two inches of canvas at each end to turn under, and always work line by line rather than put in small parts of the design, as this is apt to be confusing.

Although it is not essential to give a backing to the rug, nevertheless when the weaving is completed it is a wise precaution, especially when the rug has to be laid on an uneven surface. This backing can be of thin felt, or hessian canvas, and should be sewn on to the selvedge of the canvas with waxed shoe-makers' thread.

And now it is finished, and will last, so to speak, "For ever and a day" and we find that we have created in many pleasant leisure hours an article of unquestionable value.—E.E.G.



## PICK-ME-UP MISSING WORD COMPETITION

What are the ten most suitable words to complete the letter below? Can you supply them and win £50? Here is a simple competition that gives every competitor an equal chance. The first prize will be awarded to the competitor who, in the opinion of the judges, forwards the ten most suitable words. The rest of the prizes will be awarded in order of merit.

There are 53 Prizes—here is the Prize List:

1st PRIZE CASH £50 : 2nd PRIZE CASH £10 : 3rd PRIZE CASH £5

Also 50 Consolation Prizes, value 10/- each, being orders on the grocer to supply 10/- worth of P.M.U. Goods—FREE!

These Prizes must be won. In the event of a tie for any cash prize, the prize money will be equally divided.

## HERE IS THE LETTER:

You are ..... aware of the added enjoyment which an appetising sauce gives to your meals. In thousands of homes PICK-ME-UP SAUCE "makes all the difference" because of its ..... goodness and its mature quality. This genuine Worcestershire Sauce is made in Australia and is equal to the ..... imported sauces. May we suggest that you insist on PICK-ME-UP SAUCE being available at ..... times. Housewives will find this delicious sauce particularly helpful in the preparation of appetising dishes.

To those who ..... a sweet fruit sauce, may we recommend LANCASHIRE RELISH. This P.M.U. Product is winning favour everywhere—let your palate prove its ..... excellence.

And don't forget—P.M.U. Concentrated Soups. These carefully prepared Soups are made in ..... kitchens from selected fresh vegetables and other pure ingredients. They are nourishing, savoury and satisfying. The following Soups are packed ..... the P.M.U. Brand—VEGETABLE, PEA, TOMATO, CHICKEN, MULLIGATAWNY. Always keep a few tins in the larder in case of emergency.

As a ..... word may we remind you that P.M.U. Products are quality products—you can ..... from your grocer with confidence.

## CONDITIONS OF COMPETITION

- 1.—No entrance fee is required, but competitors in V.S.W. must forward a label from a tin of Pick-Me-Up Concentrated Soup with each entry. Competitors in other States must forward a label from a bottle of Pick-Me-Up Sauce.
- 2.—All entries must be clearly and legibly written or typed in the spaces provided below, and the name and address of the sender properly filled in.
- 3.—Competitors may send in any number of entries, provided each entry is accompanied by a label as above mentioned.
- 4.—The judges of this competition will be Mr. E. Jordan, M.A., B.Sc., Headmaster of University Coaching College; Miss Beatrice Macquart, L.A.B., Teacher of Literature; Mr. H. Whitmore, M.A., Teacher of Languages, and their decision will be final.
- 5.—This competition positively closes on Saturday, September 1st, 1934, and no entries will be received after that date.
- 6.—All entries must be posted to PICK-ME-UP CONDIMENT CO. LTD., 60 ALICE STREET, NEW TOWN, SYDNEY, NEW SOUTH WALES.
- 7.—With the word "COMPETITION" on the outside of the envelope.
- 8.—List of prize winners will be announced in the Sydney "Sun" on Wednesday, September 12, 1934.

## FILL IN LIST OF WORDS HERE:—

- |          |          |           |
|----------|----------|-----------|
| 1. _____ | 4. _____ | 7. _____  |
| 2. _____ | 5. _____ | 8. _____  |
| 3. _____ | 6. _____ | 10. _____ |

NAME \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

W.V. 4.8/34



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The only wave that leaves the hair soft and glossy. Done by expert operators, therefore the best results are obtained. We have now installed in our new Salon the quickest dryers obtainable, drying the hair in half an hour.

Reversing Permanent Wave, the soft wave with ringer ends, and the Steam Oil Wave are also done in our Salon.

The very best attention is given to every client. Have your hair waved to suit you.

Phone NOW for Appointment—MA3253.

JOHN DATSIS

TRUST BUILDINGS, Cnr. King & Castlereagh Sts., Sydney.

ENTRANCE KING ST.

## STOP STAMMERING

THE MAGIC ALPHABET Will Cure You.

Write for Full Particulars to Philip O'Brien Hoare, M.B.I.M.Sc. (London), World-Famous Specialist in SPEECH AND NATURAL PSYCHOLOGY, 276 Queen Street, Brisbane, Q.

AN INFERIORITY COMPLEX

## Away With Tangles!

WHEN using two balls of wool in knitting, thread the ends through a large wooden bead, and they will not become entangled.

## Cleaning Steel

STEEL is easily cleaned if it is well rubbed with a mixture of powdered bathbrick and paraffin. Polish with an oily rag, and then with a soft duster.





### be modern AND USE THE MODERN TOOTHPASTE Rexol

Discard old-fashioned toothpaste! Rexol, the new formula is based on the most advanced principles of dental hygiene. Rexol gives you advantages of modern scientific research that cannot possibly be contained in old-fashioned formulas.

### Rexol TOOTHPASTE

PREPARED BY REXONA PROPRIETARY LIMITED

### SPECIAL OFFER! TICKETWRITING SHOWCARD ART

FASCINATING WORK FOR CAREER OR MONEY-EARNING HOBBY.

Here are FACTS: (1) Employers now demand quick modern methods we teach them. (2) You must learn the right professional methods. (3) More positions are placed in our hands than we can fill.

Inspect our classrooms, specially equipped for scientifically correct individual tuition. See our pupils' work and realize why employers seek graduates of REYMOUR LECTURING SCHOOL, State Shopping Block, Market St., 1000, Farmers'.

To introduce the school to 'The Australian Women's Weekly' readers, special concessions are offered if you bring or post in this advertisement by 8/3/34.

### WANTED TO BUY

OLD Gold, Dental Plates, etc. E. E. Smith, 113A Pitt St. (near Hunter St.).\*\*\*

### POULTRY

A BARGAIN in day-old Chicks, with a reputation of 15 years' standing. Black Orpingtons, 9/- per doz., 50/- per hundred; White Leghorns, 6/- per doz., 40/- per hundred, plus freight.

TYRELL HATCHERY,

260 Connell's Pl. Rd., Hurstville. LW3483.

## LEARN DRESSMAKING... Designing... Cutting... and Fitting

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Mme. Jeanne Trois Fontaine—  
Principal of the Paris Academy  
of Dressmaking

Mme. Jeanne Trois Fontaine's System of Instruction in dressmaking is recognized throughout the World as the simplest and most practical in existence. Many hundreds attend her school.

Now, in order that those people who cannot attend her school may still have this exceptional course, she has prepared this book. The book contains a complete course of instruction identical to that given at her school, and the knowledge that can be acquired from it will give you lasting benefit and pleasure.

Despite the constant changes of fashion, and the frequent alterations in shapes of garments, the basis of Mme. Fontaine's System and the principles that govern it, remain the same, and are applicable to all styles, whether of the past, present, or future.

"Dressmaking" will give you a full and intimate knowledge of the art of dressmaking, designing, and fitting. It will thoroughly teach you this profession—one of the few that is not overworked.

This wonderful book is available to you, on very easy terms. The full deposit now required is 10/-, on receipt of which the book will be forwarded to you carriage paid, and if desired the deposit can be made by three instalment payments of 3/- each, and the balance will be accepted at 3/6 weekly, 3/6 fortnightly, or 12/6 monthly, whichever may be convenient. CASH PRICE 50/-, TERMS PRICE 90/-, full in the coupon below, and send it now for further particulars.

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Send this coupon or a post card to Virtue Book Co., 1 Bond St., Sydney. A few copies are available for immediate delivery. Send deposit 15/- for Terms Price, or 8/- for full Cash Price.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

NOTE: Book your order now for August-September delivery.



MAKING EXPERT use of leisure hours at David Jones—women busy in the creating of lovely rugs and other things for their homes and for personal use. Rug-making is one of the most fascinating and useful pastimes. Some beautiful rugs, carpets and other articles were exhibited at David Jones' recently—the work having been done by customers under the tuition of the expert teachers who are always at everybody's service. On the previous page is given an interesting article on rug-making, with full directions and diagrams for making a college rug.

## LOUISE MACK ADVISES

on matters of everyday concern to women.

### Don't Be Too Cut and Dried

Can we be too "cut and dried," we human beings?

Alas! We can so far forgo our glorious heritage of the power to think and feel for ourselves that we can become mere echoes, voicing mechanically the sentiments of everybody else.

WE can be like the little boy who was made to write out a hundred times, "I've gone," not "I've went."

When he had finished he wrote on his slate, "Teacher, I've went home."

Yes, just as mechanical as that are many of us grown folk.

BUSINESS GIRL writes: "Can you advise me how not to seem too 'Business Girl' when away from the stores where I work? I've noticed other girls, and my fiancé, a young University man, declares that I kiss in a business-like way. He says I'm getting too cut and dried. He declares that when he says 'Don't let us go to the flickers!' I remonstrate with 'a pert, polite, pre-

cision,' as he calls it, as if I were saying to a customer, 'this ribbon is the best value.' I want to seem sweet. I want to seem nice. What do you advise? He seems rather taken with a friend of mine lately who just keeps at home."

I should imagine from her letter that "Business Girl" is both sweet and nice. The very fact that she desires to be so shows that sweetness and niceness are inherent within her, not being scoffed at by her heart nor sneered at by her brain.

But routine has a lot to answer for. Routine kills as much as it cures, in my humble opinion. And the routine of always being bright, always being acute and keen, and always being polite yet persuasive, must have an effect on a young girl's heart-life, though it might take a super-bright young man like one of our University scholars to sense that his girl is being made too cut and dried for her age and her prettiness.

In other words, too mechanical, which means not natural enough.

It must be frightful to be married to a very mechanical person if you yourself are natural and spontaneous.

In fact, I feel sure that wife was a mechanical woman in that famous story of the widower whose friends tried to persuade him to take his mother-in-law with him in the front funeral coach.

After some persuasion he yielded and said resignedly, "Verra weel, then, but it'll spoil my day!"

THAT'S the danger of being cut and dried. People want to escape from you. They want to get away into little, simple, natural, unpremeditated phrases, where the wind bloweth as it listeth, and the heart rings merry and true to the drive of the mind.

The truth is, we were never meant to be too mechanical. Look at the sea. Wave follows wave; it is not the same wave yet one causes another and transmits its form and movement. So the girls and women, the boys and men, travelling through the world cannot be the same to-day and to-morrow, and yet it is the urge and the form of the previous lives that determine the character of those that follow.

Think of mechanical children, little cut-and-dried girls and boys who didn't say those lovely, adorable, spontaneous things that are as bright and beautiful as the stars, and without which life would be so much the duller so very much the more dreary.

MY advice is to "Business Girl," be natural. Be yourself whenever you find one of those cut-and-dried fits coming on, and believe me, your brilliant young fiancé will notice the difference at once.

## DON'T ... FORGET

On August 4, at 8.15 p.m., a recital will be held in Pilling's Concert Salon in aid of Music Week funds, by the advanced students of Miss Lois Zucker. Admission 1/6. Plans open at Pilling's.

On August 4, Scott Alexander will present "Love Passes By," a Spanish comedy by Quintana and Beruano.

The Royal Art Society of New South Wales will hold a social evening on August 15, at the Galleries of the Education Department, Loftus St. On August 4 the official opening of the 34th annual exhibition, will take place.

A musicale to aid the funds of the N.E.W. Institution for the Deaf and Dumb and Blind Children (Darlington) will be held on Sunday night, August 5, at 8 o'clock, at Wheatleigh, Wollundry Rd., Crox's Nest. An interesting programme will be presented, arranged by Madame Phyllis Howe, and contributed to by Miss Mera, Land, Miss Marjorie Skill, Mrs. Helen Smith, Miss Dorey Mangan, and Mr. Lawrence Macaulay. Mrs. J. Cairns, Mayor of Wollundry, who is patroness of the musicale, will be present. Admission will be by programme and supper will be served.

The Spicers Players' Club will present "Marion" at St. James Hall, Phillip St., on August 4, 11, and 12.

The Festival of Spring, organised by the Y.W.C.A., will be held at the Y.W.C.A. Hall, 180 Liverpool St., on August 10. Lady Street will perform the opening ceremony. The festival will be open on August 11, also.

The annual ball of the Sydney University Medical Society will be held at David Jones' on August 3. Mrs. C. B. Blackburn is the president of the hall committee.

A concert in honor of Lawrence Hargrave will be held at the University in the Union Hall on August 4, at 8 p.m. Full particulars may be obtained from Doctor Mary Booth, B.W.401. Profits will be devoted to the purpose of the Anzac Festival Committee.

## EVERY LIMB "LOCKED"

### Hospital Case of Rheumatism

### Completely Relieved by Kruschen

The value of perseverance with Kruschen, in the treatment of rheumatism, is proved by this man's experience. He says:—

"I was abroad for over seven years, and when I returned I began to get rheumatism—particularly in the feet and arms. Three years ago my rheumatism got much worse, and I was eventually taken into hospital, unable to move any joint of my body. I left the hospital after two months, when I was somewhat better. I was recommended to take Kruschen Salts, and I have taken them continuously. Since then I have gradually got rid of my rheumatism, until I am now entirely free of those awful pains. I would not be without my Kruschen Salts for anything."—M. B.

No remedy can bring permanent relief from rheumatism unless it performs three separate functions. These are (a) dissolution of the needle-pointed uric acid crystals which cause the pain; (b) the expulsion of these crystals from the system; (c) prevention of a further accumulation of uric acid.

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# THE MIRROR OF SOCIETY



**MY DEAR JULIET**—  
Everyone seems to be railing about the rain, but your little Pollyanna thinks a rainy spell has its good points.

One can elect to remain weather-bound at home, and positively wallow in the luxury of idleness or, if one accepts the hospitality of hostesses undaunted by the weather, can be sure of a genial welcome by a glowing hearth and that cosy, intimate atmosphere which strengthens the bonds of friendship and leaves such glowing memories in the heart.

**GOOD** theatre-goers, of course, never worry about the rain. In fact, for them, the charm of the play is heightened by a stormy setting. To the connoisseur, the sharp contrast of the gaiety and brightness within and the turbulence without the theatre adds a special savor to the show.

Not that "Gay Divorce," which attracted a packed house to the Theatre Royal for its premiere on Saturday, needed any other sauce to add to its flavoring! It is a highly-seasoned dish, believe me, though, like the breakfast egg of the polle curate, "parts of it are excellent, Madame, thank you!"

**MADGE ELLIOTT** and Cyril Ritchard have such a big hold on our affections that, in any weather, the Sydney public would flock to see them in any show. Also, there were Gus Bluet, Frank Leighton, Madge Aubrey, and other favorites to welcome back.

**WHEREVER** Madge Elliott is, there, also, is Good Dressing. This time her frocks signalise the important change that has come over the fashion world in the shifting of the fashion centre from Paris to London. Her wardrobe contains some delightful creations of English couturiers who can now claim to be the reigning monarchs of fashion.

Particularly lovely was an evening dress she wore of shimmering sequins which caught and cascaded the light in the most marvellous manner, and took unto itself a vast stole of heavenly blue ostrich-feathers.

From her first appearance to the final curtain, when, with a huge lei of flowers round her neck and other floral tributes piled high about her, she stepped forward to make her graceful little speech of thanks to her admiring audience, she was a delight to the eye. Some of her poses in the modern stage setting of chromium and its handmaidens would have sent Phidias or any other marvellous old Greek sculptor into a trance of chagrin at the limitations of his art.

Sun suits of the ballet were a two-piece dream. If such as they gate-crash through the Vigantes of the beach regulations of this year of grace, you can anticipate a brassiere-and-briefer-shorts surfing season.

**THE** audience dressed up to the occasion, but there were few new notes. Enthusiasm for the theatre is one thing, but with the cautious sex it rarely runs to the rashness of risking a new gown. Fur coats there were in abundance, and very lovely, too, but mostly old favorites, nevertheless, and so not wildly exciting.

An exception, however, was Lady Kingsford Smith, who occupied a box with Sir Charles. Her lovely ermine coat was the last word in luscious wraps, and I suspect it was one of the purchases she made abroad. The charming chalk-white frock she wore with it was worthy of the furry aristocracy it accompanied.

**ANOTHER** conspicuously lovely wrap was worn by Miss Cressida Jackson, who was in Lady Kingsford Smith's party. It was of metal lame, and in its cut showed the Chinese influence which sways the mode of to-day.

Mrs. T. H. Kelly and her daughter, Mrs. John McPhillamy, of Bathurst, Mrs. A. C. Goddard, Mrs. Eva Wunderlich, Miss Elizabeth Knox (who was accompanied by her fiancé, Mr. Julian Simpson), Mrs. Oliver Osborne, Mrs. Lionel McPadden, Mrs. Byron Wrigley, and Mrs. Dick Allen were among the well-known people present.

**THIS** Saturday, at a pre-wedding tea at the Carlton for Mary McSweeney, who is shortly to marry Mr. Charles Brewer, so well known in musical circles, one of the guests, Mrs. E. Dugham, will entertain the party with one of her humorous monologues. Last Thursday, Cinesound phoned Mrs. Ingham at 4 p.m. to ask her to do this monologue for "Strike Me Lucky" and at 4:15 she was in the studio doing it. She loved the experience, for while her husband is a very serious lawyer, she delights in making people laugh.

**MOST** of us never knew we lived almost within coo-coo of strange, romantic lands till cruises came into vogue, and now what a crush the girls all have on cruising!

One of the recent converts to the joys of the Noumea trip is Myrtle Chisholm, of Strathfield. If Myrtle had her way, she'd book again next week, I think, and she is doing her best to persuade her friends to take the trip.

**BARBARA** Clift, who came to town to be a bridesmaid to her cousin, Elizabeth Friend, is the guest of Mrs. Basil Capper, of Pymble.

**MRS. W. S. LUCEY** and her daughter, Winifred Ann, have returned from Melbourne. Their next visit, before returning to their home in the States, will be to the station of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Crane, at Scone.

**BECAUSE** of the rain, the official opening of the Glenmore Country Club was postponed indefinitely from last Saturday. Mrs. Don Bradman and Mr. Houston (Don) Dalrymple Hay, president of the club, who were to have made the opening strokes, played a match, nevertheless, and came third.

**ALTHOUGH** she is nearly always one of the most prominent of hostesses for picnic races, and other country festivities, Mrs. W. Fitzgerald, of Riverina, Grafton, came to Sydney before the Grafton races, and only returned this Tuesday. She left her 21-year-old daughter in charge, and stayed at Randwick with her brother, Dr. Kenny. Mrs. Fitzgerald has just added a ball-room to her home, as well as renovating some of the rest of the house, and spent much of her holiday buying furnishings.



**MRS. GERALD HOGAN**, wife of Major Hogan, Crown Law Officer, and member of the Legislative Council of Australia's Mandated Territory of New Guinea. Mrs. Hogan is returning to Rabaul after a holiday spent with her sister, Mrs. H. W. Thompson, of The Firs, Dundas.

**WITH** fires blazing in the reception rooms, cheerful modern paintings on the walls, the gift of the artist's harp repeated in the gilt chairs of the audience, Doonee was a very comforting place for a musicale on Monday evening. As well as a number of professional musicians, Clare Butler and Betty Higgins, both products of the school, were outstanding.

Betty has a beautiful voice, and Clare is a most accomplished pianist, though only 16 last week, and both hope to do things professionally with their talents some day. Clare's family are very musical. Her grandmother, Mrs. Alfred Lea, used to play accompaniments for Clare's mother's songs. Miss Cherriton received her guests in a sky blue velvet frock.

Among those present were Professor and Mrs. T. G. E. Osborn, Professor and Mrs. Dakin, Professor and Mrs. A. I. Sadler, Mrs. Budger, Sadie and Elsie Budge, Mrs. Mural, Canon E. Howard Lea, Mr. and Mrs. Albert Cazaban and Norah, Max Shannon, June and Githa Conolly, Penelope and Patience Cay, and Philip Game, who had just returned to Sydney from Oudegong, with all his research work finished except for the writing, which will be published by the Royal Society.

**SOMEHOW** or other Cecily Nosworthy, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Nosworthy, of Lindfield, finds time in between studying interior decoration in London to visit places of interest. Recently she took some visiting friends who had come from Killara, to see Windsor and they all enjoyed wandering about the famous village, and seeing the Royal castle.



**AN ATTRACTIVE** study of Mrs. Charles Lloyd Jones and her children photographed in the garden of their home, Ocean St., Woollahra, just before Mrs. Lloyd Jones's departure for Adelaide, where she is at present on holiday.

—Women's Weekly photo.

**THE** fun was waxing fast at John Studdy's fifth birthday party when the young host naively called his guests to order.

"Children, stop your noise!" admonished John. "I am now going to blow out the candles!"

What with the name-cards, the gorgeous decorations, and what-nots, the party was a marvellous affair, and if John gets a similar one every year his parents, Dr. and Mrs. Stuart Studdy, are going to be hard put to it to find a novelty to mark his 21st.

Certainly, if the host and guests enjoy themselves as well as they did at last week's party it will be another red-letter day for all concerned.

**PARTIES** to farewell Gloria Terry and Marjorie Luscombe-Newman are the order of the day. Lady Fuller has issued invitations to a luncheon party in her Edgecliff flat. Dr. and Mrs. F. W. Wheatley are giving a cocktail party, and Peggy Royle a bridge party.

Beaure Bassett and Molly Brearley have arranged other "do's," and both girls went to Betty Hungerford's dance at Double Bay. Mr. and Mrs. Luscombe-Newman are giving a big farewell party in their new home at Point Piper, so Marjorie and Gloria are having a busy time between now and August 11, when they set sail on their great adventures.

**A** BRIDGE PARTY that Enid Riddle is arranging at her home in Tre-lawney St., on August 10, is among the very many functions in aid of the coming War of the Roses, which will be held during the Royal visit in aid of the Blind Institution, also to help this charity, there was a performance last week of "The Laughing Lady," at Bryant's Playhouse. Suzanne White, who is marking time with amateur theatricals since her parents', Mr. and Mrs. Victor White, planned journey to the East, has been again postponed, acted with especial talent.

By the way, I hear that Nora Cazaban, who used to act with such success, has decided to give up working for a stage career.

## In the.... Bachelors' Gallery

**IAN** McMaster, only son of Sir Frederick McMaster, of Dalkeith, Cassilis, one of our wealthiest squatter knights. Tall, broad-shouldered, athletic. Chief hobby, tennis. "Old" boy of Cranbrook. Known to his many friends as "Boy." Future Mrs. Ian McMaster, if any, will be chatelaine of shoe home-stead, hostess to all the notabilities of the land, and almost certainly to visiting Royalty.

**MRS. WALLACE** ARNOTT, who was on a visit to her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Waldron, in America, was held up by the strike. She succeeded in getting a berth on the Makura, however, so is expected home shortly.

Mrs. Spencer Brunton also visited the Waldrons while in America recently. Mrs. Waldron is Mrs. Brunton's niece. Mrs. Brunton, I am delighted to say, is making steady progress towards good health after her trying illness.

**BARRISTER** MRS. SYBIL MORRISON, who recently inherited a fortune, isn't worrying about briefs. At present she is a golfing enthusiast. She has just returned from the Mountains, where she golfed most of the time, and is now settling down to master the Royal and Ancient game in earnest.

**ON** Wednesday, Mr. and Mrs. C. Hungerford invited about 70 young people to their home in Double Bay to celebrate daughter Betty's 21st birthday. Betty, in a new buttercup georgette frock, with satin ribbons of the same shade round its full skirt, had a brown cake with yellow candles to match.

Among those who danced were Enid and John Riddle, Alison Forbes Mackay, Louise von Tiedeman, Mollie Brearley, Gloria Terry, Marjorie and Eric Luscombe-Newman, John Brain, Wilma Bayly, Bruce Maple-Brown, Nancy and Prudence White, Humfrey Henchman, John van Birkel, Pat Walsh, Mary Mansfield, Elizabeth Conroy, Francis Graham, Leslie Kales, and Joan McIville.

*Jane Anne*

## See that You get the Original Bronchitis Cure - - HEARNE'S



For Coughs, Colds, Croup,  
Hoarseness, Sore Throats,  
Whooping Cough, Bronchitis

There is NOTHING "Just as Good" as

# HEARNE'S BRONCHITIS CURE



# Intimate Jottings

## Did You Know That—

Mrs. Crawford Robertson is the fortunate possessor of a bronze lamp which is a replica of the famous lamp in the Taj Mahal?

Mrs. Bradford makes frequent runs from Newcastle to Sydney to take a peep at her twin daughters, Lorna and Betty, who are at Doonee?

After a run of ill-health, Thea Proctor is beginning to feel like work again?

This forty-minute plane trip to Newcastle kept Chris la Glèze an enraptured passenger last week?

## Delysia's Original Party

MRS. MARELLE HARRIS has a delicious anecdote about Delysia, whom she met frequently while in London. Delysia gave a farewell party in Bristol, to which she invited a bevy of her devoted and avowed male admirers.

The hit of the evening was her song, "Every Little Lady Likes to Wander." As she finished it, she made a sweeping gesture round her circle of lovers and said, coquettishly, "This is my life's work!"

Sydney's notable hostesses are vying with each other, I hear, to secure the famous Delysia as a guest at many special parties they are planning during her visit.

## Returned from Honeymoon

WITHOUT telling any of her friends, Mrs. Dorothy Chauvel was married, very quietly, at St. Michael's, Vauchuse, and has just returned from her honeymoon. Her bridegroom is Mr. W. S. Buchanan, who has a station property at Killarney, near Narrabri.

Mrs. Buchanan, who is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. Gellatly, of Neutral Bay, is staying at Birtley Towers, Elizabeth Bay.

## Exchange Cramps the Style

IT'S all very well to read about the cheapness of frocks in Paris, but how the exchange cramps the style of the traveller! I believe that when Mrs. J. H. Hammond, of Killara, found that each beautiful Australian £1 note was worth only 9/11 in Paris she resisted the temptation to shop in a big way there.

Nevertheless, I believe, she's had a delightful trip. She is due home in September.

## Thirza Whitney's Plans

MRS. WHITNEY and Thirza left in a rush after Tim's wedding to Elizabeth Friend last week. Thirza only left herself a quarter of an hour to dress for the wedding, and arrived at the train in her bridesmaid's dress, but, if their passages had not been booked, they need not have gone until later. For Thirza, who was to have been married in Ireland in August, has now changed her wedding date until November.

Probably, they will spend much of their spare time abroad with Mrs. Raymond Laurie, who was Coralie Morgan Jones, and is a sister of Charlie Morgan Jones. The trousseau is almost complete, and Thirza is to wear her mother's wedding dress.

## A Novel Light

AFTER a wonderful holiday on Lindeman Island, Mrs. Hugh Ward, senior, is home again. With her son Mel and his wife, she spent many hours wading through mangrove swamps, exploring coral pools, dredging, deep-sea fishing, and shell-collecting.

She has brought back a wonderful great orange-colored shell, which she purposes having fitted up for electric light.

## Scientists as Stokers

PROFESSOR DAVID is among the many Sydney people who are delighted that Dr. Raymond Priestley has just been appointed to the new position of Vice-Chancellor of Melbourne University.

When Dr. Priestley returned to Sydney from the Shackleton expedition, there was a gas strike on. He and Bernard Day (in charge of the motor tractors) arrived at a friend's home for dinner, and struck "stove trouble." So they tackled the kitchen range. Professor David, coming later, and seeing his assistant geologist in the kitchen, began, "My dear Priestley"—but got no further. He was soon in the thick of it himself. If there is one thing you learn at the South Pole, it is the art of stoking!

## Garden Lovers

CRANFORD, the beautiful Edgecliff home of Mr. and Mrs. Francis Bligh, has a delightful garden, but its owners are such gardening enthusiasts that they recently purchased an adjacent block on the Eynesbury estate, and are now busily superintending an extension of the Cranford garden.

Recently Mrs. Bligh heard from her daughter, Mrs. Leonard Tetley, who has been living in Mayfair, that she and her husband have bought a new home in Wendover, Bucks, which also has a wonderful garden. The previous owner had a passion for collecting lovely trees. Mrs. W. Urquhart, who was Hope Bligh, and has been visiting her parents, has now returned to Colombo.

## In and Out of Society :: By WEP



## Period Fashion Expert

MRS. BEN EDYE, the president of the committee sponsoring the performance of "The Piper" at the Conservatorium, last week, is very well informed about period dressing. In the intervals of an otherwise busy life she spent the days before the show, scissors in hand, cutting out patterns for the children's quaint garments of many-hued woollen stuffs.

Perhaps her greatest success was with the charming attire of the two small acolytes, Janet Plowman and Estelle Symons. The little cottas of white satin, with a stencilled gold pattern stimulating embroidery, can be found in pictures of the thirteenth century.

## Love at First Sight

MR. AND MRS. W. R. CARPENTER, who returned to their beautiful home at Wellstonecraft, last week, after a tour abroad, were accompanied by their daughter, Doris, but daughter Eileen was left in London, in most romantic circumstances. On the trip to England she met George Proud, also on holiday, and it was a case of love at first sight. Eileen Carpenter became Mrs. George Proud in London, on May 24.

She and her husband are returning via America, hoping to reach Sydney before the end of the year. The exact site of their future home is not yet decided.

## Lady Hordern's Gift

EVIDENTLY the Hordern family is getting "tree-minded." Recently Mr. Anthony Hordern ordered so many plants from Fern Tree Gully, Melbourne, for his Bowral home, that they overflowed the longest station in Australia—Albury Station.

Now Lady Hordern has decided to beautify Bowral further. She has bought fifty trees, comprising ash, elm, oak, and plane trees, and given them to the Bowral Council. Bowral has always had an "English" air, and soon it will be more so—very handy if ever Cinesound wants an English village.

## Interesting Wedding

AN interesting wedding to be celebrated this week is that of Mr. Cyril Ruwald to Miss Jessie Clarke, whose late father was so widely known as "the Pearl King."

Mr. Ruwald was the architect of Miss Clarke's beautiful new home, which is about seventeen miles out of Liverpool. The house is in the Spanish style, and has a grove of hundreds of banana trees, its own miniature golf course, and a swimming bath is at present under construction. The wedding is, I believe, to be a quiet affair, and the honeymoon to be spent in Queensland.

Mr. Ruwald is a great golfer, and recently went to New Zealand to defend the championship for this State.

## Have You Noticed—

John Spencer, expert tennis player (former captain of T.A.S.) and wrestler, adding skating to his accomplishments?

Also Dr. Hertz, faithful for years to his Saturday afternoon on the ice?

Mr. F. Burnell's crush opera hat, worn in the Saville Rose manner, to parties and such?

It is getting fashionable to wear your trail of flowers at the back of the décolletage?

Alison Dent, like her sister, Mrs. Philip Wilson, affects long earrings?



# How a Modern SCULPTOR Portrays an ANGEL

Seraph in Glass to be Part of Memorial  
to Famous Astronomer of Canberra!



MISS ELEANORE LANGE, whose "Seraph of Light" aroused much interest and criticism at the recent exhibition by women artists of Australia.

TO the layman, its meaning is quite obscure and, as Miss Lange is one of the few modern sculptors in Australia, much interest centres in her interpretation of this remarkable piece. Miss Lange is a highly-trained artist who has much fine portrait work and many exquisitely modelled pieces of sculpture to her credit.

"Form in modern sculpture is not representative of the forms of nature, but represents abstract thoughts," she said, when interviewed by The Australian Women's Weekly.

"I work from a model when studying anatomy and practising technique, but I never employ a model to create a work of art."

"To me, the objection that finished works need explanation is less than nothing. It is only by repeated explanation that Art has become understood even as it is. If a man ignorant of the mythologies were confronted with the Sistine 'Creation,' or the Archibald Fountain, he would not have the faintest idea what it was all about. I remember my father coming home furious many years ago after seeing an exhibition where the shadow on snow was represented by blue. Nowadays this is the accepted thing."

"The 'Seraph of Light' is part of a memorial to an astronomer, Dr. Duffield, of Canberra. The completed memorial

ONE of the most provocative exhibits in the recent exhibition by the women artists of Australia was a piece of sculpture, "The Seraph of Light," the work of Miss Eleanore Lange.

This piece is priced at 250 guineas, and is part of a memorial to an astronomer, Dr. Duffield, of Canberra.

is an abstraction built up from the most minute and painstaking attention to nature, to the old mythologies, and to the most modern scientific theories.

"It is an attempt to create a new symbol of an angel. The medieval human figure with bird wings doesn't hold the facts of our knowledge to-day. Small boys, particularly, who have such a passion for aeroplanes, and mechanics smile at the usual angels above graves, knowing that their tiny wings could not possibly support them in flight. To make the wings large enough a huge space would have to be allowed. As a memorial to a scientist, a medieval angel would be especially wrong."

"In modern scientific theory, Light is another form of matter. Light, therefore has volume, and can be represented in stone."

"Dr. Duffield's especial work was with the color spectrum. I studied the spectrum, saw the different colors represented in its photographs, and used my imagination to give to each of the colors a certain plastic form. From the several forms of imagination I thereupon built up a figure—the 'Seraph of Light.' In the whole memorial a line runs at right angles to the Seraph with the different color forms side by side for examination."

## Eagles as Models

INSTANCING a little boy who had seen a Zeppelin in flight, but not a butterfly, and said on seeing a butterfly for the first time, "Look, a Zeppelin!" Miss Lange stated that the old prophets never called an angel a man with wings, but said, "Like a man," describing a new experience as best they could by analogy.

"Therefore," she continued, "this has human proportions, but not a human form. Human figures cannot come and go everywhere in the universe, even penetrating other forms of matter. But light can."

"Isaiah said his angel had six wings. For the 'two covering his face,' I spent hours studying eagles as they settled after a flight. I noticed they always shut one wing at a time. Therefore, on one side of the Seraph's face prisms representative of the green color markings of a spectrum photograph are arranged in a closed-in wing form, while on the other the red prisms show a comparatively open wing."

"For the 'two wings covering his feet' I studied birds such as the albatross, noticing that when they glide through the air their bodies, though the wings are unmoved, tilt so that when one wing is up the other is down. Thus the base of the Seraph shows the prism representations arranged on one side up, on the other down. On top of the head is a sun with rays, because Milton describes Lucifer as carrying the sun on his head."

"The face is merely indicated in its particulars, but, as the prophet says, 'his face was shining like brass,' the yellow spectrum form runs strongly through the face."

"Behind the Seraph in the memorial plan is an exact representation of the orbit of the earth, cut by a representation of the orbit of the sun."

Part of the price (250 guineas) asked for the "Seraph of Light" is due to its being a work of originality. But the price is high largely because it is really an experiment in glass.

Modern architecture, explains Miss Lange, works in glass and steel to a great



"THE SERAPH OF LIGHT," the provocative piece of modern sculpture photographed above, is explained by the sculptor, Miss Eleanore Lange, as an attempt to create a new symbol of an angel. It is priced at 250 guineas. —Women's Weekly photo.

extent. What, therefore, should a piece of sculpture be like to be placed in a room with glass walls?

Moreover, this piece of work is an attempt to represent the colors of the spectrum by certain forms. Even though these forms are the work of the imagination, perhaps it might be possible if the "Seraph" were made in glass that the different prisms would really each show a different color.

However this may be, the completed work in glass will undoubtedly be one of the most interesting experiments in modern sculpture as yet undertaken by an Australian.

## FAMILY NOTE Worries the Opera STARS!

English Singers for Melbourne Season  
May Bring Their Children

From MURIEL SEGAL, Our Special Representative in Europe

Well-known English singers who will take part in the forthcoming Melbourne opera season are finding it difficult to decide what to do with their children before they embark on their trip to Australia. It is a family detail that cannot be overlooked.

Among those concerned are Muriel Brunskill (Mrs. Robert Edgeworth), whose husband is also associated with the opera plans, and Walter Widdop, the Covent Garden star.

AUSTRALIANS will be familiar with Muriel Brunskill's wonderful voice, as, apart from her records, she has taken part in several Empire broadcasts.

Many compare her with Clara Butt in the distinctive timbre, the softness and hidden power, the silken texture, and yet the enormity of her contralto voice.



MURIEL BRUNSKILL

and his six-year-old brother, Desmond.

Robert Edgeworth is one of the conductors for the opera, so there will be quite a family of Edgeworth-Brunskills.

Muriel Brunskill will sing in the opening performance of "Aida" in Melbourne. She is a very beautiful woman with strange, deep-set blue eyes, rich coloring, and great charm of manner. She is sure to be very popular in Australia.

THE interest of the Widdop household is not the famous singer who rose from a Halifax mill-hand to become the Covent Garden star, nor yet the Juno-esque Mrs. Widdop who looks as though she has stepped out of a beautiful Rubens painting.

These are comparative nobodies, for there is Veronica Ann, their three-months-old daughter. And the question is, "Is Veronica Ann to go to Australia next month with her parents, or is she to stay in England?" Pauline, the eleven-year-old sister who promises to be something outstanding in the way of beauty, is to stay at boarding-school.

The Widdops are to join Florence Austral in Melbourne, and she and Walter Widdop are to sing "Tristram and Isolde" on the opening night of the Melbourne opera season.

Walter Widdop is a plump, smiling man with a disarmingly frank expression, and still retains traces of his Yorkshire accent. He is the sort of man who is sure to be as popular in Australia as he is in Europe and America. In fact he is a simple and likeable person.



WALTER WIDDOP

While waiting for this great singer in her Chinese blue and cream music-room overlooking a sunny garden, I was joined by no less a person than Patrick. Patrick is a grand-looking blonde, sturdy and very huge for his three years. He may go to Australia, too, with his parents.

**Juggling Money**

FEW men with a sense of responsibility care to leave to chance the future of those dependent upon them. Only those who have first made adequate provision in the only absolutely safe way can really afford to juggle with their resources. To do otherwise is to juggle not with money, but with flesh and blood — that of their own loved ones.

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## Things That Happen

TOLD BY  
READERS

### Lesser of Two Evils

THE amateur male voice choir had been giving its first public performance at a town some miles from Sydney, and some of the city people went to hear it. The efforts of the choir met with a poor reception until near the end, when every item was encoored.

As performers went out of the hall the leader said to the door-keeper: "They seemed to appreciate it by the encoores they gave us!"

That may be so, but I heard some of them say they only encoored because it was warmer in the hall than waiting on the station for the train.—J.S.

### Why Not?

MY brother, with three or four other young men, was baching in a small house outside a country town. It was their custom to cycle into the town every Saturday afternoon. One afternoon they set off with the exception of one, who said he would follow later. My brother forgot something and turned back. As he approached the back door, he heard a voice inside and, not wishing to intrude before he knew who the visitor was, peeped through the door, which was slightly ajar. His friend was engaged in gazing at himself in a hand mirror, and remarked: "You're not such a bad-looking chap. George, you ought to be able to get a girl."—E.A.B.

HOST Holbrook says: MANY dainty savouries can be made with Holbrook's Anchovy Paste. In 1/2 or 3oz. jars.

## For YOUNG WIVES & MOTHERS Preventive DENTISTRY

By..

Mary  
Truby King

Daughter of Sir Truby  
King, the World-famous  
Authority on Baby Wel-  
fare.

Nowadays we hear a great deal about "preventive medicine," but not so much about "preventive dentistry," which is equally as important.

IT used to be thought that decay of the first teeth was of no importance. Mothers just let them go, consoling themselves with the knowledge that a second set would soon be coming along.

Little did these mothers realise that the quick decaying of their children's second teeth and their over-crowding in the gums was the direct result of neglect of the first set.

Nor does the train of evil consequences end there. Indigestion and many serious ills are brought about by neglect of the teeth. Mothers are now being taught by dentists and doctors that neglect of either the first or second set of teeth is a mark of very bad motherhood.

These days mothers have not even the excuse, "I cannot afford dental treatment for my children," because there are school and general hospital dental clinics everywhere. Yet still we entertain a lurking idea that all that is needed for correct dental hygiene is a tooth-brush and some tooth paste.

### Brushes Not Enough

MOTHERS tend to rely too much upon the tooth-brush. It is very little use telling Jimmy to clean his teeth before he goes to bed if you give him a piece of chocolate to help put him to sleep. Neither is it any use insisting upon the brushing of the teeth on rising if breakfast consists of soft foods such as porridge and milk, with no hard foods requiring thorough mastication and active use of the jaw, tongue, gums and teeth.

I suppose there is a tooth-brush for each individual in practically every home, yet between 80 and 90 per cent. of our population have dental disorders to a greater or lesser degree. Why is this?

We must look beyond the tooth-brush for our answer. We must go right back to the expectant mother. If the expectant mother does not have the right foods while she is carrying her child, combined with plenty of daily sunshine, a daily all-over warm wash, and a sufficiency of outdoor exercise and fresh air, the teeth of her coming baby will not be made of A1 quality blood.

Baby's first teeth should really be called "blood teeth"—not "milk teeth," because they are being manufactured out of the mother's blood before baby is born. They are practically completed by the time baby is born, although they

do not begin to push through the gums for another six months or so.

THE foods which the expectant mother needs in order that her child shall have good teeth are as follow:—

Calcium, as found in milk, cheese, cereals, vegetables, eggs and fruit.

Phosphorus, as found in milk, cheese, eggs, prunes, meat, beans and wholemeal bread. Vitamin D, as found in halibut and cod liver oil. This vitamin enables the body to absorb the calcium and phosphorus from other foods which it cannot absorb in the absence of this very necessary vitamin.

Vitamin A, as found in milk and its products, spinach, and cod liver oil.

Vitamin C, found in oranges, lemons, grape-fruit, and tomatoes.

The foods listed above are just as essential for the nursing mother as for the expectant mother, because the quality of baby's second teeth depends very largely on the quality of his mother's breast-milk—the enamel crowns of the second teeth being built in the gums from the time baby is born till the third or fourth year. The most energetic building goes on during the first year, while baby is at the breast.

Not only is breast milk best for this purpose, but the active exercise of tongue, lips, mouth and jaws while suckling is the best possible preparation for sound, well-spaced sets of teeth.

The bottle-fed baby is at a distinct disadvantage, for he receives neither the perfect food intended for him nor the necessary amount of active exercise for his whole mouth and jaws.

When baby is weaned, during the toddler stage and childhood—in fact, all through life—it is important for the growth and maintenance of healthy, sound teeth that he should have a diet which is not deficient in any of the foods previously listed.

Should his diet be deficient, and should he lack sunshine and fresh air, all the tooth brushes in the world will not prevent decay.

### Regular Overhaul

PREVENTIVE dentistry is very deeply the concern of every woman. Dental conferences will have little effect on the dental health of Australia if our womenfolk are not actively interested in discovering and putting into effect the findings of such conferences.

The best way to do this is to attend your dentist at least twice yearly (preferably every three months), not only in order to have the mouth examined and the necessary attention given, but to glean as much as possible of the latest information on preventive dentistry. In order to be able to put such knowledge into practice in one's own home.

"We are too polite," a leading dentist explained to me on one such visit. "This idea of cutting up all one's food into tiny pieces with a knife and fork is all wrong. It leaves too little work for the jaws and teeth. Take up your chicken-bone and gnaw it. Dig your teeth into the skin of your apple so that your gums are stimulated. Don't peel it and cut it up into half a dozen little pieces. Do all the grinding and chewing you can."

"Take your food in as hard a form as possible—people eat too much soft food altogether. Give up eating cakes and chocolates entirely, and eat more fresh fruit and raw salads. Cheese should be in the menu every day, but how many people eat it daily? It can be given grated to children with perfect safety. I don't want you to think I advocate talking with one's mouth full," he concluded with a smile, "but don't be frightened of making the naturally healthy noises of chewing, grinding, and biting."

I pass on to you these words of wisdom. I feel them to be words of wisdom, whether you will follow them or not is another matter.

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## For the SPORTING GIRL

### A Snappy Cardigan and Smart Jumper!

Small additions make smart totals, and nothing will give you so great a return in smartness for so small an investment of time as this hand-knitted combination.

**OFF** with the cardigan and on with the play, and you'll still spell chic... then when the game is over, or the round finished, you'll slip into your matching cardigan and again be the centre of admiring glances.

**Materials required:** 7oz. Sunbeam super 3-ply fingering wool, shade No. 2116; 2 pairs needles, Nos. 9 and 11; 7 buttons.

**Measurements:** Length from top of shoulder, 21½ inches; bust, 32 inches; length of sleeve seam, 21 inches.

**Abbreviations:** K., knit; p., purl; tog., together; st.-st., stocking-stitch.

**Tension:** 6 stitches, 1 inch; 8 rows, 1 inch.

#### BACK

Using No. 11 needles cast on 102 sts. Work in rib of k. 3 p. 3 (working 1st row into back of sts.) for 3½ in. Change to No. 9 needles and work in st.-st. till work measures 13½ in. Work in rib of k. 3 p. 3, at the same time shaping armholes by casting off 5 sts. at beginning of next 2 rows. K. 2 tog. each end of next 5 rows, k. 2 tog. each end of alternate rows 5 times. Continue in ribbing without shaping until ribbing measures 7½ in. Shape shoulders by casting off 6 sts. at beginning of next 8 rows. Cast off remaining sts.

#### POCKETS (2)

Using No. 9 needles cast on 24 sts. Work in st.-st. for 3½ in. Leave on spare needle.

#### RIGHT FRONT

Using No. 11 needles cast on 57 sts. Work in rib of k. 3 p. 3 for 3½ in. Change to No. 9 needles and work in st.-st. for 1½ in. Commencing on a k. row k. 19 sts. (Put next 24 sts. on spare needle.) K. the 24 sts. from spare needle for pocket, k. 14. Continue in st.-st. until work measures 13½ in. Work in rib of k. 3 p. 3 and shape armhole by casting off 5 sts. at armhole edge. K. 2 tog. at armhole edge on next 5 rows, then alternate rows 5 times. Continue until ribbing measures 3½ in. Commencing at neck edge cast off 6 sts. Work to end of row. Decrease 1 st. at neck edge on next 6 rows, then every alternate row 8 times. Work without shaping until ribbing measures 7½ in. Shape shoulder by casting off 6 sts. at armhole edge at beginning of every 2nd row 4 times.

Work left front to correspond, working from end to beginning of every row.

#### POCKET TOPS

With No. 9 needles pick up the 24 sts. and work in rib of k. 1 p. 1 for 4 rows. Cast off.

#### SLEEVES

Using No. 11 needles cast on 54 sts. Work in rib of k. 3 p. 3 for 5 in. Change to No. 9 needles. K. 1 row increasing 1 st. (55 sts.). Work in st.-st. increasing

1 st. at each end of every 8th row until increased to 75 sts. Work in rib of k. 3 p. 3, increasing 1 st. each end of every 8th row until increased to 85 sts. Continue in ribbing, work 6 more rows, then cast off 3 sts. at beginning of every row until 19 sts. remain. Cast off.

#### NECK

Join shoulder seams. Using No. 11 needles, and with right side of work towards you, pick up and k. 110 sts. Work in rib of k. 1 p. 1 for 10 rows. Cast off loosely.

#### STRIPS FOR BUTTONS AND BUTTONHOLES

Using No. 9 needles cast on 20 sts. Work 4 rows of st.-st. Make buttonholes. Next row: K. 4. Cast off 3 sts, k. 6, cast off 3 sts, k. 4. Next row: K. 4, cast



**NEEDLES WILL** certainly fly in the knitting of this combination—cardigan and jumper. It will repay you in chic for present and future wear.

on 3 sts, k. 6, cast on 3 sts, k. 4. Work in st.-st. making 2 buttonholes every 2½ inches until work measures 20 in. and there are 14 buttonholes. Work 4 more rows. Cast off. Fold in half, having

## A DREAM of a JACKET!

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*Expert directions make the knitting of this smart and ever so useful jacket quite a simple and happy matter. Though luxurious to the eye, it costs very little outside your time.*

**THE** girl with her dreams of a lovely trousseau will want to make this; the girl who is holiday bent should certainly include this in her trunk; while the invalid and the stay-at-homes will find it equally attractive.

**Materials required:** 7 oz. Sunbeam super 3-ply fingering wool, shade No. 2104; 1 oz. Sunbeam Teasle wool, shade No. 1975; 1 pair No. 5 needles; 1 Teasle wool brush; 1½ yard ribbon.

**Measurements:** Length from top of shoulder, 21 inches; bust, 34 inches; length of sleeve seam, 51 inches.

**Abbreviations:** K., knit; p., purl; tog., together; sl., slip; m., make; p.s.a.o., pass slip stitch over; p., pink.

**Tension:** 5 st., equals 1 inch; 6 rows equals 1 inch.

#### BACK

Using pink wool cast on 72 sts, k. into back of sts, work in rib of k. 1, p. 1 for 4 inches.

Next row: \* p. 5, p. twice into next st., repeat from \* to last 6 sts, p. 6 (83 sts.)

Commence pattern: 1st row: k. 2, \* m. 1, k. 2, sl. 1, k. 2 tog., p.s.a.o., k. 2, m. 1, k. 1, repeat from \* to last st, k. 1. 2nd row: k. 3rd row: The same as 1st row of pattern. 4th row: p.

Repeat these 4 rows until work measures 14 inches. Shape armholes. Continue in pattern, cast off 4 sts. at beginning of next 2 rows, k. 2 tog. at each end of next 4 rows. Work without shaping for 6 inches, cast off 7 sts. at beginning of next 6 rows, cast off remaining sts.

buttonholes facing, and sew on to right front. Work another strip for buttons, omitting buttonholes, and sew on to left front.

#### TO MAKE UP

Press with warm iron and damp cloth. Sew seams, sew in sleeves, sew on buttons.

### The Jumper

**Materials required:** 3oz. Sunbeam super 3-ply fingering wool, shade 2116; 1 pair No. 9 needles, 4 No. 11 needles, 1 yard elastic.

**Measurements:** Length from top of shoulder, 19 inches; bust, 32 inches. **Abbreviations:** K., knit; p., purl; tog., together; st., stocking stitch; Tension, 6 sts. 1 inch, 8 rows, 1 inch.

#### BACK

Using No. 9 needles cast on 99 sts, K. 1 row into back of sts. Work 9 rows in st.-st. Using spare needle pick up, cast on sts., and with right side of work towards you, k. tog. 1 st. from each needle, thus forming a hem. Continue in st.-st. until work measures 12 inches. Work in rib of k. 3, p. 3, at same time shaping armhole by casting off 5 sts. at beginning of next 2 rows. K. 2 tog. each end of next 5 rows, k. 2 tog. each end of alternate rows 5 times. Continue without shaping until ribbing measures 7 inches. Shape shoulder and neck. 1st Row: Cast off 6 sts., work 21 sts. in ribbing, cast off 15 sts., work 27 sts. in ribbing.

Next Row: Cast off 6 sts., work 19 sts. in ribbing, k. 2 tog., turn.

3rd and alternate rows: Work in ribbing to end. 4th Row: Cast off 6 sts., work 12 sts. in ribbing, k. 2 tog., turn. 6th Row: Cast off 6 sts., work 5 sts. in ribbing, k. 2 tog., turn. 8th Row: Cast off. Join wool at neck edge and work other side to correspond.

#### FRONT

Work same as back until ribbing measures 4 inches. Shape neck as follows:—1st Row: Work 32 sts. in ribbing, leave on spare needle. Cast off 5 sts., work 32 sts. in ribbing. Continue to work in ribbing and decrease 1 st. at neck edge on next 4 rows, then every second row 4 times. Continue without decreasing until ribbing measures 7 inches. Shape shoulder by casting off 6 sts. at armhole edge at the beginning of every second row 4 times. Join wool at neck edge, and work other side to correspond.

#### TO MAKE UP

Press with warm iron and damp cloth. Sew shoulder and side seams.

#### NECK

Using 4 No. 11 needles, pick up and knit about 118 sts. Work in rib of k. 1, p. 1 for 5 rows, cast off loosely.

#### ARMHOLES

Using 4 No. 11 needles, pick up and k. 120 sts. Work in rib of k. 1, p. 1 for 5 rows, cast off loosely.



#### RIGHT FRONT.

Using p. wool, cast on 82 sts, k. into back of sts, work in rib of k. 1, p. 1 for 4 inches. Next row: \* p. 7, p. twice into next st, p. 7, repeat from \* to last 6 sts, k. 1, p. 1 3 times (87 sts.).

Commence pattern: 1st row: k. 1, p. 1 3 times, work 1st row of pattern. 2nd row: k. to last 6 sts, k. 1, p. 1 5 times. 3rd row: The same as 1st row. 4th row: p. to last 6 sts, k. 1, p. 1 3 times. Repeat these 4 rows until work measures 14 inches. Shape armhole, continue in pattern, cast off 4 sts. at armhole edge, then k. 2 tog. at armhole edge of next 4 rows, work without shaping for 4 inches, cast off 12 sts. at neck edge, k. 2 tog. at neck edge of next 11 rows. Cast off 7 sts. at armhole edge every 2nd row 3 times, still knitting 2 tog. at neck edge.

#### LEFT FRONT.

Using p. wool cast on 52 sts., k. into back of sts, work in rib of p. 1, k. 1 for 4 inches. Next row: p. 1, k. 1 3 times. \* p. 2, p. twice into next st, p. 7, repeat from \* to end. Now work to correspond with right front, working each row from end to beginning, i.e., 1st row: work 1st row to last 6 sts., p. 1, k. 1 3 times.

**SOFT PEACH** pink or sky blue, ivory, maize, or primrose—choose your favorite color and knit this cosy and most becoming dressing jacket. Accurate directions on this page are easy to follow.

#### SLEEVES.

Using p. wool cast on 106 sts, k. into back of sts, work in rib of k. 1, p. 1 for 1 inch, k. 1 row increasing 1 st. (107 sts.), work in pattern (as for back) for 4½ inches, continue in pattern, k. 2 tog. at each end of every row until there are 31 sts. cast off.

#### COLLAR.

Using brush wool (teasle) cast on 80 sts., k. into back of sts, work in st. st. for 3½ inches, cast off.

#### TO MAKE UP.

Press with warm iron and damp cloth, sew up shoulder seams, side and sleeve seams.

With teasle brush, brush up wrong side of collar. Sew cast on edge around neck, the brushed part rolling over on to right side.

Cut ribbon into 4 pieces, sew one piece on each side of front at neck and waist, tie in bows.

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# Our FASHION SERVICE and FREE Pattern



COMFY OUTDOOR COAT.

WW656—A comfy coat for outdoor wear. Roll collar extends to the side fastening. Coat is shaped below the belt, forming a small basque effect. Material for 36-inch bust, 13 yards, 54 inches wide. Other sizes, 32 to 40 inches. PAPER PATTERN, 9d.

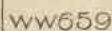
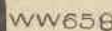
RAGLAN BLOUSE.

WW657—A blouse which introduces something different to wear with your winter costume. Raglan sleeves are shaped at the wrist, revealing the contrast, matching the vest. Material for 36-inch bust, 21 yards, 36 inches wide. Contrast, 1 yard, 36 inches wide. Other sizes, 32 to 40 inches. PAPER PATTERN, 9d.



COWL AND EPAULETS.

WW658—Here is a model suggesting wool crepe. White vest is cut with a slight cowl. Long sleeves have added epaulets, broadening the shoulders. Material for 36-inch bust, 31 yards, 36 inches wide. Contrast, 1 yard, 30 inches wide. Other sizes, 32 to 40 inches. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.



DELIGHTFUL SLEEVES.

WW659—Special attention is shown to the sleeves of this frock. They are in three pieces, with the middle section gathered at the back. Skirt has a seam over the hips and an inverted pleat back and front. Material for 36-inch bust, 41 yards, 36 inches wide. Contrast, 1 yard, 30 inches wide. Other sizes, 32 to 40 inches. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

WW660—A flattering design with contrast trimmings. New style sleeves are shaped at the armhole and furnished with a dart at the wrist. Skirt has shaped panels continuing to the side seams. Material for 36-inch bust, 4 yards, 36 inches wide. Contrast, 1 yard, 30 inches wide. Other sizes, 32 to 40 inches. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

MATRON'S MODEL.

WW658—This style will appeal to the distinguished matron. The contrast vest is novel and dressy. Piece skirt features a shaped panel back and front. Material for 36-inch bust, 31 yards, 36 inches wide. Contrast, 1 yard, 36 inches wide. Other sizes, 34 to 48 inches. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.



FOR THE SCHOOLGIRL.

WW662—The sleeve trimming is a point of interest to this frock. Skirt extends above the belt, on to which the blouse is slightly eased. Skirt features an inverted pleat back and front. Pattern for 12-14 years. Material required, 3 yards, 36 inches wide. Contrast, 1 yard, 30 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 9d.

SMART FOR TODDLERS.

WW664—Frock in lightweight woollen fabric. Front and back panels are fashioned with inverted pleats; the former provides the side fastening. Sleeves are gathered into straight, narrow cuffs. Pattern for 1 to 2 years. Material required, 1 1/2 yards, 36 inches wide. Contrast, 1 yard, 30 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 9d.

SNUG SUIT.

WW663—The man of the hour in his snug little suit. Shirt has double-breasted fastening to where the roll collar extends. Pants button on to the shirt under the belt. Pattern for 2-4 years. Material required—shirt, 1 yard, 36 inches wide; pants, 1 yard, 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 9d.

## Free Pattern

This week's free pattern suggests muretain with contrast vest and neck trimming. Plain sleeves are fitted with a dart at the wrists. Skirt fashions a panel back and front, and the side portions shaped over the hips. Pattern is cut to fit a 36-inch bust; 3 1/2 yards, 36 inches wide. Contrast 1/2 yard, 36 inches wide. Turnings must be allowed when cutting out.

## Our Pattern Service

### ... Is Popular

It is gratifying to note how popular this pattern service is with readers. Each mail brings evidence of how keenly women appreciate the smart, up-to-date and reliable patterns it makes available to them.

Not only is the demand for the patterns constantly increasing, but a great many women, in ordering new patterns, have added: "I found the last pattern excellent," or similar words of appreciation.

Women have been quick to appreciate, also, the wide range of garments featured in this service. Frocks for every type of figure, coats and blouses for every woman, and a delightful variety of garments for little people, are included in the wide range of patterns offered.

Embodying the latest fashion decrees of London and Paris, the frocks for which patterns are supplied are all up-to-the minute in style. The expert cutting of the patterns makes them reliable in every detail and easy to use.

Armed with one of these patterns any woman past the kindergarten stage in sewing can make herself a charming frock with comparative ease.



## ROBUST

because she eats with relish

Pale sickly children whose tongues are always coated and who are never really happy are suffering from stasis. That means a sluggish colon, one that is clogged with waste. Such children need a little pure Syrup of Figs. You'll see a change in twenty-four hours. In a couple of weeks your child will have the appetite of a healthy young animal.

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In return for this coupon, free patterns are available for one month from day of issue at the following addresses:

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## STORM Music

Continued from Page 5

"YOU'VE hurt your leg," I said slowly. "My handkerchief's too far gone, but this will serve as a sponge." I stooped to lay the fern by her side. "I hope it doesn't hurt very much."

"Thanks awfully," said Helena, quickly. "No, it hurt when it happened. But now it doesn't hurt any more."

I turned and made for the road, while my cousin followed behind. . . . As I reached the stretch of macadam:

"There's nothing for it," said Geoffrey. "We shall all have to sleep at Yorick, because of this wilful girl. Perhaps she'll see reason to-morrow. How the devil can she be out all night? She's all in now."

"She can't, of course," said I. "But what's that to do with us?"

"Only this," said my cousin. "That she won't sleep at Yorick unless we do. Her very words."

Although I made no answer, I there and then determined that, now that Pharaoh was gone, nothing—not even violence—should bring me within those walls. Yorick for me was a graveyard. The thought of its hospitality seemed to tear something inside me—some vital that had no feeling an hour ago.

We strolled the road in silence, from time to time turning about.

After a while my cousin pushed back his hat.

"As a child," he said, "I never liked blind man's buff. And when it was mixed blind man's buff—boys and girls. I mean—I liked it less. That dislike I have never lost. . . . He put his hands to his head. "I'd give a Hell of a lot to know where Pharaoh is."

I LOOKED at him sharply. The last few words he had spoken half to himself, but his tone was the tone of a man who is worried to death. Because I was fond of Geoffrey, the instinct to share his trouble lifted his head, and in that moment my apathy fell away.

Pharaoh? Yes, where was Pharaoh? And what would Pharaoh do?

As I asked myself these questions my newly awakened interest leapt into life, my darkness was suddenly lightened and I saw that here to my hand was the very distraction I needed to drive my disquiet away. The location and destruction of Pharaoh and Pharaoh's men.

No longer mutinous, my thoughts fell upon the conception, tooth and nail. They gorged themselves upon it, like so many beasts. Action—violent, revengeful action was the antidote nonpareil to the poison which I had drunk. And I was free to take action.

Yorick and its treasure be damned—I had my own quarrel with Pharaoh. Ten days ago he had murdered a fellow man. I had sworn to bring him to justice, and so I would. More—a hundred times more. My duty to Helena was over. The yoke that had cumbered my efforts was off my neck. I had no doubt at all that Pharaoh meant to attack.

The position was formidable for Yorick was up in arms. But what were its walls and sentries, when more than a million sovereigns were lying within? And since finesse had failed, Pharaoh was going to do what Pharaoh had done before. He was going to commit burglary. Once within the castle, a gang of four such men could have its own way. What were footmen, and grooms and porters? Only troops could cope with the violence which these felons were ready to offer to gain their ends. Three or four writhing servants, and the Countess must open her cellar and bid them take what they would. Who knew better than Pharaoh that ruthlessness pays?

I remembered that Helena had told me that when she went to Salzburg she carried a thousand sovereigns. That these were contained in two boxes. That each of these weighed nine pounds. Allowing for the weight of the boxes I reckoned that the Rolls could carry at least fifty thousand sovereigns in canvas bags. And fifty thousand sovereigns would mean seventy thousand pounds.

The calculation bore fruit. Before I had finished my sum I knew where Pharaoh would be. And that was as close to the castle as he could bring the Rolls.

A moment's reflection assured me that Pharaoh would make no use of the entrance drive. That was too dangerous. From what Helena had told me, I knew that no tracks led from it and that nowhere could a car leave it because of the well-kept ditches on either side. But the Rolls must be berthed out of sight until her moment arrived.

I was ready to wager a fortune that the Rolls was now standing in Starlight—the lovely copse less than two

miles from Yorick, the copse whose branches leaned over the grey high-road. A blind track straggled into Starlight—a curling, grass-grown ribbon that lost itself and its meaning in less than a hundred yards. I knew, I had used it myself. There the Rolls had rested while Helena and I sat side by side in silence, waiting in vain for the drone of the enemy's car. And now she was there again. And where the Rolls was there Pharaoh. Her way was his line of advance, and his line of retreat. The thing stood out. In the woods between Starlight and Yorick—somewhere there Pharaoh would be.

I began to wonder how Pharaoh would enter the castle. If Rush could reach a postern . . . But how could they cross the bridge?

Here, with a shock of dismay, I remembered that I was unarmed. For a moment my hopes seemed dust. Then I saw that this was a matter in which I must use my wits. My cousin would arm me, if I could show him good cause. This should not be difficult. I was so simple a fool that he could never doubt my good faith. I began to think how to deceive him. "This home-coming stunt," I said. "Won't Pharaoh be there to receive us—at the mouth of the entrance drive?"

"As like as not," said my cousin. "The only thing is that unless he heard or saw Lady Helena leave the castle, he'll never imagine that either of you is outside. So he won't be ready. But we'll have to go by all out. All the same, I'm damned uneasy. I can sympathise with detectives who are answerable for the safety of Royalty. And I know very well what they'd do. They'd take her straight to Salzburg and put a guard on her room." He gave his head to the air. "I'm tempted to go by Plumage; but, to tell you the truth, I'm afraid to get out of the car. If we meet the fellow on foot, we're damned well done. Will you go with her in her car?"

"No," said I. "I won't. I'll follow with Barley behind."

"All right," said Geoffrey, "all right. But Barley's the better shot, so you'd better drive."

I thought before replying. "Incidentally," I said, "I haven't a pistol to fire—or any sort of weapon, for the matter of that."

"You won't need one, if you are driving."

"I'd rather have something," said I. "I've been caught bending once through being unarmed."

"Perhaps you're right," said Geoffrey. He put his hand to his side and unfurled a hunting knife. "Knives seem to be your portion, but, except my pistol, I haven't anything else."

THE blade was sheathed, and I slid the knife into my pocket without a word.

"And allow me to add," said my cousin, "that I am immensely relieved to see you showing some signs of taking thought for yourself. I take off my hat to valor—but to valor, plus discretion. I go on my knees."

I suppose my heart should have smote me. Instead, I fear it was leaping—to see how well the fool was playing the knave.

And at that moment we heard the drone of a car.

Two minutes later Barley drew up beside us in a snooter of dust.

"O.K.?" said Geoffrey shortly.

"Every time, sir," said Barley. "I couldn't have gone more easy if you'd been there. The old fathers, they wasn't half pleased. His lordship come to his senses as we was gettin' him out, but I don't think he cared what happened—his head was too bad. An' when he saw the monks an' the gate-way, I think he thought he was dead. Anyway, he shut his eyes tight and started in on Latin for all he was worth. I gave them your note and I showed them the punctured wound. I'd made it with my trousers buckle, same as you said. That was good enough for them. Four of them carried him off, an' two of the others rushed off to heat the irons. I only hope they don't take his leg off, that's all."

My cousin strove to steady his voice. "Hush," he said. "Her ladyship knows quite enough."

I turned then to see Helena approaching.

"All's well," said Geoffrey. "Your brother is safely bestowed, if not in Abraham's bosom, at least in the arms of the Church. And now shall we be going? I don't want to get in too early, but, if we can find a nice inn, I think we'd all be the better for breaking bread, don't you?"

Helena nodded.

"I'll sit with Barley," she said. "I've got to try and show him the way to my car."

Please turn to Page 30



# THE BODY BEAUTIFUL

## ON THAT Desirable Road to LOVELINESS!

### Some Problems that Beset Your Path

**I**F every woman would concentrate upon making the most of herself—keeping these three things in the foreground: cleanliness, perfect grooming, and a charming manner—well, there's no saying how easy the road to loveliness would become for her. In this article I am going to travel along the road a little way with you and help, perhaps, in the solving of problems that may beset your path.

By  
Evelyn

**P**ERHAPS your skin is a little greasy, and you are worried. Now, oatmeal will help to dry it up. Tie up a tablespoon of oatmeal in a muslin bag and shake it in a basin of warm water. This bag can be used several times.

Wash your face with a mild soap and warm water at night, and rinse with water only in the morning.

Many are worried because their eyelashes are short and scanty.

Unless you have some serious eyelid trouble here is a simple and inexpensive

way to make them grow long and dark: Mix one part of castor oil with two parts of vaseline, warm it, and brush on every night and morning with an eyelash brush.

Be careful to keep the brush scrupulously clean.

Girls with pale eyelashes and eyebrows would, too, find this home-made remedy excellent for darkening them.

Perhaps, again, you have been ill and your cheeks are sunken. You are wondering—apart, of course, from the building-up by nourishing food—how you can make them plump.

What you need is a good, thick emollient skin food.

After you have washed your face with a mild soap and luke warm water every night, you should spread the skin food over the whole of your face and pat in for five minutes.

Sometimes an otherwise attractive figure is spoiled by a fat neck with little creases here and there to add ten years to your appearance.

This exercise would do wonders for that neck—that is, if you carried it out consistently.

Drop your chin until it rests on your chest, clasp your hands behind your head, and raise your head against the pressure of your hands. Do this twenty times.

Another remedy is the circling motion—turning the head in a circle—but this has been described before in these columns.

On the other hand, you may be conscious of prominent neck-bones—especially disturbing when you wear evening dress.

But they, too, can be improved if you massage them with olive oil every evening and do the following exercise night and morning.

Stand erect with heels two inches apart, shoulders well back, and, lifting your elbows, press very lightly your thumb and fingers together.

Then press them firmly together until you feel the muscles in your upper chest. Relax, and repeat the firm pressing.

You have heard many say of late, "My hair is coming out in handfuls!"

Now, should yours be inclined that way, is dry, and not at all its old lustreous self, give your scalp a five-minute's massage every morning, and an egg and Castile soap shampoo every ten days.

The massage is done as follows: The fingers of the right hand are placed low down at the back of the neck and rotated first to the right and then to the left, ten times.

Move up until the hair line is reached, and then use the fingers of both hands,



"I DO NOT believe in too many eye-lotions for the eyes," says Gwyneth Lloyd, the Gaumont-British junior star. "To keep them clear and bright in spite of working under the strong arc-lights, I bathe them night and morning in clear water and give them an eye-bath once a week in a mild solution of boracic crystals and water."

rotating the scalp first to the right and then to the left until the entire scalp has been massaged in this way.

After a few days the scalp will feel quite loose and easily movable. Next, a few minutes' brushing with a soft-bristled brush to bring back its gloss.

The shampoo is made as follows: Shave up three ounces of Castile soap, place in a saucepan with a pint of water,

and melt over a slow fire. Allow to cool. Give the hair two or three lathers of this, and rinse off thoroughly with several rinsing waters.

Then take the yolk of one fresh egg and mix well into a cupful of water.

Rub this well into the hair, washing off afterwards with several rinsing waters. The shampoo also tends to brighten the hair.

#### Weekly Diet Hint

**I**NEXPENSIVE yet nutritious school lunches for children are the following: Creamed beef on toast, milk dates; baked beans and a roll with butter, cocoa and ice cream; macaroni with tomato sauce, bread and butter, jelly, sandwich, and cocoa; vegetable soup, cream cheese, sandwich, and raisins; fish, lettuce, rice pudding, and milk.

## WHAT MY PATIENTS ASK ME

**PATIENT:** I have a relative who has been affected by increasing deafness for the past year or more. She lived in the country, far away from a doctor. As she suffered no pain, and was already middle-aged, she considered the affliction was a more or less common one to a woman of her years, and she did not go to the expense of visiting the city to consult a doctor. Recently, however, she had to make the trip for business reasons, and saw a doctor at the same time. I am told that her deafness was caused by wax in the ear. Would this be possible?

**YES,** deafness may be caused by wax.

The hearing apparatus is a very remarkable affair, as is, indeed, every other organ of the body.

When we contemplate the wonderful workings of the human organism in all its complexity, ramifications, and inter-correlations, we are certain to gain respect for ourselves, and, in turn, to increase our watchfulness over our health and well-being.

Too often are we careless, for instance, about the care of our ears. The daily removal of accumulated wax in the external ear should be a simple matter. Yet it is astonishing how many cases of deafness are due to neglect of this kind.

Often the accumulated wax becomes, after months and years, as hard as a stone, and special instruments are required to remove it.

The auditory or hearing apparatus consists of the external ear, the middle ear, the internal ear, and the auditory nerve.

The external ear is made up of a flap of skin and cartilage which we see on the outside of the head. Leading from the outside to the so-called drum-membrane of the ear is the auditory canal. The auditory canal is somewhat curved, and is higher in the middle than at its ends. Its lining is not sensitive towards the outer half, but is very sensitive along the inner half.

Slightly inwards are found certain

sweat-glands which secrete a kind of pasty, yellow substance, the wax referred to above. It is held by some that this wax has an odor offensive to insects, thus preventing them from intruding into the ear.

The middle ear—also called the tympanum—is a small, irregular and flat

#### EXERCISE FOR BEAUTY



**THIS WEEK'S** exercise will make your figure supple and graceful. Stand to attention before an open window in the morning when you first get up, breathing deeply and strongly so that the fresh air fills your lungs. Then "lunge" as illustrated, with the left foot forward, and the right leg stiffened, and with arms stiffly behind your back. Return to your original position, and "lunge" again, this time with the other foot forward.

#### BY A DOCTOR



cavity, situated in bone. It is separated from the auditory canal by the drum-membrane. It is likewise separated from the internal ear by a bony wall in which there are two small openings or windows also covered with membrane. One is called the oval window and the other the round window.

**THE** cavity of the middle ear is so small that it could readily be filled with five or six drops of water.

A canal or tube connects the middle ear with the back of the mouth. This is the Eustachian tube. It is through this tube that infections in the mouth may spread to the middle ear and from the middle ear to the little caverns of bone, the mastoid cells, in the temporal bone, producing the familiar mastoid diseases.

Across the drum-membrane, on the inside, are three tiny movable bones, called the "malleus" (because it looks like a hammer), the "incus" (because it resembles an anvil), and the "stapes" (which is like a stirrup).

The malleus is firmly attached to the drum and the stapes to the oval window behind. In between is the incus. Every time sound waves strike the drum-membrane these tiny bones are set in motion and transmit the sound to the oval window leading to the internal ear.

In the internal ear is the end of the auditory nerve, which receives the sound impulses and records them as such in the brain. In the internal ear are also the so-called semi-circular canals. These have to do with our sense of equilibrium, or knowing whether we are standing upright or not.

This brief outline of the hearing mechanism may impress you sufficiently to make you realise that the organ of hearing is not one to be neglected or trifled with.

## For Winter creamy custard on Gingerbread

Custard Gingerbread is a delightful dish to serve in winter when prepared with Foster Clark's Creamy Custard—but try it yourself. ... Here it is.

#### Ingredients:

1 egg, 1 cup castor sugar, 1 cup treacle, 1 teaspoon ground ginger, 1 cup rye-flour, 1 teaspoon ground cinnamon, 3 tablespoons butter or margarine, 12 cups flour, 2 cups milk, 1 teaspoon baking powder, 1 pinch salt, 1 pt. Foster Clark's Creamy Custard.

Beat butter and sugar to a cream. Stir in beaten egg, then a little flour sifted with salt, soda and spices. Heat the milk with the treacle and syrup till lukewarm and stir into the mixture with the flour alternately. Bake in shallow but buttered tin 1 to 1 1/2 hour. Cut into squares and serve on a hot dish masked with Foster Clark's Custard Sauce.



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by  
**VINCENT'S**

TAKE a Genuine Vincent's A.P.C. Powder or Tablet at night with a hot lemon drink, then every six hours if necessary. Used successfully in influenza epidemics. 12 for 1/6, 24 for 2/6.

All Chemists and Stores or direct from Vincent Chemical Co., Sydney.

**VINCENT'S**  
APC  
POWDERS  
AND  
TABLETS

FOR SAFETY'S SAKE, SAY "VINCENT'S"

## For the HOUSEWIFE'S NOTEBOOK

### Renewing Shirts

WHEN shirts require a new neckband cut large fronts of similar material and put the front piece in when repairing. Shirts wear out next to the collar, and this reinforcement will give a new lease of life to the shirt under repair.

### Baths Re-enamelled

WHEN re-enamelling a bath, stand the tin in a basin of hot water. You will then find that the enamel can be applied more quickly and evenly and it will have a brighter surface.

### Washleather Gloves

WHEN washleather gloves get stiff and impossible to get on, fold them up for a while in a damp cloth, and they will get quite soft and pliable.

### Ironing Sleeve Seams

SLEEVE seams in thick material can be pressed by placing a rolling-pin inside the sleeve and ironing on to this. Pressure is then possible on the actual seam without leaving a mark on the opposite side of the sleeve.

### Cleaning Rubber Rollers

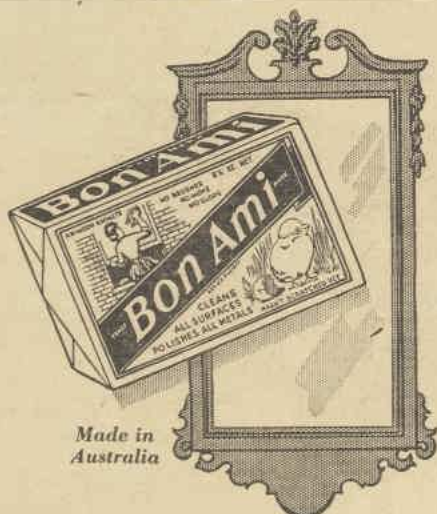
WHEN the rubber rollers on the mangle or wringing-machine get soiled, rub them with pumice-stone very gently. This will bring them up most beautifully.

### Bran for Covers

FILL a bag with bran and immerse it in the water in which you are to wash cretonne or loose covers. This will give them just a slight stiffness and keep them fresh and uncrushed.

### For Cretonne Covers

BEFORE using piping cord for loose covers, boil the cord. You will find that this will prevent shrinkage when cretonne covers are washed, and avoids that homespun appearance.



Made in  
Australia

## MIRRORS are worth taking care of...why risk ruining them?

Many cleansers will sooner or later scratch and dull the lustrous surface of a mirror? But there is one cleanser you need have no concern about. That cleanser is Bon Ami. Bon Ami is smooth and scratchless. It cleans mirrors quickly, easily and safely... gives them a beautiful high polish... but doesn't injure or wear away their beautiful surfaces. To protect your mirrors, clean them only with Bon Ami.

**BON AMI**

in either Powder  
or Cake form

"Hasn't Scratched Yet"



## STORM Music

Continued from Page 28

TEN minutes later we sighted a good-looking coupe, tucked under a rock that looked like a leaning pulpit, by the side of a fall.

As Barley slowed down—"And now," said Helena. "May I come with you?" said my cousin. "I'd like you to drive if you will."

"Very well. But Barley must lead. I don't know the way."

This was not at all to my liking, but happily Geoffrey stepped in.

"Barley shall lead," he said, "till we've eaten and drunk. After that, I'd like to go first. Please do as I say."

Helena hesitated. Then—"All right," she said abruptly, and left the car.

Her manner made me uneasy. There seemed no doubt that she wanted to have me in view. But all that Geoffrey could see was that, if we were to pass Pharaoh, the car that was leading was more likely to pass him unscathed.

After some fourteen miles we stopped at a wayside inn. The fare was rough and all the appointments most rude, but I think we were all four thankful to break our fast. Though they did not know it, I was a good deal more thankful than anyone else: the others would find plenty at Yorick, but Heaven only knew when and where I should eat again.

No more was said of the order the cars should take, and when our meal was over the coupe was under way before I had taken my seat.

Quick as a flash—

"You'll have to drive, Barley," I said. "You haven't heard, but Dewdrop struck me last night. I think he's found a muscle or something. I'm stiff as hell."

"Very good, sir," said Barley, and took the wheel.

A mile or two later:

"Where's your pistol?" I said. "I don't anticipate trouble, but now that you're driving, I'd better have it in case. I suppose you can guess who's got mine."

As Barley surrendered the weapon: "Her ladyship did tell me something. Fancy Dewdrop stabbin' you, though. They have got a nerve, those swine. I'd like to be behind him with a knife. Sit down? He wouldn't have no call to sit down, nor anything else. Five foot of clay'd be all he'd 'ave any use for."

I let him breathe out his threatenings and gave my mind to the problem I had to solve.

I WAS now well armed; but rack my brains as I would, I could think of no way in which I could give Barley the slip.

The position was this. I wished to alight as close as I could to Yorick, yet not at the castle gate. Some spot in the entrance drive would have suited my purpose well. It had been arranged, however, that the last three miles should be covered as fast as over they could. Unless, therefore, I left the car before we approached the mouth of the entrance drive, I should have to wait until we had crossed the drawbridge, and that would be the end of my effort, for I should be seen retreating and Geoffrey and Barley would follow and spoil my game. I could make some excuse to alight a moment before we entered the danger zone, but in view of what had happened that morning, Barley would never go on until I re-entered the car, and the others would notice our absence and then the fat would be burnt.

It looked as though I should have to enter the castle and leave by some window or other as Pharaoh had done. But then there was always the drawbridge, flooded with light...

I felt a sudden fury at being used as a child. Even Barley would not take my orders. And the moment we gained the castle, the porters no doubt would be told that I was not to go forth. Here was pretty treatment for the man whom the Countess Helena of Yorick had elected to honor. I perceived that I had escaped an ignominious exit. I had been allotted the role of Lord Gonsort—a favored gentleman-in-waiting, the basin of the fountain of honor, very strictly preserved. Happening to glance at the mirror—the car was closed—I noticed the great Alsatian crouched on the hinder seat. It occurred to me that the dog was there to watch me. The excuse had been that there was not room in the coupe—which was absurd. The coupe would have held four. My decision to cheat this surveillance hardened into a stony and vicious resolve.

One thing was in my favor—dusk had come in. And since Helena was not hastening, night would have fallen by the time we came to the drive. So my cousin had ordered, for though I think we all knew that the risk of encountering Pharaoh was very slight, it was Helena's presence that hoisted the flag of peril and made it essential that we should omit no endeavor to keep her person safe.

Again, it would have been worse to

have been in the leading car. The net might have been drawn rather tighter—but that was all. My chances seemed desperately thin.

At last, a mile from the entrance drive, the tail-light bore to the right and the coupe slowed down and stopped by the side of the way.

At once we did the same—and, somehow or other, I felt that my chance had come.

"I'll see what they want," I said, and slipped out of the car.

As I came to the door of the coupe: "Look here, my son," said Geoffrey. "Lady Helena wants you to lead."

My eyes were burning, and I lowered my gaze to the road. "I don't think it really matters, and so I have given way. From now on put down your foot and don't take it up again till you're over the bridge."

"Whatever happens," said Helena.

"Is that an order?" I said.

"You gave it that name," said Geoffrey. "But we're going to do the same."

"All right," I said. "I don't care."

I made my way back to Barley and opened my door.

"I've got to leave you," I said. "They want me to ride with them. You're to go first now and to drive like hell. Don't lift your foot till you get to the castle gate. You'll be keeping them back as it is, for the coupe's the faster car."

"Very good, sir," said Barley. I slammed the door and stood back and he let in his clutch.

As the car leapt forward, I fell on my face in the road.

I watched him pass the coupe—and, a moment later, the coupe drew into his wake.

In a savage triumph I watched its tail-light diminish. Then the road bent round to the left and it flicked out of sight.

MY six-mile walk to Starlight did me a world of good. It seemed to limber my muscles and steady my wits; the darkness secured me, the cool night air refreshed me, the silence rested my mind. Though I wasted no time, I did not hasten unduly, for, for one thing, it seemed as well to conserve my strength and, for another, I wanted to use my ears. As luck would have it, a quilt of cloud had risen to mask the moon, so I walked in the midst of the road with nothing to fear.

My sole concern was Sabre.

I was sure that no car would come back—when convicts escape, they cannot be rounded up with the prison van. I was equally sure that my cousin would never permit the Countess to take part in any search; but if he and Barley came out with Sabre in leash, and if they set the dog free at the mouth of the entrance drive—well, once that day he had found me on far more difficult ground; and that with no scent to help him. Besides, my way led past the mouth of the entrance drive.

The place seemed destined to be the very covert of Fear.

A furlong before I reached it I was careful to leave the road and to make my way through the woods for the next half-mile.

I believe it was that that saved me, for, as I shall presently show, half an hour later Geoffrey and Barley and Sabre in fact came down to that sinister three-way spot.

Be that as it may, for my six miles I had the world to myself and by the time they were past, my senses were tuned to what is called concert pitch, but that night I could see, though my eyes were aching, I could separate all the scents with which the country was stuffed. Not the slightest sound could escape my vigilant ears, and as I stepped out of the roadway and into the track I heard the Alsatian coming a minute before he arrived.

For a moment my heart stood still, and then I saw that if Helena was not with them I ought to be able to charm him from his duty to Geoffrey into a service he knew.

He found me seated a little way up the track.

In a flash I had him by the collar and had flung an arm round his neck.

"Sabre," I breathed, "Sabre, don't let me down. Stay with me, Sabre. I'll be so glad to have you. I'm on a good thing, Sabre. And you can help me, old fellow, to pull it off."

And other nonsense I whispered, in my frenzy to cheat pursuit.

The great dog nosed my temples, moving his tail. For a moment he seemed uncertain, turning his head to look back the way he had come. Then he lay down by my side and rested his head on my thigh.

I made much of him, naturally. Sabre had crossed the floor.

So we stayed for five minutes. Then, with my hand on his collar, I got to my feet.

Please turn to Page 34

## INDIGESTION



**DEWITT'S**  
ANTACID  
POWDER  
Guaranteed for  
DIGESTION  
Heartburn,  
Acid Stomach,  
Stomach, etc.  
2/6  
Gives  
Instant  
Relief

**NEW-PRINCIPLE REMEDY  
RELIEVES SOUR STOMACH  
AT ONCE**

Be warned of after mealtime pains, flatulence or heartburn—Nature's signal of serious danger. Proof positive is available to tell sufferers from the misery of neglected indigestion that they can, with this wonderful, entirely new-principle remedy, start on the road back to health. And how glorious it is to eat what you like, as much as you like, knowing that after mealtime pains will worry you no more.

Here are a few from a host of letters every indigestion sufferer should read.

**Doctor Astonished.**  
Your powder acted like a charm on my nervous dyspepsia. My Doctor says he is astonished with my wonderful improvement.—No. 74.

**Acid Stomach Relieved.**  
The first dose of your Antacid Powder relieved the acid and burning. I can now sleep at night. I am very glad I tried De Witt's Antacid Powder.—No. 81.

**Gastric Ulcers.**  
Some years ago, I had an operation for gastric ulcers, but soon after was as bad as ever. I suffered from agonising wind and night. De Witt's Antacid Powder freed me from awful pain, for which I am grateful.—No. 127.

**An Absolutely Different New  
Remedy for Weak Digestions**

The specially chosen ingredients of this quick-action remedy are three-fold.

Firstly, the special colloidal-kaolin content soothes and strengthens the digestive organs. The ultra fineness of the quality of this kaolin ensures the absorption of poisonous bacteria in the bowels, without hindering the working of these organs in any way.

Secondly, an important ingredient actually helps to digest your food, thereby taking an enormous strain from the weakened stomach and enabling you to get the full nourishment from your food.

Thirdly, this remedy builds up within the body an alkaline resistance so that acidity, that leads to burning, gripping pains and ulceration, is neutralised to free you from such pain and danger as gastritis, colitis or chronic bowel weakness. Don't suffer indigestion misery longer. Go to your chemist now. Ask for and see you get—

**DEWITT'S**  
ANTACID POWDER

For INDIGESTION. Price 2/6

Sold in handsome canisters containing average month's supply. Be sure you get the genuine remedy, prepared by the well-known house "De Witt's," which has supplied medicinal remedies to the public for 50 years.



# THE GIRL in the BOAT

Continued from Page 8

"SHE had the most wonderful brown eyes, and hair of a sort of dead gold. I just stood and stared at her, forgetting manners and the place and everything. What sweeping lashes she had! I was wondering how they curled up like that giving her eyes that starry look, when she said, chidingly:

"Mr. Westropp! Hadn't you better go back and look for Fred? He might get smashed up on the rocks, and then we'd be murderers!" And she ran lightly up the steps. I raced after her.

"You can't go like this! Without even telling me your name!" She stopped then and looked up at me.

"You'll probably find me again if you want to."

"Want to!" I cried, and she smiled at my vehemence, and then there came an unwelcome interruption. A man with a linen dustcoat flying out behind him came rushing at us from the end of the pier.

"You! You!" he yelled at me. "What have you done with my boat?" I was in no mood to be interrupted, and in such a manner. It seemed as though I were being shouted at all the night! I would like to have told him what I thought of him for barging in like that, but, considering the company, I could only say that I didn't know what the devil he was talking about. I hadn't seen his boat. He put his hand down the steps and peered at the Cleada. I followed and glared at him.

"That's not her," he informed me, disgustedly. "Somebody's stolen her. Just then."

"Good-bye!" floated down to me, and the girl was hurrying off, running. I began to run up the steps. The chap made after me, however, and grabbed me by the arm so suddenly that he nearly upset me.

"What's she clearing off for?" he shouted in my ear. "It looks damn funny to me! Did she take my boat?" And then light began to dawn on me. It was his boat that she had taken! I peered along the wharf, but she was already out of sight, so, cursing my fate, I faced the fellow and heard his story. He had left his craft all ready primed up about an hour ago. Forgetting something, he had gone home, and when he returned the boat was gone.

"I SAW it all now, and I told him that it was out in the harbor drifting towards the rocks probably. At that he nearly went stark, raving mad, so, taking pity on him, I bundled him into the Cleada and set off. As we went I gave Mr. Sam Smithers, for that was his name, a modified version of the affair, keeping all blame from the girl."

Jerry, who had been listening attentively, chuckled at this.

"You would, boy! You would! Go on! I'm all ears!"

"We rushed along, and when we got near the spot where we had left Fred I began to cruise around. Of course, I didn't expect to find him right there, but going by the drift of the current I thought we might find him in the cove nearby. But there was never a sign of him! Mr. Smithers began to be extremely agitated, and for a moment or two I shared his anxiety, thinking that perhaps disaster had overtaken him.

"But I soon came to the conclusion that he had managed to fix the engine. You don't easily get rid of obnoxious creatures like Fred! So I told Mr. Smithers we had better get back to the bay, as Fred might be there by now. He was only too glad for a chance to get at him, and I felt obliged to help

him to make amends for Peg taking his old boat. I had small love for him, though, considering how I had lost her through him barging in! We got back to the bay, but there was no sign of Fred. I left Smithers having what appeared to be a mild attack of apoplexy."

"What happened to Fred? Was he drowned?" Ken shook his head.

"Not so far as I know," I searched the papers somewhat fearfully the next morning, but there was no boating tragedy in the news, nor was his disappearance reported. He probably put in somewhere else. I don't think you could drown him!"

Ken stood up, revealing himself to be a tall young fellow of athletic build, and leaned on the mantel.

"Jerry, I haven't been able to get that girl out of my mind since! I must find her. I must!" Jerry sat up and knocked his pipe out on the corner of the chair.

"So bad as all that?" he queried, looking at his friend's troubled face.

"So bad as all that! The real thing this time, Jerry! You needn't laugh, you old scuffer!" But Jerry's expression was quite serious. For a moment a far-away look appeared in his eyes.

"I'm not laughing, old boy! These things do happen that way sometimes. You'll probably find her some day, but if you want to find her quick, advertise!" Ken made a gesture of scorn.

"She's not the sort of girl to go reading the 'Personal'! That's no go, Jerry!" Jerry refilled his pipe from the jar.

"Well," he said slowly, "there's always the chance, you know. And, besides, Ken, old fellow, how do you know she isn't married to that ray of sunshine—Fred?" Ken turned a despairing look on him.

"Don't say that," he warned. "Don't say it!"

He could not help feeling that his cause was rather a lost one, although Jerry, with his accustomed vigor, promised to do his utmost. But, as he said, Ken's description was of little use. In spite of his protestations he insisted that a girl with a wart on her nose, or a bite out of her face, would be far more interesting, though, he added, Ken wasn't likely to pick on that sort. As Ken took up his hat and turned to go, Jerry asked him what the firm was doing about the American trip.

"Ramsay's going. It's his job, anyway," Jerry regarded him keenly.

"But weren't you hoping . . . ?" Ken shook his head vigorously.

"No!" he almost shouted. "I don't want to leave here. Nothing would make me!" And Jerry smiled to himself as the front door banged on his visitor.

Two nights later Jerry was reading and smoking as usual when a breathless, agitated figure burst in on him. Jerry McIntyre had the careless but comfortable habit of leaving his front door wide to visitors. It was Ken Westropp, and he certainly seemed upset!

"That's torn it!" he cried moodily as he flung himself into one of Jerry's deep armchairs. "I'm dished!" Jerry smiled a little at his friend's splendidly careless use of metaphor, but he quickly assumed a look of gravity as he felt Ken's gaze upon him. He waited.

"They're sending me off to the U.S.!" Jerry sat up at this.

"About those contracts?" Ken nodded gloomily.

"There's nobody else to send but me. Old Ramsay should go, but his wife has just been taken seriously ill and is to be operated on, so there's nobody

else, and I can't let the firm down."

Jerry regarded him sympathetically.

"When do you sail?"

"That's the devil of it! Tuesday!"

"Where! And this is Friday!" Ken looked the picture of misery.

"Jerry! How can I find her? I've been down to the bay each night. If I had time I'd find her, but now!" Jerry nodded sympathetically as he removed his pipe and gazed affectionately at it.

"You'll have to advertise, old boy! There's nothing for it." Slightly cheered by Jerry's prognostication of success, Ken left him.

MONDAY morning found him up early, eager and anxious. But when at last his mail was delivered he sat staring at the letters fearful of opening them. Remembering Jerry's hopeful outlook, he took courage. He had appealed to the "brown-eyed girl named Peg," who had been down at the bay on that Thursday night to write at once—urgent to the owner of the Cleada. Jerry thought some friend who might know of her escape would draw her attention to the advertisement, even if she missed it. He opened the letters. A circular several business letters, then a leaflet from a detective agency, a catalogue of jewellery, principally wedding and engagement rings. And yes! Two letters signed by "Peg." He dismissed the first summarily. This was palpably not from the brown-eyed girl. Disappointment was again upon him. The other letter was guarded in its wording. It might be from her, and yet—the writer had given a "phone number, so he could soon find out. A cool, clipped sort of voice answered him. After a query he elicited the information that this was the writer of the note. Obviously not his divinity. He slammed down the receiver in disgust.

"It's all over!" he told himself

gloomily. "Before I get back she'll be engaged to that Fred or some other blighter, and I'll never, never see her again."

The telephone rang. It was Jerry, full of expectancy. Ken's dejected tone spoke volumes. Jerry, however, was not downcast. He was following up a trail, he informed his friend, with an air of mystery. If Ken would drop round to the office he would take him along and then he would see what he would see. With a new glimmer of hope, Ken seized his hat and dashed out.

Jerry informed him that a girl answering to Ken's description had sat opposite to him in the tram the previous evening. He had alighted at her corner, which was only the stopping before Ken's, and trailed her to a big block of flats.

"I got into the lift and saw which she stopped at, but, as she was eyeing me a bit by then I didn't like to get out and follow her, but there are only three flats to a floor so we'll easily locate her." Ken caught a little of Jerry's enthusiasm. It was hard not to be hopeful for this big, buoyant fellow simply radiated optimism. The caretaker proved helpful. When Jerry explained to him that he was looking for a young lady with dark eyes and golden hair, he couldn't just remember her name, but she lived on the third floor, he told them immediately that they wanted Miss Nadine Westcott, the actress.

"Of course," beamed Jerry, as he rewarded the man, while Ken spluttered—

"She's not," felt his toes heavily trodden on, and found himself propelled along by Jerry's strong hand. In the elevator Jerry turned on him and growled:

"You nearly dished it, you son of a gun! What'll that fellow think we're after, I'd like to know!"

HONY Balthazar says: A nice dainty delicacy—not buttered toast, then served a little of Balthazar's Anchovy Paste.\*\*\*



## Do You Know . . .

That the word "stocking" comes to us from "stock," which was formerly used as a covering for the legs and feet, combining breeches or "upper stocks" and stockings or "nether stocks." The use of stockings originated in the cold countries of northern Europe, the earliest being made of skins.

"But she isn't an actress!" said Ken furiously, out of his anguish, for he could not bear to think of his divinity facing the footlights with battalions of foolish young men adoring her.

"You don't know what she is!" admonished Jerry, as the lift stopped. "You don't even know that she isn't married to Fred!" With this he took the initiative and descended on the door of the flat.

"Yes, Miss Westcott was at home!" announced the smart maid. "Would they come in, and what names, please?" Jerry twisted his collar and began to look all hot and bothered at this demand, and Ken, surveying the ornately furnished living-room with grim eyes, answered for him.

Please turn to Page 32



And the opening chapter of a new life has begun. He desires, above all things, to make her home life happy, to make her home duties interesting and attractive, and his mind naturally turns to all sorts of labor-saving appliances and comfort-promoting conveniences. But not every new hope is realised and not every new ambition is achieved, and many a young married woman has found that, whilst every other room in her home is comfortably equipped, the laundry lacks even the first essentials for convenience and comfort. In other words, it has no gas copper.

Under its laundry modernisation scheme the Gas Company will demolish an old fuel copper and instal a spick and span gas copper—fitted with a handy draw-off tap—for 10/- deposit and 5/- a month.

Hundreds of women have brought their laundries up-to-date and added years to their lives by taking advantage of this unique scheme, and every young married woman who takes a pride in herself and in her home, and does not want to be tied to the wash-tub at least one day a week, should tell her husband about this wonderful offer.

Write or phone for illustrated literature, or ask us to send an expert to give you free advice.

At your service always

THE AUSTRALIAN GAS LIGHT COMPANY

Show and Demonstration Rooms

First and Barlow Streets (near Central Station)

Phone 24-2000

GAS COSTS LESS THAN A HALFPENNY A UNIT

## Our Weekly Crossword



- ACROSS
1. Praise
  2. Morning prayer
  3. Wrath
  4. Hinge
  5. Limitless period
  6. Self
  7. Rev
  8. North Hebrides
  9. Apart
  10. All sorted ( slang )
  11. Bulwark of R. American tree
  12. Small islands
  13. Vain, self-centred person
  14. Two-toed cloth
  15. Fish
  16. Compass point
  17. Rustle
  18. Pronoun
  19. Low haunt
  20. Compass point
  21. Girl's name
  22. A prophes
  23. Broody organ
  24. Kind of hero
  25. Dash

- DOWN
1. Osmorenes
  2. Metal
  3. Elze
  4. Dregs
  5. Humor
  6. Indefinite article
  7. A drink
  8. Small matches
  9. Exclamation
  10. Guitar ( medieval )
  11. Putrefaction
  12. Predict
  13. Used in schools
  14. Meadow
  15. Suffix meaning "like"
  16. Improper
  17. Born
  18. "G" (Rom.)
  19. Guide
  20. One
  21. Strides with feet
  22. Pertaining to nerves ( mod. )
  23. Refuse
  24. The (Fr.)
  25. Part of the verb "to be"

ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLE  
DOWN—Quaint, at, cow, kneed, atter, cause, raise, str, M.S., sample, rear, maid, eye, surface, ion, table, space, dry, old, former, also, job, van, idle, sapely, alone, and, some, all, got, at, at.  
ACROSS—Quack, orange, hand, axle, as, way, ave, M.S., ion, down, leg, bags, hor, soft, truck, cynde, brittle, folly, devil, also, act, race, rib, ahead, nip, see, ana, leg, se, old, some, radis, nobody.





## Growing time is Benger time

Doctors advise a cupful of Benger's Food for children who are overgrowing or backward. Benger's is extra nourishment. Serve it at lunch time and bed time.

**BENGER'S Food**  
for INFANTS,  
INVALIDS and the AGED

PRICES: No. 1, 8/-; No. 2, 5/6.  
In City and Suburbs.

The booklet of Benger's Food is a medically approved little work of special interest to those who have the care of growing children. Please write for a copy post free—Benger's Food, Ltd., 550, George Street, Sydney.

Manufactured at MANCHESTER, England.

## MAKE YOUR OWN COUGH REMEDY AND SAVE MONEY

Money cannot buy anything better for quickly banishing coughs and influenza than the famous money-saving family remedy so easily made by adding, in your own home, a two shilling bottle of concentrated Heenzo to sweetened water. By doing this you have a family supply equal to eight ordinary sized bottles of the usual ready made up cough mixtures. You will be amazed at the speedy way Heenzo remedies soothe sore throats and even the worst attacks of coughing, colds, croup, bronchitis and influenza. Heenzo is absolutely pure, and is equally good for even the youngest babies, as well as adults. Wise folks always keep a bottle of Heenzo in the home for use at the first sign of chest and throat ailments, remembering that the quicker you start to treat chest and throat ailments the quicker the cure\*\*\*

## COLDS VANISH OVERNIGHT!!

Use Tiger Salve freely, rub it on chest, back and throat at bedtime. The penetrative powers of Tiger Salve will banish colds overnight. It never fails.

All Chemists and Stores 2/- per tin 4 & 5

## ANAEMIA MADE HER NERVY

"Night after night I would walk the floor, because I could not sleep," states Miss I.C., of Killingworth, N.S.W. "I was suffering from a nervous breakdown, caused by anaemia and life was misery. I had no appetite, was breathless, and got palpitation on the slightest exertion. I lived in an atmosphere of nerve-strain. I tried different kinds of medicine, which seemed to have no effect. Then one day I read about Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and thought I would try them. After taking the second bottle I began to sleep and enjoy my food, and that feeling of nervousness and weariness disappeared. Persevering with the pills for a month I made wonderful progress, and now feel splendid. I really have the greatest praise for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and recommend them to all nerve sufferers."

The rich, red blood that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills always help to create is just what your starved nerves and anemic system wants. Take these pills to-day, and feel how quickly strong nerves, good appetite, and glowing vitality returns. At chemists and stores, 3/- bottle. Say "Dr. Williams"—and take no other\*\*\*

**PICTURES Worth Framing**  
Reproductions on art paper of illustrations appearing on the FRONT PAGE of THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY may be had from this office for 2/-

"BUT I don't think Miss Westcott would know our names," he added truthfully. His heart was beating a wild tattoo as he stood in the middle of the floor staring at the door. Could it be, would it be? He wanted that door to open, and yet—if he were disappointed again! But surely she was not an actress. She was not Nadine Westcott. But he wanted her. He wanted her, whatever she was. He must find her.

The door opened. A tall, slight figure entered. Jerry jumped to his feet. She advanced coolly toward them. Ken's startled gaze was upon her.

"Well, gentlemen!" she cooed, in a rich contralto voice. "To what do I owe this pleasure?" Ken turned away and his disappointed gaze met Jerry's.

This was not the girl, it plainly said. Jerry was in a quandary. Evidently Ken expected him to find a way out of this.

He edged towards the door, whither Ken had already repaired.

"I—I—it's a mistake!" he murmured feverishly. "A—another Miss Westcott!"

"Really!" said the lady, elevating her plucked eyebrows and casting an incredulous look at him from brilliant blue eyes. "But surely not another Nadine Westcott?"

"Oh, no! No!" cried Jerry quickly, summoning all his savoir faire. "There could not be another." He bowed deeply to her, and Ken saluted gravely, and they were outside, breathing more freely.

"May I take your order?" A girl, in a gold and black uniform, was standing beside them, a girl. But at the sound of that voice Ken was on his feet, staring amazedly into wonderful brown eyes with sweeping lashes.

"You!" The girl, looking up at him, seemed equally startled.

"Oh!" she cried. "Oh!" Ken seized her by the shoulders.

"Where have you been?" he demanded rather sternly, and Jerry watched them with rare delight. So this was the girl. They had found her after all. She was a peach. And he, Jerry had led him to her. But they were oblivious to his presence; oblivious to all the world outside.

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# The GIRL in the BOAT

Continued from Page 31

been coming back from the bay recently by a different route. Jerry was peering anxiously in.

"I think it's one of those rather 'posh' places," he said with an awed air. "You know, the sort those Bright Young Things start—and, say, there's a girl with golden hair, and—"

"Oh, come off!" interrupted Ken, roughly. He was in no mood for banter now. He turned away, but Jerry took him firmly by the arm.

"A cup of coffee will do you worlds of good," he declared, "and who knows—"

"Oh, all right," agreed Ken, suffering himself to be led inside. "One would think to hear you, that coffee was the only drink, and that pubs were out of fashion." But Jerry did not answer; he was on his best behaviour. The very much "It" young woman at the desk was eyeing him appraisingly. He nudged his friend.

"I told you," he murmured; "it is one of those places!"

Ken could not help being amused at Jerry's impressed air, but, as they sank into chairs at a gay little yellow table gloom again enveloped him.

"May I take your order?" A girl, in a gold and black uniform, was standing beside them, a girl. But at the sound of that voice Ken was on his feet, staring amazedly into wonderful brown eyes with sweeping lashes.

"You!" The girl, looking up at him, seemed equally startled.

"Oh!" she cried. "Oh!" Ken seized her by the shoulders.

"Where have you been?" he demanded rather sternly, and Jerry watched them with rare delight. So this was the girl. They had found her after all. She was a peach. And he, Jerry had led him to her. But they were oblivious to his presence; oblivious to all the world outside.

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"And to think I've only found you now!" She looked alarmed.

"W HAT'S the matter? You see"—she took a piece of pasteboard out of her pocket (it was his card that he had given her). "I thought you would find me, if you wanted to, sooner or later, as I was so near to you. I wanted to start this place. That's what the row was that night with uncle and aunt. I felt so mad because they wanted to interfere with my plans that I rushed down to the bay, and dashed off in that boat. It was silly, of course." She stopped and looked up at him anxiously. He was looking at her so gloomily.

"What is it? What's the matter?" Jerry barged in now.

"You don't happen to be married to Fred, do you?" The charming mouth quirked into a smile.

"Married to Fred? Oh, no! He's just my interfering cousin! Uncle and aunt—I live with them, you know; my parents are dead—sent him after me. They had ideas about him, and he seemed to think I belonged to him, but I didn't think so, ever." And with that she dismissed Fred and turned to Ken, who was standing now staring at her with worshipful, devouring gaze.

"I've got to go away!" he informed her lugubriously. "to-morrow to America!"

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# MARMALADE Magic!

Not only citrus fruits make their bow in these recipes, but pineapples, apricots, rhubarb, and carrots, too!



WHAT IS breakfast without its pot of marmalade? It is quite an easy matter for you to make your own if you follow the helpful advice and well-tested recipes given on this page.

THIS is the season for marmalades, and the housewife feels her day is well spent when she views her pantry shelf, with its jars of marmalade, golden in color, clear and sparkling, with deep golden strips of peel in orange or lemon... firm enough to hold its shape, yet quivering gently when shaken, and the flavor that of fresh fruit from sunny orchards.

WHEN the citrus trees are producing their second crop is the time to make marmalades or jams, as the fruit then contains more pectin combined with acid to enable the liquid to "jell" satisfactorily.

The rules for success are:—  
An enamelled lined or aluminium preserving pan. (I prefer the former.) A long, wooden spoon for stirring. A quick boil will result in a light-colored marmalade. A slow boil will be darker. Allow marmalade to stand a few minutes before pouring into warmed jars. The shreds will then be distributed more evenly throughout the jars. Fruit-slicers and peel-shredders can be purchased for 1/- or so and thus save time and labor. Store in a dry, airy cupboard.

## GOLDEN SHOWER MARMALADE

Two lemons, 5 pints water, 6lb. sugar, 2 Seville oranges.  
Peel the oranges and lemons with a knife. Shred peel finely, put into a bowl, cover with 3 pints water, allow to stand overnight. Cut pulp into small pieces, put into separate bowl, and cover with 3 pints water. Also stand overnight. Next day boil pulp until tender, strain into the preserving pan. Add the shredded peel and water, boil until peel is tender. Add sugar, again boil until it jells. Bottle and cover.

## GRAPEFRUIT MARMALADE

Two and a half pounds grapefruit, 5lb. sugar, 8 pints water.  
Weigh fruit before cutting. Peel

grapefruit, carefully avoiding pith. Cut peel into fine shreds. Stand aside. Now remove pith, cut it roughly, put into a saucepan with 5 pints water, and simmer gently for an hour and a half. Strain, measure. You should have 4 pints. When cold, add grapefruit pulp and shredded rind. Allow to stand overnight. Next day boil until shreds are tender. Add sugar. Boil rapidly for three-quarters to one hour. When it jells, bottle and cover.

## SWEET ORANGE MARMALADE

Eight or 9 oranges, 7lb. sugar, egg spoon salt, 3 quarts water, 1 1/2lb. lemons, 3 pints water.  
Wash 8 or 9 sweet ripe oranges, peel thinly to remove rind, which is then cut into strips. Remove pith of the oranges,

and cut pulp into slices, weigh pulp and shredded rind. See that you have 2lb. in all. Put into a preserving pan with the salt and water, cook gently until rind is soft. Add sugar. After it has dissolved boil for 10 minutes, then add three pints of lemon water and boil for 2 1/2 to 3 hours. Bottle and store. This marmalade will not be firm when bottled, but sets in a few days.

Lemon water is made by cooking 1 1/2 thin sliced and seeded lemons with 3 pints water until fruit is soft. Strain. (Do not boil.)

## LEMON MARMALADE

Two pounds lemons, 4 quarts water, pinch salt, sugar.  
Wash lemons, cut into thin slices and put into a preserving pan (taking care to remove seeds) with 4 quarts water, and boil until water is reduced to half. Thinly cut rind from another lemon, cut into shreds, put into a saucepan with pinch salt, and 1 pint water, boil until shreds are soft. Strain lemons through muslin and to each pint of liquor add 1lb. sugar. Put into clean preserving pan, add the soft shreds. If you want a pale shade of jelly, boil up quickly until it sets when tested. If a darker shade is desired, a slow cooking is preferable. Allow to cool a little before bottling. Keep in a cool, dark place.

## BEST RECIPES

If you have a favorite recipe that you think would help fellow readers, and might win you a prize, just write it down and send it in to us.

We are offering four prizes every week—£1 for the first, and three consolation prizes of 2/6.

Here are the prize-winners for this week:

### STEAK STUFFED WITH APPLES

One and a half pounds underest steak, 2 sliced cooking apples, breadcrumbs, 2oz. butter, 3 teaspoons brown sugar.  
Mix apples, sugar, pepper, and salt with a

little butter, make a pocket in steak and fill with apples, etc. Melt 2oz. butter, rub well into steak, cover with breadcrumbs, put in small baking-dish, cover with greaseproof paper. Cook in a moderate oven for an hour and a half. Take paper off, and cook until brown. It has a lovely gravy. Serve with sliced carrots fried in butter, mashed potatoes, and green peas. This makes a lovely dinner.

First Prize of £1 to Mrs. W. S. Bates, 55 Stanley St., Black Rock, Vic.

### CROUTADES OF BRAIN

Like the required number of well-greased petty-tins with a plain paste, prick the bottoms, line with paper, fill with rice, and bake until crisp. Remove paper and rice, turn out into a moderate oven for an hour and a half. Take paper off, and cook until brown. It has a lovely gravy. Serve with sliced carrots fried in butter, mashed potatoes, and green peas. This makes a lovely dinner.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. F. Gould, 168 Ocean St., Edgecliff, N.S.W.

### CRAYFISH CURRY

One crayfish shredded, 1 cup breadcrumbs, 1/2 pint milk, 2oz. butter, rind of 1/2 lemon grated, cayenne to taste, 1 tablespoon curry powder.  
Put crumbs, butter, milk, and lemon into a saucepan, let all slowly boil, and the curry and cayenne, and lastly the crayfish. Serve very hot in a border of rice. This may be made overnight and heated the next day. If the curry powder bites too much, squeeze in a little lemon juice.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. W. Trosser, 142 Irish Harp Rd., Trusport, S.A.

### DELICIOUS PUDDING

Cream 1 cup of sugar and 3 tablespoonful of butter, and beaten yolks of 3 eggs, then 2 tablespoonful of plain flour, 1 cup of milk, juice and rind of 1 lemon. Just before putting into buttered pudding add the stiffly-beaten whites and bake three-quarters of an hour until a light brown. A light cake mixture comes to the top, and lemon cheese settles at the bottom. Serve with cream or custard.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. H. J. Bellair, Garlick St., Murgon, Qld.

H. O. H. Holbrook says: I mature my Worcester Sauce until it acquires a full, rich, mellow flavor.

By  
**Margaret Shepherd**  
Instructor to Leading Hospitals.

## PINEAPPLE AND GRAPEFRUIT MARMALADE

One pineapple, 1 grapefruit, 1 lemon.  
Cut lemon and grapefruit into quarters, slice thinly, pare and shred pineapple. Measure fruit, put into a basin with 3 pints water to every pint of fruit pulp. Cover and stand overnight. Next day boil until rind is tender—2 hours. Again stand overnight. Next day, to every pint of fruit add 1 pint sugar. Boil until syrup thickens or jells when tested on a plate. Pour into jars and seal.

## APRICOT AND PINEAPPLE MARMALADE

Half-pound dried apricots, 3lb. sugar, 1 pint cold water, pinch salt, 1 small pineapple or half large tin of pineapple.  
Soak apricots with the water overnight. Peel and cut pineapple into

OUTSIZE in oranges—they are plentiful now, too! So set to work and fill up the cupboard with delicious appetite-bringing, healthful marmalade.

dice, add to apricots and simmer slowly for one hour. Add sugar and salt. Bring to the boil, and boil until it sets. Pour into jars, cover.

## CARROT MARMALADE

Three pounds carrots, 6 lemons, 1lb. finely chopped or minced almonds, 3lb. sugar.  
Wash and scrape the young carrots. Put through mincer. Add sugar, grated rind and juice of 6 lemons. Put into a preserving pan, and cook until thick and clear—about one hour. When nearly cooked, add almonds. Bottle and cover. All these recipes have been tested by Miss Shepherd in her own kitchen.

# PROOF!

## EASY BAKE MANUFACTURERS

I made a batch of bread with your "Easy Bake," and it was really beautiful, and had a delicious flavour. For the future I intend using only "Easy Bake," as it is for superior to any other yeast I have tried. Please send me by return a 1/2lb. packet, for which I enclose one shilling and ninepence in stamps. And oblige, Yours faithfully, (Mrs.) J. S. MACQUEEN, Cowell St., Cheltenham, N.S.W.

DEAR SIR—  
Enclosed find 1/9. Please send me a 1/9 packet of "Easy Bake" compound by return post. I find it very good. I have tried hop yeast and other preparations, but they have never been a success up here in the mountains where I reside. My neighbours have tried hop yeast, and it has been a failure with them. We put it down to spring water we have to use, but your "Easy Bake" has been a success. Several people use your baking compound with good results on the Rubicon—Yours, etc., Mrs. ARCHIE PAYNE, Skinner's Old Mill, Rubicon, via Alexandra, Vic. 31/4/34.

Please send me by return mail 10/- worth of "Easy Bake" pure yeast compound, for which I enclose 10/- Postal Note—Yours truly, Mrs. ARCHIE PAYNE.

# EASY-BAKE

Pure Dehydrated Live Yeast  
BAKING COMPOUND (Reg.)  
It's Different!  
NOT A BREWERS' OR COMPRESSED YEAST

Scones, Muffins, Buns, Cake, Etc. and DELICIOUS HOME-MADE HEALTH BREAD containing the essential Vitamins "D", "C" and "B". Easily understood directions with each packet, also FREE—International Recipe Booklet.

1/- trial packet will convince.  
1/9 1/2lb. It keeps for twelve months if kept airtight. Sufficient for 60lbs. of flour.

## FREE

Prize Stock Breeders, Poultrymen, Dog Breeders, Bird Fanciers, Race-horse Owners and Turkey Breeders. With each 5/- order of Easy-Bake we will forward a secret stock fattener, bone builder, and weight increasing formulae which was acquired from the St. Louis Veterinary College, U.S.A., and not known in the Commonwealth. We will forward the names of Wholesale Druggists who will supply the ingredients. Make it up at home. A gallon costs a few shillings. You will be astounded at results. If requiring wholesale quantities order through Henry Berry and Co. Pty. Ltd., 568 Collins St., Melbourne, C.I. Otherwise order direct for single packets from

EASY BAKE MANUFACTURERS, 327 Collins St., Melb., C.I.  
Enclosed please find Postal Note for ..... packets of EASY BAKE.  
Please write in block letters, and name the State.  
Save the empty packets, we buy them back, 2/- dozen.  
NAME .....  
ADDRESS .....

## Children Need Plenty of Soup

Soup is an important Winter diet for boys and girls—it warms and nourishes, and fits them for school and play.

**Rosella SOUPS**

are the finest obtainable, 12 varieties, including Celery, Vegetable and Oxtail.

W-McP





# HOW to KEEP the 'FLU OUT of YOUR HOME with

# 'ASPRO'



## HERE is HOW it's DONE

TAKE 2 'ASPRO' TABLETS immediately the first sign of a Cold appears, and 2 Tablets every three hours afterwards until symptoms disappear; a hot lemon drink to be taken with the last dose before going to bed. It is advisable when taking 'ASPRO' for Influenza and Colds to keep the body warmly clad in order to prevent chill. These instructions have been scientifically formulated as a result of careful chemical research, and quick relief is obtained because, after ingestion in the system, 'ASPRO' is a solvent of Uric Acid—a powerful germicide—an antiseptic—is antipyretic—anti-periodic and anti-fermentative. 'ASPRO' does not harm the heart. Always have it in the home ready for an emergency. Buy a packet today.

## 'ASPRO' STOPS 'FLU IN ONE NIGHT!

64 Elswick Street,  
LEICHHARDT,  
February 26, 1934.

Dear Sirs,

I was a great sufferer from RHEUMATISM, both in the throat, arms, and legs. I was advised to try 'ASPRO', which I did, and I have greatly benefited by regular doses. I am never without them in the house.

My husband is subject to INFLUENZA, and the only medicine that does him any good is 'ASPRO'; in fact he has stopped the 'Flu' in one night by taking three 'ASPRO' Tablets with a glass of hot lemonade.

I have confidently advised many others to try 'ASPRO' for the 'Flu'. Yours faithfully,

(Sgd.) MARY ROSS.

## 'ASPRO' IN— COLDS and 'FLU OUT!

3 Euclid Avenue,  
Randwick, N.S.W.,  
March 2, 1934.

Dear Sirs,

It gives me much pleasure to send you a note of appreciation in regard to 'ASPRO' Tablets. I find them an excellent medicine and stand-by for the prevention and relief of INFLUENZA, COLDS and CHILLS.

I am happy to state that since 'ASPRO' was recommended to me I have made them a regular part of our household requirements, and it has saved us from illness and the consequent loss of time and money. In this changeable climate your Tablets have proved a great help to the whole family.

Yours faithfully,  
Sgd.) C. G. F. WELSTEAD.

## ALWAYS KEEP 'ASPRO' IN THE HOME FOR:

Headache  
Rheumatism  
Sleeplessness  
Toothache  
Sore Throat  
Neuralgia  
Hay Fever  
Feverishness  
Irritability  
Temperature

Influenza  
Earache  
Colds  
Malaria  
Sciatica  
Gout  
Lumbago  
Dengue  
Asthma  
Neuritis

ALCOHOLIC AFTER  
EFFECTS.  
'ASPRO' GIVES GREAT  
RELIEF TO WOMEN  
WHEN DEPRESSED.

Unimpaired  
at all  
3p 9p 1/3 4p

## 'ASPRO'—THE Family DOCTOR

20 Gladstone Street,  
KOGARAH, N.S.W.,  
Dear Sirs, 12/21/33

I am writing to let you know what a boon your 'ASPRO' Tablets have been and are still to my wife, child and myself.

During the time I had RHEUMATIC FEVER your 'ASPRO' reduced my temperature, thus preventing the fever from entering my head. For INFLUENZA and NERVOUS HEADACHES they always give me instant relief.

We are never without a large packet of 'ASPRO' tablets in the house, as they are the family doctor.

Yours sincerely,  
(Sgd.) WILLIAM POLGLASE.  
19/34.

# STORM Music

Continued from Page 30

I AM sure the dog knew that the business on which I was bent was serious stuff. From that time on no man could have been more sagacious, more swift to make report, more scrupulous to obey. And, well as I saw, his sight was better than mine, for he saw the Rolls before I did, and checked me by standing still. The car had been backed up the track and so stood ready to leave. No one at all was with her. Her radiator was cold.

For a moment I hesitated, wondering whether or no to make some disconnection and so disable the car. And then I decided against this. The outlook was too uncertain; before now I had wanted a car, and wanted it quick. I took my knife from its sheath and turned to the delicate business of running my quarry down.

And here for the first time I saw that Sabre alone was going to save my venture from becoming as abject a failure as ever was seen.

I had set out to prove the country which lay between the castle and where I stood. I wished to make for the meadows from which the castle rose. But already I had lost my bearings. I had only the faintest idea in which direction to move. I had never set foot on the ground which I was to search and knew no more what to expect than the man in the moon. And the night was almost dark.

As though I had told him my plight, I felt Sabre lower his head. Then he moved past the Rolls, led me up a sweet-smelling bank and presently out of the copse and into the rolling park.

"WHEN the lights go out," said Dewdrop. "That's what he said."

"That's right," said Bugle. "That's how we done that villa down in the south of France. That was a show, that was. You never see such precautions against a poor thief—house like a prison turned inside out—an' half a packet of candles between two 'undred rooms. Ally Sloper was in that with Pharaoh. I can hear him laughin' now as he opened the garden door. 'Dear brothers,' he says, 'I'm afraid there's some bandits inside. So don't you go for to cross them by showin' a light.' Just as we makes the hall-room, a flunkie comes bustin' in with a candle in each of his hands. 'All lights out,' says Pharaoh, and shoots him dead. Talk about panic... We—well helped ourselves."

"But the stuff was there," said Rush. "That's what gets me. Panic's all right, but we don't know the way to the gold." "Pharaoh's fly," said Bugle. "It ain't only the keys you can make wot can open doors."

There was a little silence. The three were sitting in the meadows, just clear of the woods—not between the castle and Starlight, but close to the entrance drive. The lights of Yorick were showing a furlong away. I was crouching directly behind them, against the trunk of a tree. Sabre, beside me, was standing still as a rock. I could, I believe, have killed two—perhaps all three. But it was Pharaoh I wanted, and Pharaoh was not there. I could not follow their reasoning. Why should the lights go out? In the ordinary way the lights were put out at midnight—perhaps before. But now the case was altered: the drawbridge had to be watched. And then this talk of panic... Had Pharaoh suborned some servant to do his will?

Rush lifted his cuff from his wrist. "Twenty past eleven," he said. "Gawd, wot a—day." "When the lights go out," said Dewdrop. "Unless, of course, he should happen to talk before."

I felt more confounded than ever. Dewdrop's final sentence did not make sense.

Rush led me back on to ground on which I could stand.

"I'd like to know where those two was takin' that—dog."

"Dogs is all right," said Bugle. "You've only got to face 'em and put out yer 'and."

"You bet," said Rush, warmly. "Besides, I don't fancy Almsbury. They aren't no better than wolves. But that ain't the point. I'd like to know wot they're up to: they haven't come back."

"We've left no trail," said Bugle. "We never got out of the car."

"We're out of it now," said Rush. "An' I don't want no more surprises—not after las' night."

Dewdrop shifted uneasily.

"It's very awkward," he said, "your lochin' that car. Pharaoh won't like that, he won't."

"Well, he'll have to lump it," said Rush. "By—, I wish he'd been there. I tell you, I never saw nothing: there weren't no scrap. We don't even know who took it. Some—performin' gorilla, if you ask me. An' wot 'arm 'ad I done the—? Pharaoh won't like it won't he? 'Ow would he like to be wiped off one of them benches on to them flags? Backwards, too. I dunno why I'm not dead. An' you talk about losing the car."

"It wasn't our fault," said Bugle, "and that's Gawd's truth."

But Dewdrop had no comfort to offer.

Like some dreadful bird of ill omen

"It's very awkward," he said.

There was another silence.

I was once again out of my depth.

That the three were waiting for Pharaoh seemed pretty clear. But where was Pharaoh now?

And what had Pharaoh been doing since seven o'clock? He had not seen Rush or Bugle, nor had he learned their news. More. While his men had the use of the Rolls, Pharaoh was using his feet. And that was not like Pharaoh.

Somewhere in the pile of the castle a new light leaped into life—a definite eye of radiance, unshaded and unconfined. For a moment it stabbed the darkness, a steady pin-prick of light. Then it broke into a series of flashes—a silent luminous stutter that no one could ever mistake.

And so my eyes were opened. Before his fellows could tell me, I knew the truth.

Pharaoh was on the ramparts, and Pharaoh was going to "talk." Pharaoh had been in the castle the livelong day. He had never left with Dewdrop. And now he was going to quench the lights of the castle, and when he had put them out he would let his accomplices in.

Dewdrop deciphered the message, word by word.

"Clothe—up—to—bridge—thland—

—by—to—enter—by—latit—nighth—

pottern—directly—lighth—fall."

The lamp flashed once more and went out.

Before I had gathered my wits, the three were afoot.

(To be continued)

# TREASURE of AKHAVA

Continued from Page 11

NOW, however, the reptiles seemed to become aware of danger to themselves. Hissing, they flowed back into the crannies whence they had poured out.

Larry, with a penknife, was fiercely rasping at the ropes that held Rita's ankles and wrists. He helped her to her feet, steadying her in his arms.

Drew padded after Lokmani.

Larry spoke jerkily. "Lord, you gave me a fright, darling."

"I've t-told you not to use that word to me."

"Darling, darling, darling!"

"Let me go."

"Not in this world!" He laughed down, shakily, into her face. "You are not fit to take care of yourself, honey."

He made her heart bump. He was not like other young men who sickened her with their worship. He was going to boss her, fight her temper, too, with his obstinacy.

Presently Drew padded fatly back to them, up the wide, shallow, stone steps. "Com'n look wot I have found, this damn fungus, found it on my way down."

It had so thrilled him he had given up the chase of Lokmani. But Lokmani would get his deserts. There were, perhaps, five minutes of life left to him.

Larry and Rita were so madly happy, they would have followed Drew without protest to watch a cat lapping milk. Drew led them to the fungus, which was growing on the stone steps, a bulgy, mottled, heliotrope thing, with a skin like a toad's, warted and ugly.

He exclaimed excitedly, his hands on his knees like pink marrows, "Damn strong, I'll only have been growing about twenty-four hours, but it's prized that slab of stone up two inches."

Larry bent right down and looked at the fungus. Suddenly he gave a cry. Then he straightened himself, grabbed hold of Rita's shoulder between wiry, hard hands. "Enough to ask someone to marry me!" he shouted. "Look! Look!"

They bent down as he had bent. The setting sun shone into the crack made under the slab of stone lifted by the fungus, a crack that would only ever be likely to appear during the monsoon, when fungus grows everywhere. The long, yellow light prodded into an underground vault. And as they peered in they saw the jewel-studded troughs, Burmah jade, and rubies, pearls from the shores of Gujarat, Golconda diamonds, Kolar gold, and the famous peacock-tail gems, ablaze with the thousand sapphires—the treasure of Akhava revealed to the world once more.

(Copyright)





**BILIOUS**

When you feel bilious—wake up every morning with a heavy head, experience discomfort after eating, broken sleep, lack of energy and want of tone, it is not hard to determine what is wrong. Suspect your liver! Stomach, Kidneys and Bowels will usually be upset also. You need the four-fold medicine BEECHAM'S PILLS.

They tone the STOMACH, stimulate LIVER and KIDNEYS, regulate BOWELS, and quickly get your whole system working smoothly again. Soon a dancing smile takes the place of frowns, eyes are bright, complexion is clear, vivacity instead of weariness tells the world you are FIT WITHIN.

**TAKE Beecham's PILLS**

for HEADACHE, BILIOUSNESS, DIZZINESS, LIVERISHNESS, STOMACH PAINS, FLATULENCE.

**I GUARANTEE YOU LUCK OR REFUND YOUR MONEY**

If you have had luck at games, low, business—you should carry a pair of Mytic Brahma. Highly Dynamic. Lustrous. These lotions are carried by occult Oriental people as a powerful charm—one to prevent bad luck, evil or misfortune and the other to attract much good-luck, love, happiness and prosperity. Packed by return mail. 4/6 pr. Enclose stamped addressed envelope. Your money refunded within 7 days of purchase if not fully satisfied. V. B. Bassett, Room 40, 3 Castlereagh St., Sydney, N.S.W.



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**ESTERIN** tablets on retiring. Then go to bed and enjoy a real night's rest. **NYAL** **ESTERIN** is really effective for sleeplessness. It contains Esterin Compound, a new sedative that acts directly on the nerve centres and brings peace to frayed nerves. The ingredients in **NYAL** **ESTERIN** are regularly prescribed by Doctors for the relief of pain. People who suffer from headaches and nerve points should always keep a tin handy. **ESTERIN** brings relief in quick time. It is perfectly harmless in any state of health, fully effective, and should be taken for headaches, nerve points, neuralgia, rheumatic points, toothaches, etc. Your chemist sells **NYAL** **ESTERIN** at 1/3 a tin of 24 tablets.

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6 WELLINGTON ST.  
NEW E.A. VICTORIA.

# The TROUBLE With You, Anne—

Continued from Page 7

THE dress Anne had been wearing the evening when her brother had introduced Danton was not a dress that the people at the stores would have recommended. It had none of the fine points that a woman recognises in an original French model, for instance, that may well be just another black dress to a man's eyes. Anne's dress was of stiffened chiffon, yellowy-pink, and it whisked off several of her twenty-nine years like the skin off a peach.

Anne, seeing the unmistakable admiration in Danton's mild brown eyes, felt for the moment that she had chosen the dress in advance, solely for him. This wasn't true, of course. She had bought the yellow chiffon a week before she had ever heard of Danton, and she had bought it for herself—in answer to some subtle potent need in her that being a successful business woman didn't fill.

It had been this secret need, rather than mere vanity, that had been flicked by her brother and sister-in-law's amused assumption that it would do her no good to "have a shot at Danton." A restless, deep-lying fear of loneliness and incompleteness that the knowledge of thirty, lurking just around the corner of another birthday, may suddenly sharpen, even in the successful business woman.

Ruthie with sharp feminine instinct, had hit upon this very point.

"You look too sweet in that!" she had said. "Nobody would dream you were twenty-nine." And then she added, in apparent inconsequence: "Tom says he believes you're going to be an old maid like your Aunt Vera."

Anything her brother Tom said, even in joke, roused a surprising emotion in Anne. Her: "I'm waiting for a man just like you, Tommy," hadn't been the light flattery that Anne herself had thought it. It was much truer than she knew.

So Tom thought she was going to be an old maid like Aunt Vera! Out-of-date phrase that; girls don't become old maids any more. They are bachelor women, with their independent incomes, their cigarettes, their busy lives. Fine fellows during the adventuring twenties and gay thirties, not bad in the vigorous forties. But there are the fifties and sixties, and so on—and alone is alone, no matter which way you spell it.

There was an odd little twist in Anne's smile at Danton. Half-flattered vanity and secret triumph, half something a little like fear.

"It's well-cooked food," Danton was saying, "but it's ordinary. You understand what I mean?"

Anne nodded gravely, trying not to feel irritated at the good-looking man across the table. Irritation was senseless, she knew. Surely her loyalty to Harley's need not make her touchy about its cuisine.

"As a matter of fact, outside the big towns where you get the French cuisine, most English food is ordinary," Danton went on. "Not bad, you know, but ordinary. You understand what I mean? Take mushrooms, for instance. Why—"

FROM under the demure Victorian dip of her hat brim, Anne continued to regard Danton with her serious little air of attention and admiration. Really, she was not listening to him at all. She was wondering why she had suggested coming to Harley's to-day. From the moment that they had come into the artificially-cooled freshness of Harley's ground floor, she had known that it was a mistake. It might so easily give away the falseness of the part she had been playing with Danton.

It had been a subtle falseness. Anne had not actually lied about anything. She had, rather, made a point of telling Danton the truth.

When he had said, amused, the first day of their meeting:

"So you're one of those girls who play at working! Who think they've simply got to have a job?"

Anne had said: "Oh, no, it isn't play with me! I have to earn my living. And I really work at my job."

"I bet you do!" Danton had answered teasingly. "I bet you put in eight hours a day being the prettiest thing in the place. But you can't tell me that takes any work for you. And, of course—playfully sarcastic—"your being there doesn't take the young men's minds off their work at all."

Anne hadn't tried to be serious any longer. Instead, she had glanced down demurely at her cream-colored swimming suit.

"Well, I don't dress like this at Harley's, you know."

Danton had roared with laughter at that. He told Ruthie that afternoon that her sister-in-law was the most delightful girl he had ever met.

"He says," Ruthie had loyally repeated to Anne, "that you've got everything—looks and style and brains."

It hadn't taken much in the way of brains for Anne to play a part with Danton, to pretend to be the kind of woman a man like Danton would like. It had amazed Anne herself to find how well she knew how.

Pretty clothes, ready though obvious jokes, easy laughter, a little high-handedness and a lot of flattery, a tantalisingly intermittent willingness to be kissed.

No, it hadn't been hard at all. Merely not being exactly herself, that was all. Ruthie had been amazed and impressed. Some of the other girls staying at the hotel had been catty to Anne, the sincerest testimony of all.

She should not have come to Harley's to-day. When Miss Hawks, a fellow buyer, had recognised her and stopped her on the way to the lift, Anne had felt like a sleep-walker suddenly awakening to find herself on some high and perilous ledge.

While Miss Hawks had been talking to her, Anne had cast occasional dubious glances at Danton. Surely he must be suspecting already the falseness of her pretty, helpless young thing pose!

But he evidently had not seen. As they walked on to the lift, he had said lightly:

"Grim old girl, isn't she? What was she giving you all that song and dance for?"

THE after-luncheon coffee was being served. Danton took his cup from Anne's slim hand, looking at her soulfully.

"How did you know I took four lumps—without asking?"

Oh, she should not have come to Harley's to-day! At the hotel no perverse imp would have prompted Anne to answer crisply:

"Simple enough. When you've seen a man eat a pound of chocolates at a sitting, it's not hard to guess he likes sweet things."

But Danton only laughed appreciatively.

"Proper little Sherlock Holmes, aren't you? I do like things sweet. That's why—"

He paused significantly. Anne knew that all she needed to do to secure her future life was to look up at Danton with a sweet, inviting seriousness.

But, somehow, she couldn't do it. The very thought made her take a deep breath. She didn't want to meet Danton's mild, brown eyes. She knew the look they would have, and she didn't want to see it.

Instead, to her horror, she heard her own voice saying:

"I can't think why Miss Hawks should have been so worried about the summer sales, to-day. The ground floor's isn't due for three weeks yet."

Danton was obviously a bit taken aback. But only for a moment.

"I was going to buy you one of those pretty things for powder and all that sort of thing on our way out," he said. "But perhaps I'd better wait three weeks and get it for one pound nineteen and eleven instead of two guineas. What do you think?"

Anne managed a smile, but she didn't answer. She had a ridiculous feeling that if she spoke her voice would be shaky.

"But I think perhaps I'll get it to-day, after all," Danton went on indulgently.

Anne said nothing.

"What shall we do this afternoon?" Danton went on. "I shall have done with my lawyer fellow in a quarter of an hour. Might as well drive right down to Ranelagh, don't you think? There's not much to do in Town on a hot afternoon. You understand what I mean?"

What was the matter with her to-day? Anne asked herself, half frightened. This sudden impulse to answer impatiently:

"Of course I understand what you mean! Why on earth shouldn't I?"

Why should she be so excited? Irritated all at once by that simple meaningless phrase? Suppose Danton did repeat it a thousand times a day. It was merely a harmless habit of speech. She doubtless had plenty just as silly habits of her own.

Anne answered lightly, making a special effort to keep her voice steady because she could feel that her hand lifting her coffee-cup was trembling. Danton looked at her curiously.

"What's up, darling?" he asked. "You're behaving so funny to-day. As though you had the pip or something."

"Am I?" So it showed! "I think it must be the weather. It is rather sultry to-day, isn't it?"

Please turn to Page 37



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# TERRY and TEDDY

## TERRIBLE TWINS



# FRED IN THE LAND OF MAGIC

THE last bell rang on the steamer Kikado, and all the relatives and friends of the passengers hastened to get off.

Fred, who was in Wunderlust's cabin, did not hear the bell, and as far as that goes, neither did Wunderlust.

"Goodness," said Wunderlust, "did I feel the boat move?"

"Yes," said Fred. "I thought I felt it move, too."

Fred and Wunderlust then raced down the alleyway and then up a stairway. Yes, sure enough the boat had started, and was now forty or fifty yards out to sea.



"Well, Fred," said Wunderlust, noticing the worried expression on his face. "You'll have to come as far as Starville now, as that is our first stopping place. And cheer up, it will be rather a nice trip for you. I know you wanted to play in the big hockey match tomorrow, but, nevertheless, Jackie Horner is rather a good player, and he will be able to take your place."

"Yes," said Fred, "that's the trouble. If I knew definitely that Jackie Horner would take my place I wouldn't mind, but knowing Jackie as I do, I'm sure he'll be missing. He'll be inside a tuck shop eating some pies instead of being on the field."

"Oh, no he won't," came a voice close by. "He's going on a trip, too."

Wunderlust and Fred then turned round, and imagine their surprise when they spied no other person than Jackie Horner coming towards them.

"Looks as if I won't be there either," he said, munching at some toast.

"What?" ejaculated Fred, "you aboard?"

"Seems like it," answered Jackie, "now, of course, Tommy Tucker will play."

"Well, if he plays," said Fred bitterly, "the game is as good as lost already."

"Good-night," said Jackie Horner, turning his back to them and walking off.

"That settles that," said Wunderlust. "They will have to fight if they want to win to-morrow."

"They certainly will," said Fred, as he followed Wunderlust back to his cabin.

THE next afternoon at 2.30 Fred tuned-in to Station ABC and waited for the man to broadcast the hockey. At 3 o'clock he started, and he soon announced that Tommy Tucker was playing. Fred groaned as he heard his name mentioned, and felt almost inclined to turn off. But at 4 o'clock Fred had changed his opinion of Tommy Tucker, for he had hit a goal. At 4.30 Tommy slipped over and hurt his leg. "He would do that," thought Fred, "chummy fellow."

At 5 o'clock Mushroom Grove was leading by 2 goals, and at 5.30 it was announced that Mushroom Grove had won the game.

Of course, Fred was full of praise for Tommy Tucker now, and as soon as he reached Starville he sent a telegram to Tommy Tucker congratulating him on his wonderful performance. Fred then returned to Mushroom Grove by the next boat, and the first person he sought as soon as he arrived there was Tommy Tucker.



INTRODUCING Ken Wynn, of Artisan, -Raymond G. Sawyer.

## Result of Painting Competition

FOR the best coloring of picture called "Home-ward Bound" in issue dated July 14, Maile Ray, Maffra St. Guyra, N.S.W. wins the first prize of 5/-.

Prize Cards for the next best are awarded to: Joan Gill-Evans, 2 Lambert Rd., Royston Park, S.A.; Fletcher Halliday, Edgins, Broth 88, Tuwong, Brisbane, Qld.; Nancy Carroll, 38 Bennett St., West Hyde, N.S.W.; Harry Meeds, 125 Church St. S.W., St. Peters, N.S.W.; Laurel Bartlett, 125 Church St., S.W., St. Peters, N.S.W.; Margaret Lance, 125 Church St., S.W., St. Peters, N.S.W.; Joan Chalmers, 39 Prince St., Sandy Bay, Hobart, Tas.; Wesley Cox, Ash Lynn, 32 Gerry Ave., North Strathfield, N.S.W.

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS

1. Blue, 2. George Washington, 3. A.K.I.O.U.
4. Westminster, 5. Shakespeare, 6. A lucky promenade at the western end of the Isle of Wight, 7. He would not give up, 8. Yes, 9. Scotland Fife (1810), 10. A halfpenny.

## Gonnie's Letter

MY Dear Pals,— This week I have decided to give you a general knowledge test. Now get your pencil and paper out and see how many of these questions you can answer:

1. What color is saffron?
  2. Who was the first President of United States?
  3. Which letters are vowels?
  4. What is the name of the nearest city to London?
  5. Who wrote "As You Like It"?
  6. What are the Needles?
  7. Why was Peter Pan different from other children?
  8. Does the King's head on coins and stamps face the same way?
  9. Which is the highest peak in England?
  10. What coin is exactly an inch in diameter?
- You will find BRAY DONNEY is a correct answers to these questions elsewhere on this page.
- A delightful letter came this week from Jean Utz, of Roma, Queensland, who wins the 5/- prize for the best letter of the week.
- Jean's letter was well written and beautifully expressed, and was a pleasure to read.
- Well, good-bye, Pals, until next week.

Cheerily,  
From your Pal,  
CONNIE.



TEACHING HER FUSSEY.

Prize Card to Vivienne Price, View St., Wollumbin, Brisbane, for this clever sketch.

## Pretending

By YVONNE HIBBARD

"Now Tommy, here's a cream-puff. And holly pop for you!"

Yes! we are having tarts for tea. And lots of ice-cream, too.

"You needn't wash your face to-day, Or even brush your hair. And you may take your pistol. And play cowboys on the stair."

"And if your trousers get all holes, I shan't mind one more. And I don't care if you get with. Or slam the nursery door."

I know it's just pretending, And couldn't really be, But wouldn't it be scrumptious If nurse said that to me?

Prize of 5/- to Yvonne Hibbard, 30 Langston Place, Epping, N.S.W., for this original verse.

When is a window like a star?—When it is a skylight.

Why is a bubble like a bruise?—Because both come from a blow.

Why is a bull in a china shop like a house on fire?—Because the sooner it is put out, the better.

What time can be made out of bankruptcies?—Fortune.

Prize Card to Ronnie Rule, Eyrie, Frairie, Qld.

## FOR FUN & FANCY

The four-year-old boy perched on his father's knee in the crowded bus, looked hard at the stout, gruffly-dressed woman as she hustled in.

Then he turned to his mother. "Mum," he said, loudly, "it's a lady!"

"Hush, dear," said the mother. "We know it is."

The little boy looked puzzled. "But, Mum, you said to Dad, 'Whatever's this right, come in?'"

Prize Card to Laurel Bailey, Liston, via Stanthorpe, N.S.W.

An earwig on a mulberry leaf— When it began to rain. As it washed him off he was heard to say: "Earwig-go-away!"

Prize Card to Eric Pollock, 11 Wills St., Arncliffe, N.S.W.

Doctor: I suppose you followed my prescription?

Patient: Oh no, I would have broken my neck if I had followed it!

Doctor: What?

Patient: The other doctor who came threw it out the window.

Prize Card to Mary Rabbit, c/o Post Office, Malabar, N.S.W.

Small Boy (reading poem): Please, sir, I thought horse was spell H-O-R-S-E, and in this book it is spell H-O-A-R-S-E.

Master: Ah, but this is a different type of horse, closely related to the cow, spell C-O-U-G-H.

Prize Card to Noel Dries, c/o Freezing Works, Hinnaway, N.S.W.



RIDING THROUGH FAIRYLAND.—Prize of 5/- to Marion Ward, 53 Shirley Rd., Roseville, for this original sketch in black and white. Color it nicely with paints or chalks, and send entry in no later than August 17. Prize of 5/- will be given for the best drawing.



# The TROUBLE With YOU, ANNE—

THE question sounded plaintive, almost pleading. Anne, pleading with herself to believe that it was nothing but the heat. Trying desperately to hold shut the rattling doorway of her mind, to keep outside the wailing banshee of a thought that was trying to get in.

Suppose when Dick Danton asks me to marry him I find that I can't do it? "An old maid like your Aunt Vera!" Aunt Vera always going away somewhere because it was dull at home, always coming back because Cliftonville or Stratford-on-Avon had been too hot or too cold or practically deserted or over-run with impossible people. Aunt Vera's Boxing Night dinner-and-theatre party with its apprehensive invitations, given weeks ahead.

"I don't want to be afraid of loneliness when I'm old," Anne thought suddenly. And the banshee wailing: "Aren't you always lonely, really, when you're with Danton? What is this you're feeling now?"

"The trouble with you, Anne, is that you're too jolly clever. You think no man's good enough for you."

Danton was looking at Anne anxiously, was assuring her.

"Yes, it is close to-day. Poor little thing. I shouldn't have dragged you back to London on a day like this."

It would be sweet, so sweet always to be taken care of. It wouldn't be unfair to him. I'd always be nice to him. Oh, you would, would you? Why can't you be nice to him to-day, then? What sticks in your throat till you feel half choked with it? The love of a good man—Isn't that what every woman really wants? Yes, but doesn't it take intelligence to be good, intelligence and

courage? "Trouble with you, Anne, is that you're too jolly clever. You think —" Oh, no, you don't just think it! You know perfectly well he's not good enough for you. In a woman it was conceit to know such a thing. In a man, she supposed, you'd call it self-respect.

Anne rose quickly. "If you don't mind—I do seem to feel terribly out of sorts to-day." "Of course I don't mind. Let the lawyer wait—that's what he's a lawyer for. I'll just telephone him."

THE telephone booth outside the tearoom was occupied. There were eight booths in a row on the ground floor, but there were a dozen women waiting there. Anne led the way to her little box of an office. Danton sat down at her familiar desk, fumbled through her telephone book. Anne stepped out and closed the office door behind her.

She would have just time to see Miss Hawks, and find out what she had meant about the summer sale.

Miss Hawks was still out for lunch. Her assistant did her best to be polite to Anne with one hand, so to speak, while she showed organdie Medici collars to a well-corseted customer with the other.

But the ground floor sale was to be next week, the girl answered Anne's puzzled inquiry. It was to start Monday morning.

"Not before the models?" Anne asked incredulously.

Oh, yes, the clerk assured her. The ground floor was coming first this year. Didn't Miss Hollis know that? The girl couldn't understand Miss Hollis not having known. Hadn't she seen the

Continued from Page 35

specials in the umbrellas? Or the silk stockings—three pair for ten shillings? Seconds, but Miss Hollis knew the brand, as good as plenty of firsts—all the girls in Harley's were going to try to get some. The advertising department had been on the sale for ten days. How did it happen Miss Hollis hadn't known about it?

"That," said Anne, with a crispness that accorded oddly with her feminine little ostrich-tipped hat. "Is what I'm going to find out."

She raised her voice to speak to a young assistant passing by.

"Ring up Mr. Cartwright's office, please. Tell him Miss Hollis would like to see him as soon as possible." She stopped a little messenger girl. "Go to my office at once, Tess, and tell the gentleman there—"

"Oh, here you are, Anne! I wondered where you'd disappeared to."

Danton had come up behind her.

"Dick, I was just sending you a message. I've—"

"It's all fixed up, little girl. Two minutes and we'll be on our way."

"Thank you, Dick, but I'm terribly sorry. Something has come up here and I can't leave just now. Be a dear and forgive me."

"Nonsense! You're a tired little girl and I'm going to get you out of this stuffy hole before—"

"If you ring up your lawyer again now, at once, he won't have had time to make any other appointment. You can come back for me when you've done it."

"I'm not going to see my lawyer this afternoon. I'm going to take—"

"Excuse me, Miss Hollis, Mr. Cartwright isn't in his office. Any message?"

"See if his secretary knows where he is, and when he'll be in. Tell her to let me know. I'll be in either the Umbrellas or the Perfumes."

Anne, turning briskly away, felt a firm, protective hand taking her arm. She started. Oh, Danton, of course.

"I'm sorry, Dick," she repeated, absently. "It was awfully good of you, but I can't leave just now."

Danton's hold on her arm became more firmly possessive. He tried to draw her steps toward the street door.

"I'm going to get my tired girl out of here before—"

"Miss Hollis!" The young assistant leaned down from her high desk to call. "Mr. Cartwright's just come in. He says he can see you now, at once."

"Say I'm on my way. Sorry, Dick."

Danton's grip only grew the firmer. His voice took on the tone of indulgent

raillery one uses with an amusing child.

"Was she trying to be a business woman! And on a stuffy afternoon when she's got a headache. You do need somebody to take care of you! Now you just tell this Cartwright fellow—"

ANNE pulled her arm

impatiently free.

"Afraid I've no time to be taken care of this afternoon, Dick," she said. "Don't bother about coming back for me unless it's perfectly convenient. I know my way home."

Her backward smile was neither propitiating nor angry. It was the mechanical, absent smile of one whose mind was on other things. One who was not even aware that she was giving up a man's strong arm to lean on through life.

Danton stood, his mouth ajar, staring after her, in the middle of the main aisle.

ANNE had forgotten all about him long before her lift reached the top floor where the administration offices were. The events of the last fortnight were like so many dead leaves sent scuttling by the high wind of her anger at Cartwright.

How had he dared! The ground floor was her province, the summer sale one of its two important yearly events. He had arranged for it without consulting her. He had not even let her know.

Cartwright's secretary nodded. "Go straight in, Miss Hollis. Mr. Cartwright's expecting you."

An irrelevant thought struck Anne for a moment. She realised suddenly why she had wanted to come to Harley's to-day. She had wanted Cartwright to see her with Danton. That would show him, she thought.

As to just what it would have shown him Anne had no time to consider now. Cartwright was rising from behind his broad desk.

The sudden reality of him before her seemed to catch Anne somewhere in the diaphragm, made her breath come short.

"Hello, Miss Hollis. This is an unexpected pleasure. Thought you were off holidaying somewhere."

He was smiling with outstretched hand, pretending that it was a delightful surprise to see her.

"I happened to come into the tearoom for luncheon to-day," Anne said, levelly, "and Miss Hawks told me that you are having the ground floor sale next week."

"Yes," Cartwright agreed, continuing to smile, determined apparently to keep the interview on a basis of assumed friendliness. "You'd better get in early if you're looking for bargains. We've got 'em."

Anne ignored both the pleasantry and the smile.

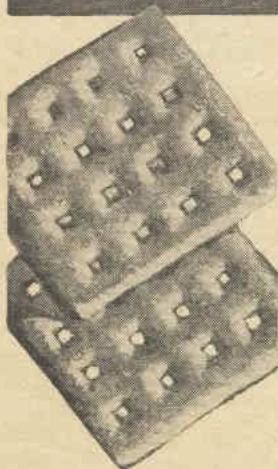
\*Please turn to Page 38



ALWAYS ASK FOR ARNOTT'S AND BE SURE YOU GET THEM



## You'll like LATTICE BISCUITS



... the Peek Frean baker's man was in an experimental mood. He took some of his best puff biscuit mixture. Cunningly he cut it out into an entirely new pattern. He brushed each shape with syrup; sprinkled sugar crystals on top. Then he baked them ... result — biscuits that combined the delicious crunchiness of puff biscuits with the toothsome-ness of the sweet kind! He called a conference. They said he must bake more. And they named them LATTICE, of course.

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# The TROUBLE With YOU,

"WILL you be good enough to tell me," she demanded, "why you have arranged to have the summer sale of my floor when I was not to be here?"

"Some of the specials we were counting on for the women's models have been held up," Cartwright answered. "So we just altered the dates and put on the ground floor first. The date happened to fall during your holiday. The sale had nothing to do with you being away." He did not add, "You flatter yourself," but Anne mentally added it for him.

"I could easily enough have changed my holiday. Why didn't you let me know?"

"Mr. Hunter's secretary suggested writing you—he's on holiday, too, just now, you know—but I told her not to. Mr. Hunter had said you looked ill, and that he'd given you an extra two weeks. I take it that seeing a floor through a sale isn't exactly a rest-cure."

"Thank you. That was very thoughtful of you." Anne tried to keep her voice cool, steadily businesslike, to keep out the quiver of anger.

Cartwright, she felt, had once more contrived to place her at an unfair disadvantage, and she could not seem to steady her inner tumult enough to think what would be best to do or say.

After a moment she said: "I'm quite rested now, though. I'll come back to-morrow morning."

"Just as you like," Cartwright agreed, politely. "It would be a great help to have you here, of course. Unless you really feel quite up to it, though, don't feel that it's necessary. We'll manage. I kept notes on all the matters we talked over—I've got most of the stuff you recommended. The Perry stockings, those Airlight atomisers, a lot of good knitted silk stuff. Wait a minute, here are the advertising proofs. Like to look 'em over?"

He handed Anne two full-page proof sheets. She tried to hold them steady as she bent over them, but knew that she wasn't succeeding. She could hear them rattling noisily in her hands. Frantically she ran over them after them, rushed by a breathless compulsion to find some point to challenge, some flagrant error in judgment.

SO this was the opening Cartwright had been waiting for all these weeks!

With this sale he was going to prove to Hunter, to the whole of Harley's, most of all to himself and to her, that she was not necessary. That he was politely grateful for her help, but that he could manage quite well without her. He had even had the effrontery to tell her now that it made no real difference whether she came back or not.

Cartwright's telephone rang and he answered it in curt, authoritative monosyllables.

"Yes. Threes and eights? O.K. Check them through."

Anne felt queer little scuttling waves of feeling up and down her arms. Without raising her eyes, she could see Cartwright's lean brown hand noting 3-8 on his desk pad. She could not seem to drag her eyes back to the printed page.

How she hated him!

Without looking up, she could feel him watching her, knew that his eyes were shrewd, amused, a little mocking. That he understood very well what she was trying to do. Suddenly her frantic search caught an item. "—real mar-casite and crystal: 7/11." She flung up her head.

"So you bought that junk! After all I said!"

Cartwright opened his lips, but she gave him no chance to speak. Here was the chance for which she had been waiting. One point where she knew she was right.

"I will not have that stuff in the sale! I've built up a reputation for the costume jewellery department and I will not have it spoiled."

Cartwright was looking at her oddly. His eyes were steady, half-smiling.

For a fleeting moment Anne had the strange sense that he was holding her by the wrists in a vice-like grip, was laughing at her while she struggled against him.

She was swept by a very fury, all out

Continued from Page 37

of proportion to the trifling cause. It was an issue, a test of strength between her and this man, the test for which she had been waiting since the first moment she had seen him. As well one trifle as another.

"I will not have that stuff in the sale," she repeated defiantly. "I told you so when we first spoke about it. I suppose you've bought it to show me how little you think my judgment is worth. We'll see whether you can ignore it like that! I won't have that trash sold on my floor! I don't care whether there's time to stop the advertisement or not. I'll send Mr. Hunter a telegram—"

"Please don't go on," Cartwright stopped her sharply. "You're making a mistake. That jewellery isn't the stuff you think at all. And you're quite wrong in saying I don't value your judgment. I do. I should think a long time before going contrary to it. This is a case in point. I remembered that you said all the cheap lines of that particular firm were trashy, and I assumed that you knew what you were talking about. This stuff comes from a new firm."

Anne looked at Cartwright, unable to speak.

Furious with the feeling of having once again been tricked into a false and untenable position. She had no grievance. But her anger only burned the hotter. A pure flame of intense emotion, no longer deflected by any reasonable excuse, blazing against Cartwright himself.

He crushed out his cigarette suddenly, and resting his crossed arms on the desk leaned forward on them.



## BABY LORE

WOODEN beads, strung together, are just the sort of thing baby likes to play with, but mind they are not painted, or else he may suck the colored paint and be poisoned. Plain wooden beads or empty cotton reels can be scalded and kept clean.

"Miss Hollis," he said, "the time has come for plain words between you and me."

Anne said nothing.

"I'll put my cards on the table," Cartwright went on. "I don't know why you have taken such an intense dislike to me, but that's beside the point. The point is that I have been made assistant manager for this firm. That makes me officially your superior. You are responsible to me for your floor. I'm responsible to Hunter for all the floors. Regardless of anybody's feelings, that's clear, isn't it?"

Anne nodded coldly.

"All right. Now we've got two possible alternatives. We can work together with as much co-operation and mutual consideration as we're capable of. Or we can fight and block each other at every turn. It's strictly up to you. I'd like to be friends. I've no card up my sleeve. If you play fair with me, I'll play fair with you."

Anne said nothing.

## ANNE—

"I'm not underestimating your power. If you choose to make trouble for me you're in a position to do it. You could use a subtle kind of sabotage and very likely make it impossible for me to make any kind of showing with your floor. Or you could fight me openly, go over my head to Hunter with every issue and quite possibly create a situation that would eventually cost one or both of us our jobs."

Cartwright leaned forward, his eyes looked straight into Anne's.

"It's only fair to warn you," he said levelly. "If you deliberately choose to fight me, I shall break you if I can."

He stopped short. Anne knew that any answer she might make would determine his course only in so far as it concerned herself. That in its main direction, Cartwright charted his own life and could not be made to change its course by either opposition or flattery. That he was a man intelligent enough to make his own decisions, strong enough to stand by them. He was not asking Anne; he was telling her.

AND yet he seemed oddly, to be waiting for her answer with a kind of restrained intensity.

For a moment, Anne's slim body trembled all over with her own intensity, her desperate effort to fling back defiance to that steady compelling gaze. She couldn't do it.

Something inside her seemed to have crumpled in sudden helplessness.

"I can't fight you," she said. "I won't try."

Her voice broke, she could feel painful tears rushing to her eyes. Yet there was unexpected, fierce joy in the admission.

"Why do you want to?" Cartwright asked, his voice still stern.

"I don't want to—not any more," Anne said.

Cartwright's guard dropped, his face was almost boyish in its frank relief.

"Thank Heaven!" he said. "I would have loathed fighting you." And after a moment, "What have you got against me? Why do you hate me so?"

"Why, because—because—" Anne faltered; for an instant, she could not recall why, herself. She could feel hot scarlet sweeping up her face to the curling eyelids tips. Then, "Because you hate me," she said simply.

For several moments Cartwright stared at her as though in utter, unbelieving amazement.

Suddenly he laughed. No mockery, no self-contained business smile. A young, male laugh, roused, audacious.

Quickly he crossed to his office door, closed it in the face of his surprised secretary. Came back and stood looking down at the girl in yellow organdie.

"So you think I hate you! You think that's why I haven't been able to keep away from the ground floor from the first moment I saw you there. You think that's why I've made every excuse in the world to see you, to talk to you—even to fight you! You think that's—hate?"

"I—I thought—" Anne could not speak. Her voice quivered like a bit of paper caught over a fire.

Slowly she looked up, afraid of amazement. Scarce daring to believe what she saw in Cartwright's eyes, breathless in the moment she had been waiting for, for more than half her life.

An old story, of course, that frightened, and joyous surrender. And doubtless quite unjustified.

Very likely Cartwright was only a little above the average—the world has so many worthy, brave, ambitious young men. Not that that makes any difference one way or the other, though. We live not by facts but by our belief in them.

Anne believed the old story with all her heart and with all—thank Heaven!—her mind. Believed that she would have to free all her gifts, not fetter them, to keep pace with him.

She knew that out of a world of women she was being miraculously chosen by a Superior Man.

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## Acid Stomach inflicts untold misery



## "Why am I always weak, nervous, despondent?"

There are countless women, men too, who for years have not known what it is to feel really fit and well. They drag wearily through life all unconscious of the fact that a chronically sour acid stomach is capable of souring one's entire existence. You can easily detect an acid stomach by the following symptoms—Always tired and low-spirited, frequent headaches, disturbed sleep, overstrung nerves, loss of appetite, nausea, flatulence and indigestion. If that is how you feel, don't resort to pick-me-ups but take 'Bisurated' Magnesia to sweeten your stomach. This will correct the excessive acidity of your gastric juice and overcome the chronic sourness of your stomach. With the 'mainspring' of your system in healthy working order your distressing symptoms will promptly vanish and you will soon be enjoying normal health and spirits. Get a bottle of 'Bisurated' Magnesia, powder or tablets, from any chemist and start on the road to good health by taking a dose after your next meal—the effect will be a revelation to you. In 'Bisurated' Magnesia you have the supreme remedy for stomach troubles, with over 20 years' reputation for unfailing efficacy.

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Banishes Stomach Ills  
Every package bears the oval 'Bismac' Trade Mark—BISMAC



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BATH SALTS? No thanks! Might just as well use scented soap, for all the good it does you. But this Radox, now . . . it really does things for you. Makes you feel stimulated and 'alive'. A chemist told me how it worked the other day; it's the oxygen in Radox, he says, life-giving oxygen that penetrates right into the pores and gives you sheer cleanliness of body. And you know how much more energetic you are when you feel thoroughly clean. It's a mental and physical tonic. Wonderful stuff, this Radox!

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# IMPROVE Your GAME ...

No. 2:  
Basketball



(1) THROWING AND RECEIVING A PASS. The player should pass the ball well in front so that it can be taken while the receiver is moving forward.



(2) IN POSITION FOR A HIGH SHOULDER PASS. This pass should be used when the defender is between the ball and the player to whom the ball is being passed. The pass should be made so that the receiver has to jump to take the ball, thereby making it difficult for the defender to intercept the pass.

(3) THE PROPER STANCE TO ADOPT for goal-throwing.



(4) THE CORRECT STANCE for the centre bounce. Note the balance on both toes, so that the movement forward can be made speedily when the ball is bounced.

(5) RECEIVING A PASS when moving towards a player with the ball. The ball should be passed so that the body may act as a protection. This type of pass is the most difficult to intercept.

—Women's Weekly photos.

## FIVE STATES Engage for Hockey TITLES

Women hockey players have a very attractive programme mapped out for them within the next few weeks.

Most of the State teams will be competing in the Australian contests to take place in Perth from August 6 to August 13. Later the inter-Varsity hockey teams will meet and play matches in Adelaide on August 15.

ALL the States, except Queensland, will participate in the interstate hockey contests in Perth. Queensland recently played the New South Wales team, in Sydney, and the latter team won easily.

The New South Wales team left last Sunday night by train for Perth, the arrangements providing that they would be joined by the Tasmanian, Victorian and S.A. teams en route. All the visiting teams are scheduled to arrive in Perth on Friday, and will be welcomed at a civic reception.

Saturday all the teams will indulge in a much-needed practice, and on Monday the opening game will be between New South Wales and South Australia.

Victoria will also play Tasmania. On Tuesday the earlier match will be Victoria versus New South Wales, and Western Australia will meet Tasmania.

Wednesday morning Western Australia will play New South Wales, and South Australia will meet Victoria. Thursday South Australia will play Western Australia, and Tasmania will play New South Wales. Friday Tasmania will meet South Australia, and Victoria will play Western Australia. Saturday afternoon the Australian team will play a match against The Rest.

After a farewell dinner on Saturday night, the various teams will leave for home.

### Inter-Varsity Hockey

ON Tuesday, August 14, fifty-two University hockey players from all over Australia will arrive in Adelaide for the inter-Varsity matches. This is the largest number of interstate women visitors for some time.

A full week of matches and entertainments has been arranged for them. Roxy Sims (captain of the Adelaide Varsity team) said that matches would be played on Jubilee Oval, which was a gratifying arrangement because the University hockey ground is in a terrible condition owing to lack of rain. Five States will be represented—Victoria, New South Wales, Queensland, West Australia, and South Australia.

When matches are finished it is likely that a team will be picked from the Varsity teams, and these will play the South Australian Interstate Team, which will have returned from interstate matches at Perth by that time.

Of the Adelaide team, only three members have not played inter-Varsity hockey before, and one of those three (Gwen Fulton) has played Adelaide Interstate. She was formerly a member of Teachers' College.

Roxy Sims is captain for Adelaide. Ruth Bone vice-president, and Helen Fletcher is secretary. Other members of the team are Barbara Cleveland, Nell Taylor, Betty Cleveland, Joan Parkin, Pat Salter, Gwen Fulton, Sheila Collier, and Catherine Wood. Pat Salter and Sheila Collier are the new members of the team.

Teams from Melbourne, Sydney, and

Printed and published by Sydney Newspapers Ltd., Macdonell House, 221 Pitt Street, Sydney.

Brisbane will leave Adelaide on Wednesday, August 22, after just eight days stay, while Perth team will probably wait until Friday, when they will catch the East-West express home.

### Interstate Teams

THE Melbourne University hockey team, which will leave Victoria on August 14 to compete in the inter-Varsity contests in Adelaide from August 15-22, consists of the following players:—

Forwards: L. Mitchell, M. Knight, L. Alford, I. Hutchings, R. Farrer. Halves: F. Paul (captain), M. Stuckey and D. Scholl. Backs: K. Elder (vice-captain) and M. Davies. M. Lindsay-Smith will be in goal. The two reserves are: M. Rylah and D. Mann.

The Victorian team will be billeted with the Adelaide players during their visit.

The Sydney University team will comprise the following players:—

Forwards: J. Humphreys (captain), M. Withers, K. Hedberg, N. Walker and P. Twynnam. Halves: M. Huntley, D. Wentworth, S. Taylor and M. Inglis. Backs: E. Thompson (vice-captain), V. Fitzharding, Goal: E. Pope.

K. Hedberg, M. Huntley and M. Inglis will be playing in their first interstate matches with the Varsity team.

## GOLF Fixtures POSTPONED

IT is expected that there will be a record number of entries for the Australian golf championship to take place at the Royal Sydney Golf Club early next month. Entries were due to close on Wednesday, but it is most likely that belated entries will continue to come in during the next few days.

All Australian associates are keenly interested in the selection of the team of five players which will be chosen to visit N.Z. at the conclusion of the championships. Already many names are being freely discussed on the links.

This week's inclement weather caused most of the matches to be postponed. The Killara associates competition has now been postponed until a later date. The Killara and New South Wales Club's Cup event will take place on August 13, and the Australian and Royal Sydney Cup match on August 27. This latter event is completed for annually.

Another postponed competition is that of the Moemana associates, whose championship and handicap foursome for the Allen Shield will now take place on August 13.

Quite a number of Victorian golfers will be leaving on August 26 for Sydney for the national championships.

They will include Mrs. Russell Grimwade, Misses Mona MacLeod, Leslie Bailey, Nancy Walsh, Peggy Nankivell, Nancy Ross, Shirley Tothurst, M. and N. Millar, Cicely Lascelles, Betty Kermot, and Mesdames Eckford, Ford Strachan, J. B. Bellair, J. A. Hay, and Miss Betty Terry (Tasmania).

## Test Players' Uniforms



THE English Women's Cricket Association has decided that the uniform to be worn by the visiting English team to Australia will consist of a divided frock, three-quarter sleeves, and white stockings and shoes.

Miss Margaret Feden, at top, is wearing a uniform similar to that adopted by the English team, and Miss Essie Shevitt is wearing frock with shirt top similar to that in which the Australian team will take the field.

## BASKETBALLERS Bid For Australian TITLE

Interstate basketball matches will take place in Brisbane this year, and all the States, with the exception of West Australia and Tasmania, will be competing in these matches.

SOUTH Australia is the present holder of the title, and all the teams have been practising assiduously in the hope of winning the premiership this time. The matches will commence on August 27.

The following itinerary has been arranged by the Queensland Basketball Association in reference to the forthcoming visit of the basketball teams from South Australia, Victoria, and New South Wales.

All the teams are expected to arrive in Brisbane on Sunday, August 26.

Monday Morning: A civic reception at the Brisbane Town Hall.

Monday Evening: A meeting of the All-Australian Basketball Association will take place.

Tuesday: Victoria will meet Queensland, and the South Australian team will play New South Wales.

Tuesday Night: The teams will be entertained at a welcome social at which Mrs. Ballock, the president of the Australian and Queensland Basketball Associations, will act as hostess.

Wednesday: South Australia will meet the Queensland team, and Victoria will play New South Wales. At night the teams will attend a dance to be given in their honor.

Thursday: All teams will be taken by car to visit a pineapple farm. In the evening the annual meeting of the Australian Basketball Association will take place.

Saturday: Victoria will play South Australia, then finals of the matches will be played, and at night the teams will attend the farewell dinner.

Although all the other States, New South Wales, Victoria and South Australia, have announced the names of their representative teams, the Queensland team will not be finally chosen until a fortnight before the carnival.

The main reason given by selectors of the Q.W.B.A. for this is the necessity to witness the country matches before a final selection can be made.

The date set down for the country tournament is August 11, only a fortnight before the interstate carnival.

Of the nine players selected to represent Queensland during the interstate carnival, it is probable that country players will fill two places, the other players being drawn from Brisbane.

Next week Queensland ladies' basketball officials will be busy with their annual Country Week tournament.

Teams from Upper Brisbane and district, Kilcoy and district, Rockhampton, Charleville and Quilpie will be in Brisbane.

The matches will commence at 2.30 p.m. on Tuesday, August 7, and will be preceded by a march past of teams in uniform. The final match is set down for Friday, August 10, at 10.30 a.m., when the Brisbane team will play the premier country team for State honors.

## AMBITIOUS Plan for NEW Sports ARENA

SPORTS players will be pleased to learn that arrangements are well under way for converting a swampy piece of land into an attractive sports arena at Maroubra, with an up-to-date club house.

Recently a company acquired the Maroubra Speedway and adjoining grounds, with the object of building a city and country club, where visitors to the city can stay, and at the same time partake in their various sports.

It is proposed to arrange polo grounds, tennis courts, golf course, and squash racquet courts. On another portion of the ground it is proposed to lay down a cricket pitch, hockey fields, and basketball grounds, which will be solely used by women. Later a swimming pool will be provided, which will measure up to Olympic international standards.

Tennis courts have already been erected on this land. They are similar to the en-tout-cas courts used so extensively on the Continent. It is further proposed to erect a centre court on the same lines as that of the Roland Garros Stadium, of Paris, which will seat approximately five thousand people. Portion of the ground will also be set aside for the women athletes.

This proposal sounds highly ambitious, but it certainly should receive support from all the women's sporting associations, whose greatest need is more playing fields.

### ENTRY FORM

SECOND ANNUAL CITY OF SYDNEY ESTABLISHED, 1934

To SCREEN PERSONALITY CONTEST.

c/o Organizing Secretary.

City of Sydney Headquarters.

Box No. 1570C, G.P.O., Sydney.

Please accept the following entry, subject to rules and conditions in Syllabus.

SECTION	ENT. FEE	NAME AND ADDRESS	AGE
202* (WOMAN)			
OR			
203 (MAN)			
SIGNATURE OF ENTRANT .....			
WITNESS TO SIGNATURE .....			
Do you desire to be judged in Sydney Country centre.			

\*Cross-out section not required.  
At least one photograph to accompany entry.  
Entries should be forwarded as early as possible. Closing date, Monday, August 6, 1934.  
Closing date for country judging, August 6.  
No entries accepted unless fees are enclosed.



# Build your Spring wardrobe on a Royal Worcester Bon Ton

**Commencing  
Monday**

**Aug. 6th, 3.30 p.m.**

and daily at the same time in the  
great Restaurant at David Jones.  
A spectacular presentation of the  
New Season's Fashions—

*Fashion*

**Melody in Spring**

In delightfully original and atmospheric settings in tune with Springtime awakening. If you would learn of fashion, what to wear and how to wear it—frocks, millinery, shoes, accessories—the newest in colors and materials, do not miss a "Fashion Melody in Spring." The whole story is unfolded to the strains of David Jones Orchestra under the baton of Alf. J. Lawrence.

**Afternoon Tea  
1/6**

with no extra charge for reservations.  
Book at once, Information Desk, Ground  
Floor, or in the Restaurant Foyer.

**INTERNATIONAL  
POSTER  
EXHIBITION**

Commencing Tuesday, 7th Aug. Do not miss this splendid collection of posters, masterpieces of modern poster art from numerous countries. ADMISSION FREE

**IF YOU WOULD  
"WALK IN STYLE"  
WEAR—**

**BLUE**



Flatter your Blue Suit or Frock with a pair of these "Ventilo" Blue Calf Oxfords. Punched, of course. All sizes. A sensational value, Pair, 16/11.



Styl-ees have won much admiration since their debut some months ago. A Cruise Blue stitched and punched Oxford. 48 different fittings. Pair 35/-.

SHOE SALON  
FIRST FLOOR

**REMEMBER — DAVID JONES' FOR SERVICE!**

These favorites in blue, too, "St. James" Cruise Blue Pin Tucked Courts—a lovely shoe for spring wear. All sizes. Priced, pr., 23/6.

Country Customers! All goods appearing on this page are delivered Post Free!



Model 84. Bon Ton Corset in Tea Rose Broche with soft Jersey top. Reinforced and boned over abdomen. Sizes, 34 to 42 inches. Priced at 17/6.



Model 43. Bon Ton Semi-sleeve of Tea Rose Broche. Boned front and back. Sizes 35 to 39. Price, 15/6.



Model 83. Bon Ton Corset with firm under-belt for medium and well-developed figures. Tea Rose Broche with Jersey Top. 38 to 42. At 25/-.



Model 59. Just imagine—a Tea Rose Satin Royal Worcester Corset for 15/6. Lightly boned. 24 to 30 in.



Model 58. Bon Ton "Slide-hook" lightly boned Tea Rose Broche. Sizes 24-30. Price, 14/6.

**Look out for the  
"MASQUERADER"**

with the two new and marvelous "extra service" features,  
"Duro" Toe, "Duro" Heel

PURE  
SILK  
HOSE



DURO  
HEEL



This is a thrilling story for weary women whose stockings wear in the toes and heels quickly. Others will welcome it, too, for the economy. The "Masquerader" combines two great improvements—a double reinforcement of the toes and heels. Think of the extra service. Pure sheer silk with lace finish and pleat top. Fully fashioned, double silk welt—in the new hosiery shades. Pair, 7/11.

HOSIERY DEPARTMENT — GROUND FLOOR

**THE LATEST  
FOR  
CHILDREN!**

**PURE IRISH LINEN  
SANDALS**



These delightful summer sandals were made for feet that love to romp and play. In cool Irish linen they're ideal for spring and summer weather. White, blue, green, or fawn. Nature-form last. With "Veldschoen" Leather Soles. Sizes 3-6, pr. 4/11; 7-10, pr. 5/11; 11-13, pr. 6/11.

**DAVID JONES'**

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